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TRANSACTIONS

—OF THE—

Oneida Historical Society,

AT UTICA, New York

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1892-1894.

Resident and Honorary Members.

No. 6.

UTICA, N. Y.:
PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY.
L. C. CHILDS & SON, PRINTERS.
1894.

C. W. Darling.

Corresponding Secretary Oneida Historical Society, at Utica, N. Y.; Honorary Secretary, at Utica, of the Egypt Exploration Fund; Associate Member of the Victoria Institute, London, Eng.; Member of the American Historical Association, at Washington, D. C., etc., etc.

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Publications of the Society.

1. Centennial Celebration of the Battle of Oriskany: 1877.
2. Historical Fallacies Regarding Colonial New York, by Douglass Campbell. Annual Address: 1879.
3. The Men, Events, Lawyers, Politics and Politicians of Early Rome, by Daniel E. Wager: 1879.
4. Articles of Incorporation, Constitution, By-Laws, Officers, Members, Donors of the Society, and Proceedings of Annual Meeting: 1879.
5. Early History of Oneida County, by William Tracy. Annual Address: 1880.
6. Transactions (1) of the Oneida Historical Society, containing The Continental Congress, The Palatines of the Mohawk, Re-interment of Isaac Paris, The Pompey Stone, Johannes Rueff, Herkimer Papers, Genealogy of Utica Newspaper, Earliest Factories of Oneida County, The Discovery of Water Lime, The Syracuse and Utica Railroad, The Telegraph and Associated Press, Letter of Dr. S. L. Mitchell, Needs and Purposes of the Society, and Annual Reports: 1881.
7. Semi-Centennial of the City of Utica, and Supper of the Half-Century Club: 1882.
8. A Long Lost Point in History, by L. W. Ledyard. Annual Address: 1883.
9. Col. John Brown, by Rev. Garret L. Roof, D. D.: 1884.
10. Transactions (2) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1881 to 1884, containing Whitestown Centennial, Whitesboro's Golden Age, Wagner Re-interment, Old Fort Schuyler Celebration, and Dedication of the Oriskany Monument: 1885.
11. Transactions (3) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1885–1886, containing Early Protestant Missions among the Iroquois, The Streets of Utica, The Utica Water Works, Forts Stanwix and Bull and other Forts at Rome, Memorial of S. Wells Williams, The Utica High School, List of the Birds of Oneida County.
12. Amended Constitution and By-Laws, and Catalogue of the Members of the Oneida Historical Society: 1887.
13. The Historic Difference of English and Continental Civilization, by Rev. Dr. William T. Gibson: 1888.
14. Transactions (4) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1887–1889, containing the New Hartford Centennial, Is Local History worth Studying? Geology of Oneida County, The New York Iro-

quois, The Bleecker Street Church, Ancient Utica, and Botany and Botanists of this Vicinity.

Catalogue of the Library of the Oneida Historical Society, Manuscripts, Maps, &c.: 1890.

Col. Marinus Willett, by Daniel E. Wager: 1891.

Transactions (5) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1890–1892, containing Geographical names as monuments of History, John A. Dix, Iroquois and Colony of New York, Early Welsh Settlers of Oneida County, Fairfield Medical College, Chapter in Glacial History, Silas Wright, Pre-Historic Remains in Sweden, Sangerfield, Laying of Historical Stone of Utica Y. M. C. Association, John F. Seymour, Constitution and By-Laws, Officers, Members, Publications and Addresses Oneida Historical Society: 1892.

Transactions (6) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1892–1894, containing The Dutch our Allies in the Revolution, The Unresponsive Roll Call at Tattoo, Watauga and Franklin, Two Episodes in Early United States History, The City in the Roman Constitution, The Madog Tradition, The Muller Mansion, Reminiscences of the Utica Literary Club, The New York Indians, 1894.

Addresses before the Society since March, 1892.

Lists of previous Addresses are contained in Nos. 12, 14 and 17 of the Society's publications.

105.	1892.	April	12.	Pre-Historic Archæology of America. Charles W. Darling.
106.		October	11.	Reminiscences of the Utica Literary Club and its Earliest Members, A. G. Vermilye, D. D.
107.		November	8.	Watauga and Franklin, Two Episodes of Early United States History. Rev. O. A. Kingsbury.
108.	1893.	January	10.	Some Sketches from the History of the Supreme Court of the United States: Annual Address. Prof. W. R. Terry, D. D.
109.		February	14.	The Life and Character of Col. Edward P. C. Cantwell. Rev. J. B. Averett.
110.		April	11.	The Oneida Institute at Whitesboro. Dr. Smith Baker.
111.		May	9.	The Unresponsive Roll Call at Tattoo. Luther R. Marsh.
112.		October	10.	The Muller Mansion. Robert J. Hubbard.
113.		November	12.	The Constitutional History of Virginia. Rev. T. L. Banister.
114.		December	12.	The Building of a Tragedy. Prof. Edward North, L.L D.
115.	1894.	January	9.	The Dutch our Allies in the Revolution. Annual Address. Rev. Wm. Elliot Griffis, D. D.
116.		February	15.	Samson Occum. Rev. W. DeLoss Love, D. D.
117.		April	10.	The Madog Tradition. Benjamin F. Lewis.
118.		May	8.	The New York Indians. Hon. Elliot Danforth.
119.		June	5.	The Mohawks. S. L. Frey.

The Dutch Our Allies in the Revolution.

BY REV. WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D. D.,

Author of The Influence of the Netherlands in the Making of the English Commonwealth and the American Republic, Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us, etc.

ANNUAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT UTICA, N. Y., JANUARY 9, 1894.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

When the thirteen American Colonies of Great Britain had declared themselves free and independent, and by the act of July 4, 1776, had become a nation, it was necessary to look abroad in the world for allies and helpers in their struggle for liberty. It *may* have been possible for our forefathers to have achieved their independence without foreign assistance, but as a matter of fact, it was gained largely through the assistance rendered directly in soldiers and money by France, and in ways to be herein described by the Dutch Republic, and indirectly by Spain, which made war against Great Britain, The great part which France played in the American struggle has been told so fully in the popular histories and in special monographs by scholars, that nothing further need be said on this point at present. The American people still cherish a lively recollection of the aid rendered their forefathers by the men of France. The figure of LaFayette stands near Washington in the national memory, while statue, medal and biography still further keep his memory perennially green before us. The story of our Dutch allies, however, is but slightly known and but feebly remembered, though in reality deserving the research of the scholar and the pen of a brilliant historian. It is my purpose this evening, in addressing your honorable society, to rescue from oblivion facts that ought to be widely known, and to set forth the

truth so far as time and circumstances have allowed me to gather.

The struggles of the American colonies against the arbitrary acts of the British government were watched by no people in continental Europe with more interest, and certainly by none with so clear and intelligent a discernment of the real principles involved, than by the Dutch; and for this there were several reasons very intelligible to Americans. These reasons we shall endeavor to give, as far as possible, in their chronological order of reference.

In the first place, it is a great mistake to suppose that the majority of the thirteen colonies were in any real sense "English Colonies," at least in their origin. It is the vice of American historiography that most of the writers proceed on the principle that "we are an English people," and our country a kind of New England, or an expansion of the Eastern States, lying north of Long Island Sound. In reality, beside the liberal sprinkling of Irish, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, German, and Dutch blood, in the colonies collectively called "New England," there was a still larger settlement of nationalities from outside of England in our Middle and Southern States, sufficient indeed to make us, even in 1776, a New Europe, rather than a New England, while the vast immigration within the century past shows that we are anything but an English nation, except in language. The four Middle States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, were settled in overwhelming majority by the Dutch, Walloons, Huguenots, Germans, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and Scotch-Irish, beside not a few Swedes, and other Scandinavians. The real political and social life of New Netherland, and afterwards of New York was determined mainly by the Dutch and Huguenots. Pennsylvania was settled by the son of a Dutch mother, who, beside Frisian principles of freedom brought over with hundreds of cultivated and educated Hollanders and many thousand German Palatinates, while later to Western Pennsylvania came the Scotch-Irish.

New Jersey and Delaware were first settled by the Dutch and Swedes. In every one of the Southern States were to be found Dutch, Huguenots, Scotch-Irish, and other non-English nationalties. Hence, although the colonies were politically under the control of the British government, there were relations between the American people and those of the home lands on the continent of Europe, which were as throbbing nerves and pulsing arteries. Especially between the Dutch at home and the Dutch in America were there close ties of commercial, social, religious, as well as of historic interest.

Still again, to reverse the order of chronology and go back farther, in order to show their vital connection with the events leading to the American Revolution, the people of the Protestant Netherlands had the same interest in the political history of the American colonies, which a grandfather has in seeing his grandson live the old man's life over again. Having from the early middle ages developed their political life through the medium of free cities, which were in reality municipal republics, and having been for centuries relieved of the direct rule of monarchs, the Netherlanders had nourished a spirit of freedom which was powerfully reinforced and vitally quickened when the Bible, translated into the Dutch vernacular, was multiplied and widely circulated by means of the printing press, enabled them to present a united *popular* front against the tyrant Philip II. of Spain. We emphasize the word popular, since it was not primarily either the nobles or the aristocratic burghers, but the common people, who responded to the call of William the Silent and began organized resistance.

The Spaniard, Philip II., represented in his person as did his commander, Alva, also the old order of things—Church and State, all authority derived from the King, and given "by grace" to the people, the principle of *cujus regio, ejus religio*, and the right to tax without representation. On the other hand, the Dutch people, though of course it

required the shock of war and years of discipline to bring them to the full conscious purpose and explicit declaration of their principles, believed in the right of private judgment, the virtual if not complete separation of Church and State, the doctrine that the rulers should follow the religion of the people, rather than *vice versa*, and, above all else in "no taxation without consent," or, as later expressed, "no taxation without representation." In a word, here was the situation which contained the type and prophecy of the relations between King George III., *Rex Brittanorum dei gratia*, and the thirteen American colonies.

This analogy which we point out is not something lately discovered, nor could the speaker, even were he desirous, claim the least originality even in the suggestion of it. As matter of simple fact, the proofs are abundant in written documents and on the printed page, nay, they are voluminous, to the effect that the Dutch, even before 1776, saw this analogy, and noticed how history was repeating herself. Between 1776 and 1783 the pamphlet and book literature, even in the fragments numbering over fifty publications, which have survived the wreck of time and are now to be studied in the Library of the Boston Athenæum, gives fullest proof, were any needed, in addition to the silver medals struck in the Netherlands, the originals of which are now in Dutch archives, and copies of which are found in some of our historical societies.

In the third place, as we know, wars are inaugurated and prosecuted for reasons which seem at least to promise remuneration or indemnity for the losses incurred in the conflict, though the pretext may be political, religious, dynastic, or commercial, and sometimes, as is alleged, even for "an idea" or for "glory." Yet there are peoples of such hard common sense that they will frankly confess that merely for the sake of trade, and an honest though lucrative livelihood, they will either go to war or run the risk of it. Among those who, being by their own frank confession, "a nation of shop-keepers," may be counted

among the former, are the British. Living on an island and unable to expand at home, the English must find a market abroad or die ; or, what is equivalent, become poor. So, also and likewise, living behind dykes, and in a country which requires an immense and constant outlay of money to keep themselves from being drowned, the inhabitants of overcrowded Holland must trade or starve ; or, what is equally as bad, be conquered. Rather than have her trade destroyed, little Netherland will fight Great Britain, or whatever country tries to drive her from the seas.

So, when after long watching of the political situation in the second half of the eighteenth century, the Dutchman saw the outbreak of hostilities, provoked by the aggressive act of General Gage, who marched his troops along the king's highway to Concord, and thus prevented Englishmen from enjoying their immemorial right of "proceeding unmolested along the king's highway," they noticed that these Lexington farmers were nearly as smart as their own statesmen, who had for over thirty-five years, from 1579 to 1609, waged war against the Spaniards, in the name of the King of Spain, Philip the Second. Furthermore, it happened, fortunately for the Americans, that in the West Indies at the island of St. Eustacius, the governor of the port was an excellent lawyer, who had withal, a keen eye for trade. Fortunately, also, there was in Philadelphia, a Dutchman, fresh from Holland, and well acquainted with prominent men there, named Gosuinus Erkelens, who had come to America in 1774. Still again, there was in Holland a Dutch statesman, Baron Joan Derck van der Capellen, who had been keenly watching every move on the political chess-board; besides other Hollanders, such as the editor of that remarkable diplomatic journal and polite newspaper, *Nouvelles Extraordinaires De Divers Endroits*, which being printed in the republic, and known to be unsubsidized and unpurchasable, withal being in French, the language of diplomacy, was read in

all the courts and by the chief public men all over Europe. Of the work of these different men and of others, we shall speak in such detail as our limited time and space will here allow.

First, let us look at the Dutch allies on this side of the Atlantic. And saying this, we do not refer to the tens of thousands of Hollanders, or rather people of Holland descent, who were in 1776 patriotic Americans, and who instantly or throughout the war became adherents of the Continental Congress and enlisted first under the flag of stripes, and then under "the stars and stripes." We pass these by, remarking only that we doubt whether among the Colonial Americans there was a larger proportion of soldiers of any nationality in the continental army, than among those descended from the Dutch colonists, who had settled in America, between the years 1623 and 1700.

We turn to the West Indies. In the undeveloped state of their resources, having been long compelled by Great Britian to find their market chiefly in "the mother country," and being now goaded to war by a king and parliament, who wanted still to preserve the lucrative American market, our forefathers would have been unable, probably, to have vigorously inaugurated the war, or to have maintained it, without liberal supplies from the outside world. The British ports being closed to them and the seas of Europe being at first too unsafe for ordinary merchant men, they steered at once, whole fleets of trading vessels laden with fish, timber, cotton, sugar, tobacco, etc., to St. Eustacius in the West Indies, At this Dutch port they bartered their home raw products for saltpetre, and other war supplies including woolen clothes, hats and stockings, provisions, and what the British smugglers, who were not loath to make a good many shillings in illicit trade, called "fruit" and "grain" in the manifests and invoices, but which in the English that is spoken above board, meant cannon balls and gunpowder. If we shall say, or if we shall declare our grounds of belief that probably one-half

of the foreign supplies furnished to the Continental army between 1776 and 1781, were from this one port, St. Eustacius, it will be because we have read carefully colonial American newspapers, Dutch and English official documents and the life of Admiral Rodney. This British naval officer considered it so important to dry up this flowing fountain of aid and comfort furnished to the Americans, as well as to obtain prize money to pay his heavy debts, that, with the permission of King George III., given in his Majesty's autograph letter of order, he left Cornwallis to take care of himself, and sailed at once for the West Indies, where from H. B. M. S. *Sandwich*, Aug. 12, 1780, he writes :

"Having received undoubted intelligence that the American rebels carried on a most pernicious commerce, at the Island of St. Eustacius, which was likewise an asylum, from whence they derived ever succour."

Approaching the port, he got some indication of the business done by at once detaching a squadron of his best frigates to pursue five armed Yankee privateers. As he approached the doomed port with his armada, he wrote in free language about what he calls "Dutch ingratitude and perfidy," saying :

"Ever since the commencement of hostilities with the Americans, the Dutch have evinced much partiality toward them."

It was on February 3, 1781, that the mighty British fleet appeared before the beach, which, after the store-houses had been crowded to their utmost capacity, had been compelled to hold tobacco, sugar and other American sinews of war. For over five years these southern, as well as New England products, had been exchanged for powder and ball, and other naval and military supplies. Rodney, backed by his overwhelming force, without firing a shot—for there were only sixty Dutch soldiers on the whole island—captured the Dutch man-of-war Mars, thirty loaded merchant-men, fifty American vessels loaded with

tobacco, and two thousand American merchants and seamen. Everything on American ships except the hulls and masts, had been purchased at St. Eustacius. The total plunder amounted to over two millions of dollars. Fortunately, however, this American source of supplies was not dried up until Cornwallis had surrendered, and the war was practically over, so that the Americans no longer needed it.

It will not do, however, to leave the subject of its governor, Johannes de Graeff, and St. Eustacius, until we have shown how warm-hearted allies he and his fellow Dutchmen were. The first salute ever fired to the American flag, even before it had its stars and blue field joined to its stripes, was fired by this man and at this place. Five ships, the *Columbus*, *Cabot*, *Alfred*, *Providence* and the *Andrea Doria*, formed the official beginning of the American navy, under the act of December 22, 1775. The *Andrea Doria* was named after that famous Venetian who, after conquering his enemies, allowed them to choose their own form of government, and by his sword and genius maintained the republic which they voted and inaugurated. She sailed from Philadelphia, bearing a copy of the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, and her commission from the Continental Congress, signed by John Hancock, with copies in blank, signed by the same, for the equipment of privateers, and with the thirteen-striped flag, flying at her mast-head. She dropped anchor before Orangetown, and in front of Fort Orange, at St. Eustacius, November 16, 1776. Immediately the red, white and blue flag of Fort Orange was lowered in welcome and recognition of the American ship, when the *Andrea Doria* heaved to, lowered her sails, and fired eleven guns. Englishmen in an English ship only a few yards away, and hundreds of men on shore waited eagerly to see whether the Dutch fort would reply with an equal number of "honor shots." They had not long to wait. The commander of the fort Ravené, recognizing the flag

as that of the American Congress, and not desiring to take the responsibility of saluting it upon himself, walked over to the house of the governor De Graeff, who at once, being a lawyer, and knowing how to keep within the letter of the law and yet carry out his purpose of welcoming the new nation and winning its trade, ordered the salute to be returned with eleven guns,—that is, with two shots less than the number of stripes on the American flag. In reality, he made himself exactly what the British governor of the Island of St. Christopher, officially charged him with being "the first public recognizer of the flag till now [then] unknown in the catalogue of national flags." In a word, the American flag was first saluted by the Dutch, who, as our allies, supplied us with very probably one-half of the foreign munitions of war used by the Continental armies.

In illustration of and proof of these facts, see the official correspondence of the Dutch and English governors, published in the Dutch blue book, 4to, pp. 344, the Hague, 1 April, 1779; the Dutch year books; a pamphlet by Hon. B. F. Prescott, of Epping, N. H., on "The Stars and Stripes. . . When, Where and by Whom was it First Saluted?" Concord, 1876; Life of Joan Derck van der Capellen, by Mr. J. A. Sillem, Amsterdam, 1882; "Where our Flag was First Saluted," by William Elliott Griffis, New England Magazine, July, 1893; Recognition of the American by the Dutch Republic, the Chautauquan, September, 1893.

The Continental Congress, which declared the United Colonies free and independent, appointed a committee while they were yet, as it were, but "an infant of days," to secure assistance abroad, and to find out what nations would be their allies or helpers in Europe. It must not be forgotten that of all the governors of the thirteen colonies, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, only one was an out-and-out adherent to the cause of the colonies, namely, Governor Jonathan Trumbull, of Con-

necticut. In England he was called "the only Rebel Governor." At home he was rightly made president of the Continental Congress. Yet Trumbull knew no one in Holland, nor is it probable that Dr. Benjamin Franklin, then in Paris, knew any one of importance in the Dutch Republic, until a Dutchman, Baron Derck van der Capellen, wrote first to him. Mr. Gosuinus Erkelens, an inhabitant of Amsterdam, whose home had been in the well known Leidsche Gracht, met Trumbull in Philadelphia, pointed out to him the advantage of having Holland as a friend, showed the sympathy of the Dutch people, pointed out the historic analogies at which we have hinted, and proposed to Governor Trumbull to write at once to Van der Capellen. Erkelens became a warm friend of Governor Trumbull, and accompanied him to his home in Connecticut. In his correspondence with friends in the republic beyond sea, he was obliged to make three copies of his letters. Besides sending one copy direct to Holland by way of Curacoa, he made use of the "underground railroad,"—to use a modern phrase,—*via* St. Eustacius, and despatched another copy in care of Doctor Franklin in Paris. His missives to van der Capellen, and to other Dutch friends, besides those of Trumbull, Adams, and other prominent Americans, are found in the volume of Letters from and to Baron van der Capellen, collected and edited by Mr. W. H. de Beaufort, and issued by the Historical Society of Utrecht. N. R. Utrecht, 1879. Partly through the influence of his letters and that of van der Capellen, several Dutch officers crossed the ocean and entered the service of the Continental Congress. Among these was Colonel Dircks, who, after serving in the early battles of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, took home an account of the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, the surrender of Burgoyne, the evacuation of Philadelphia, and the Battle of Monmouth, which greatly cheered the Dutch sympathizers with American freedom.

Let us now cross the Atlantic and see how the Dutch

publicists were preparing the way for the coming of the American envoy, Mr. John Adams, and getting public sentiment all ready for the recognition of the American republic by the States-General. This had to be done in the teeth of a powerful, pro-British party, whose head and front was no less a personage than the Stadtholder, William V., Prince of Orange. This personage, because of his ancestors' intermarriage with the Stuarts of England, was closely allied to the British court, and was depended upon by King George III., to neutralize and to destroy any possible attempt of the Dutch people to give the American rebels aid and comfort. Indeed, it at first seemed absurd, from the British point of view, to think there was any danger from Holland, which, by a series of misfortunes, had fallen to a political position that made her almost insignificant in European politics; while from the side of the pro-British party in Holland, organized and domineered by that British envoy, Sir Joseph York, twenty-seven years resident in Holland, it appeared the height of madness to allow sympathy for the struggling colonies to manifest itself in any hostile act that would bring down the vengeance of Great Britain, and expose the little country to war with her colossal foe, whose fleets could, in a few hours, blockade her ports and ruin the trade, if not conquer the whole country.

Nevertheless, so keen was the historic sense of certain illustrious Hollanders, and so sincere their sympathy with America, that they, without hearing even from the American side of the Atlantic, began to show positive manifestations of their temper, in public acts, at the very first opportunity given them. This opportunity was not long delayed. In the first place, van der Capellen obtained quickly from London a copy of that famous pamphlet, written and published by Dr. Richard Price, who constantly ridiculed the idea that because England was "the parent country," she had a right to repair her dilapidated finances, by a direct attack on the civil liberties of the American

colonies. Dr. Price, in answer to the persistent commonplace of the "moneyed friends of the government",—"But we are the parent state," wrote, "These are the magic words which have fascinated and misled us. The English came from Germany. Does that give the German states a right to tax us?"

Van der Capellan, a true friend of liberty, who believed that the Teutonic race had, by crossing the Atlantic, enjoyed the potency of amazing progress, translated Dr. Price's pamphlet, entitled "Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, the Principles of Government, and the Justice and Policy of the War with America." In its Dutch dress, this pamphlet was widely circulated, throughout the Netherlands, in the middle and latter part of the year 1776. Soon the subject became matter of debate in the Dutch clubs and conversational circles, and public opinion began to take form. When Lord Joseph Yorke, the British minister to The Hague, spoke of the Americans as "rebels", Dutch phamphleteers answered him vigororously, declaring this use of the word offensive to their historic sensibilities. For they argued if the Americans were deserving the name of "rebels", then their Dutch fore-fathers, who had resisted Spain, were rebels also, and this they denied. The learned Dr. Calkoens addressed an open letter to van der Capellen, making many interrogations, and asking for detailed explanations concerning the exact situation of British and American affairs, and van der Capellen's public answer was widely circulated. Then, for a while, it seemed to rain brochures and pamphlets, satires, comic and dramatic pasquinades, all in favor of the American colonies and against Great Britain. These so rapidly leavened public opinion, that when Paul Jones brought the English frigate Serapis as a prize into the Texel, the streets of Amsterdam, and other Dutch cities, rang with comic and patriotic songs, in celebration of the event. The students of the University of Franeker, with torch-light processions, costumed tableaux, Latin odes and songs, orations and

feastings, celebrated the glory of the young American Republic, and prophesied her fame and glory. In the ancient and honorable city of Leeuwarden, in the old home of freedom, and in the ever-unconquered province of Friesland, a famous society held the first public meeting which crystalized the public opinion of this ultra-democratic province, so that this state was one of the first of the seven in its legislature to propose that the States-General should recognize the American Republic, and thus virtually declare war against Great Britain. In their enthusiasm, the members of this society had a large silver medal cast, in which a gigantic Frisian in ancient costume turns his back upon the Lady Britain with her growling lion, and welcomes, with his open arms, the fair maiden who symbolizes the new Republic, while out of the cloud stretches an arm holding the arms of Friesland, and under it this motto, (translated from the Dutch): "To the State of Friesland, in grateful recognition of the Acts of the Assemblies in February and April, 1782, by the Burgher's Club at Leeuwarden. Liberty and Zeal."

In this way, in conjunction with the excellent work done by Professor Luzac, in his Leyden Journal, the public opinion of the republic was so molded, that when John Adams appeared on the scene, the best of the work was already done. Soon the national recognition took place in due official form, in spite of the opposition of the pro-British party, led by the Prince of Orange. After that it was easy to borrow those "sinews of war"—the phrase coming originally from a Dutch proverb—which, to the amount of fourteen millions of dollars, came at a most opportune time when our national treasury was empty, but when peace not having been yet declared, it was necessary to maintain the continental army, both to resist the British forces still on the soil, and to secure in the treaties made, our rights along the British-American border.

A word about Professor Luzac and his Leyden newspaper. This man, of illustrious family and great learning,

conducted the *Nouvelles Extraordinaries de Divers Endroits ;* which, as we have said, being unsubsidized and republican, was accepted as the vehicle of truth, and had great influence in Europe. It published regularly news from the United States, giving correct accounts of the American victories, and making public the communications of Washington, Adams, Franklin, Trumbull and other Americans, beside giving wide currency to the publications of the pro-American Hollanders. From the study of a file of this interesting paper in the British Museum, and of Luzac's biography, from the works of John Adams, and an autograph letter written to Luzac by Washington, we gather that his pen was a potent force among our Dutch allies.

It is now time to glance at the public acts of the Dutch Government, and see how and when, as well as why, the Dutch became our allies in the time of our need. While properly grateful to the French for their important aid, it must not be forgotten, even as it cannot be denied, that the movement of the French sovereign and ministers in this matter was an affair of purely European politics, and was done with the immediate purpose of injuring their old enemy Great Britain, and with the ulterior object, of regaining Canada. Washington clearly forsaw this, and therefore insisted that the French, instead of attacking Montreal and Quebec, should march at once with the American army, hundreds of miles southward, as far away from Canada as possible, and attack Cornwallis in Virginia. Our statesmen-forefathers knew that they could easily remove the French from Virginia and say good-bye to them, from New York, rather than from Canada,—when they should have once possessed their old seats of empire, and were snugly ensconced, among hundreds of thousands of the descendents of their fellow-countrymen. We all know, too, of the quarrel between John Adams and Count Vergennes, and how Adams openly accused the Frenchman of sinister designs upon the American republic.

On the contrary, the sympathy of the Dutch for the

Americans was based on ancestral precedent, on a knowledge of history, on a fellow feeling of blood relationship, as well as of similar national experience, and in its inception, at least, was popular and wholly free from the promptings of European politics. Later on it was undoubtedly developed into action by the arbitrariness and tyranny of England's wishing to keep Holland poor by interfering with her commerce, and even denying her the right to furnish armed escort for her own ships. Furthermore, the bullying and truculent communications from the British Foreign Office insulted the Dutch, who, in spite of their insignificant position and their poverty at that time, defied England, and thus drew forth from her a declaration of war, on account of the virtual recognition of the American Republic, by the States-General. When it is remembered that their Stadtholder, William V., was in practical league with Great Britain, that he had urged the alliance to be made with the British against the Americans, and that he actually opposed the will of the nation in the unwarranted exercise of his executive power, so far as to order the national fleet, on a critical occasion, away from and coöperation with the French against the British, it will be seen how bravely and with what sacrifice and at what risk, the people persevered. In a word, the Dutch people were our friends even when their nominal ruler and his party were against us.

To recount hastily the public acts, in Great Britain and the Netherlands, relative to the American revolution :

I. At the breaking out of the war, in 1775, the British government, having failed to hire twenty thousand Russian mercenaries, made requisition upon the States-General of the Republic, for Dutch soldiers to fight the Americans. But, in addition to the sense of propriety and righteousness entertained by the members of that august body, and despite the latent and active influence of the Prince of Orange, the public opinion was already sufficiently manifest to make such a thing

impossible, even had the Stadtholder or legislators agreed. The request was indignantly refused.

II. King George, now feeling that his own personal influence would be necessary to re-inforce the request of the British government, made a formal and imperative requisition for the return from service under the States-General, and to the allegiance and service of their king under the British flag, of the famous "Scotch Brigade." This fine body of troops was the remnant of that large British force of both volunteers and regulars which had fought side by side with the patriots under William the Silent and Maurice, against the Spaniards, under the Dutch banner and in Dutch pay, in the glorious War of Independence, 1580–1640. As matter of sentiment, appreciation and gratitude, several Scottish regiments had been retained until 1775. Unable to refuse this requisition, the Scottish Brigade was released from service, but not before Baron van der Capellen, by a notable speech, opposed the request, urging that the Netherlands should neither directly nor indirectly assist Great Britain against America.

III. A proclamation, in accordance with national proprieties, of the States-General, prohibiting all exportation of munitions of war by ships belonging to the dominion of Great Britain, provisionally for the term of six months was issued; the declaration of neutrality being, as their High Mightinesses said, the "customary compliment of courts not at war with each other."

IV. After pressure had been brought against the Dutch government by the British minister, Sir Joseph Yorke, for the act of governor Johannes de Graeff in saluting the American flag, the latter was ordered home. Yet so languid was desire of the Dutch to punish him that it was several years before he actually arrived home. It eventuated that de Graeff, so far from being punished, went back again to St. Eustacius after the declaration of Armed Neutrality had been published. By this time the United States had been recognized as a sovereign power by France,

and our country had won the sympathies of Russia, Prussia, and Spain, and the American flag was well known in Europe on the high sea. After much ink had been shed from pens, and transferred from type to paper, and after considerable oratory, de Graeff returned to St. Eustacius to increase its trade and help the Americans more vigorously than ever. Rodney let him off with a whole skin and he returned with his household and servants, and his nest well feathered to Holland. An oil painting of the doughty Dutchman, representing him standing and reading the Declaration of American Independence, painted by the order of his son, and given to Mr. F. W. Craigin, of New Hampshire, and thence forwarded to Concord, N. H., now hangs in the Hall of Representatives in the Capital of the old Granite State.

IV. In parenthesis, we note one or two of the many roots of American friendship with and gratitude to Russia. Besides the refusal of Catherine to furnish Russian mercenaries to fight against Americans under the British flag in 1775, she resisted the pressure of the British agents in St. Petersburg, accompanied by a bribe of £100,000 sterling, to exclude the Dutch from the Armed Neutrality of 1780.

V. Next followed the proposition of the pensionary of Amsterdam, van Berckel, to make a treaty with the United States, and to open direct trade. This act, in a certain sense, was illegal, because a city has no right to deal directly with a sovereign state; and William Lee, to whom the proposition was made, was not empowered to make a treaty. Yet the act was, in Holland, at least, both significant and potent; for it was intended to defy the pro-British party. In America, it was so far appreciated by the members of the Continental Congress, that eager to get all help possible, they appointed Henry Laurens, their president, as minster to the Dutch Republic, to negotiate a treaty. Unfortunately, as we all know, Laurens and his papers were captured by the British on the ocean, and he was made a prisoner in the Tower for fifteen

months. Insignificant as the idea may seem, of a city Pensionary making such a proposition, it was this ultimate act of the Dutch which brought on the war, though the penultimate cause was the vote of the States-General, in the teeth of British gold and intrigue, to join the Armed Neutrality of Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Spain and France. The British government, now irritated beyond measure, demanded, through its minister, Sir Joseph Yorke, who had lived in Holland twenty-seven years, and thought he could dictate Dutch politics, the instant punishment of van Berckel. Summing up all accounts of the indictments against the Republic, in the matter of the salute to the American flag, the hospitable reception to Paul Jones, etc., etc., Sir Joseph threatened immediate war, if reparation was not immediately made.

Our popular idea of Dutch slowness is not a growth of American soil. It is one of hundreds of unfounded notions which we have inherited from the people whose ships were so often humbled on the seas, by the republic older than our own, and who call the Dutch hard names, and talk ironically about "Dutch courage", and, with sincere ignorance and malice, of "Dutch stupidity", and especially of "Dutch slowness",—because the Dutch do their own thinking, and have been again and again, too independent to truckle to British insolence. With exasperating deliberation, the States-General, in the van Berckle affair, took time to consider. Notwithstanding that Sir Joseph Yorke was paying the board, through long weeks, and keeping at anchor a British ship waiting to take the special couriers to London to transmit quickly what he expected; the Dutch finally gave answer, refusing to "precipitate an answer contrary to the Constitution". On this refusal being made, England instantly declared war, which, in those days, the telegraph being unknown, the Dutch did not know of for about a week after the event. When actual hostilities broke out, Dutch courage was found to be something else than what either the misrepresentations of the

British enemy, or the caricatures of Washington Irving, would lead the unthinking inheritor of tradition to believe. In August, 1781, the Dutch admiral, Zoutman, with a greatly inferior force, and with crews of untrained sailors, fought the large fleet of Admiral Parker near the Dogger Bank, for four hours, the Dutch holding their own, and maintaining the best traditions of the days of Tromp, (whom the English invariably call *van* Tromp,) and De Ruyter.

VI. John Adams, appointed minister to the Netherlands, left Paris for Amsterdam, July 27, 1780, putting his two sons in Leyden University, where so many hundreds of Colonial Americans and nearly five thousand British Nonconformists have been educated, he began his diplomatic work at The Hague. He published several pamphlets, in one of which he outlines the history of the American Colonies. He paid a generous tribute to the kindness, the shelter, and hospitality which the Pilgrim Fathers had received in Leyden. He pointed out the fact, that the colonists of two states of New York and New Jersey, were immediate emigrants from the Netherlands, and that "America in general, until her connections with the house of Bourbon, considered the Dutch Republic as her first friend in Europe." Addressing memorials and calling for answers to members of the States-General, requesting the recognition of the United States of America, he continued his personal interviews and writings until exactly one year afterwards, when success crowned his efforts. Mass meetings were held in many of the Dutch cities and petitions in favor of the United States rained in upon the States-General.

VII. The ultra-democratic state of Friesland acted first, public opinion being then already ripe. Seven weeks after the issue of Adams' first memorial, they instructed their delegates in the States-General to send a delegation to the United States. City after city in the Dutch provinces declared itself. Zealand, and then

Overyssel, van der Capellen's state, followed. Finally on the nineteenth of April, 1782, the States-General voted that "Mr. Adams is agreeable, and audience will be granted or commissions signed when he shall demand it."

VIII. Only three days afterward, Mr. Adams, as the accredited minister of the United States of America, received audience of the Stadtholder, William V., Prince of Orange, and soon afterward gave a dinner to the *corps diplomatique*. Even before the negotiation of the treaty between the old and the new republics separated by the sea, money had begun to flow in freely from the Dutch bankers. Twelve loans, aggregating 32,500,000 florins, were made, which helped to pay the troops when Congress was at its wit's end for money.

In 1809, the principal and interest discharged amounted to fourteen millions of dollars.

Within a few months after the negotiations of peace there sailed from Rotterdam hundreds of Dutch emigrants who, in small numbers until about the year 1845, and from that time until the present, by thousands and tens of thousands, have come to our country, forming one of the cleanest, most honest, and most intelligent portions of our national commonwealth.

This completes our task. We have but outlined the facts which deserve closer investigation and greater publicity. When in the Continental Congress, the motion was made to send an American Minister resident to The Hague, Doctor Franklin supported the proposition, by a letter in which he uses these words which must never be forgotten by Americans, "In love of liberty and bravery in the defence of it, Holland has been OUR GREAT EXAMPLE."

The Unresponsive Roll Call at Tattoo.

BY LUTHER R. MARSH.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MAY 9, 1893.

FRIENDS :

It is now fifty-two years since, on the evening of December 30th, 1841, I stood on the platform of Mechanics Hall to address the "Young Men's Association," of Utica. How vividly the scene comes back to me. The lecture room was full of the beauty and manhood of your city, for it was famous then, as now, for both, and I can see, in memory, many who were present, and where, in the room, were the chairs they occupied. Some of them are here to-day, but they are few, as most of that company have bidden adieu to Utica, and entered upon the scenes of another sphere. If any of *those* are with us now, it is in a form too etherial for our material eyes to recognize.

There comes a time in the life of every man when he should stop. I admired the wisdom of the late Charles B. Sedgwick, of Syracuse, who had long resolved that, when he should arrive at sixty years, he would quit his work ; and he did. But at eighty years the physical man has lost much of his power, his muscles are flabby, his sight apt to be impaired, his memory treacherous, and his voice, however strong it may once have been, dwindled to a tremulous treble. As the occupant of a platform, he "lags superfluous." But, though thus handicapped by years, I could not resist your invitation ; for, methought, that some reminiscences of your own town, of some half a century agone, might not be wholly uninteresting to those on whose shoulders its fabric is now sustained ; as well as to the few, of that olden time, who yet maintain their hold on life. And so I concluded to pronounce a valedic-

tory. But I have been anticipated; for *vale*, VALE, VALE has been already spoken by almost every one of that generation.

A century seems a long time, and yet four of them, tied together, would touch Columbus; and anyone who lived only forty-two and a half centuries ago might have worn crape on his hat at the obsequies of Methuselah.

But even one hundred years reach to a time when obscurity vailed the skies of Utica; and hardly so much is known of it as we know of that Italian Rome, when Romulus and Remus, 2,646 years ago, marked out its bounds.

An occasional hint, not profuse in its information, may be gathered of that time, from the study of a few granite slabs, some leaning, and some quite fallen, whose moss-covered letters are yet decipherable. From one of these rock-histories, it is learned that, one hundred years ago this very year, in 1793, there came hither, to this new settlement, from Norwich, Connecticut, genuine yankees I doubt not, one Gurdon Burchard, and his good wife Elizabeth. He was a brave man, but she was a braver woman. Neither histories nor cemeteries, nor tradition, know of any other individual, who, in that centennial year, planted his home in incipient Utica. Burchard selected his lot and reared his roof in a pleasant location, afterwards christened as Whitesboro street. For this information we are indebted to the unknown engraver who had little thought, I presume, that the rude letters he chiselled on the tombstone would endure so long.

It is easy to imagine that the outlook of the brave saddler and harness-maker was free and unobstructed on every side; and that he had good opportunity to observe the morning and the evening stars. It was no "pent-up Utica"; no walls of brick or stone bounded his vision. His eye was free to roam up and down the Mohawk, and along its sedgy banks; or scan the unnamed New Hartford or Deerfield heights. His ear never pricked at the roar of the locomotive; possibly in the night the music of a wolf's

howl may have come through the window. No sky-piercing chimney-stacks rolled up their black volume to join the clouds. No channel had been furrowed, through which boats might carry their exchanges to the Hudson on the one hand, and to Lake Erie on the other. It required many a year thereafter to gather here a colony of sturdy pioneers as numerous as the tenants of that hospital of dethroned intellects now on your border. Of the citizens of that day not one survives ; and of the fifty-five thousand people now enlivening your city, not one was then alive.

Occasionally an isolated fact of that early time gleams out of the darkness ; as that, four years before the advent of Gurdon and Elizabeth, the widow Damuth sold and conveyed, in consideration of a few drawings of Bohea, the site of Baggs Hotel, now worth a cargo of the real Mocha. The good lady was evidently fond of the exhilarating cup, but she could not have foreseen how many thousand chalices of that delicious beverage would be administered in the century then to follow on the premises she sold. The purchaser, Peter Smith, through the genius, power, and character of his son, Gerrit, has enrolled his name among the memorable ones of American history, and the name of the seller, the tea-loving dame, will be forever perpetuated.

Utica has been fortunate indeed in having so faithful, industrious and capable a chronicler as Dr. Moses M. Bagg. One living in a place likes to know its origin, what scenes have been enacted there, whose feet have in former years imprinted the soil on which he treads, what illustrious men, if any, have there wrought out their destiny. So has your historian taken you back to the beginning, when Old Fort Schuyler was the name by which you were known; when the only roads leading out from here were paths trodden by the moccasin ; and when the settlement stretched along the margin of the Mohawk, up which the pioneers poled their small batteaux. He shows you that it lacks only five years of a century since your county of

Oneida became incorporate. Beyond you, northward and westward, and south and east, the native forests of the hated hemlock and the useful beech, the wide-spreading elm, and the oval-topped maple, with its pulses of sweetness, shaded the land. It was only penetrable by pushing up the current of the Mohawk and its tributaries. There was no Syracuse ; and Rochester, Geneva, and Buffalo, were yet unborn. There came here, to begin your Utica, men of grit and power. Among them came from the Hudson river the Peter Smith, already referred to, who planted a store on the river's edge ; since supplanted by that famous hostelrie, known so favorably and gratefully all over the Union. To him was born the babe, to whom I have alluded, who was destined to exert a great influence in the career of the nation, and whose infant lisping may have given token of that eloquence, which, in after times, I loved to hear, and of that deep and resonant voice which among all the great actors and singers, I have never yet heard paralleled.

Of the men who one hundred years ago, in 1794, came from the east and drove their stakes at Old Fort Schuyler, there were four, Moses Bagg, John House, Jason Parker, and Apollos Cooper, whose influence, through themselves, and their posterities, has been sovereign, all through your history, and even to the present day, is so benignly felt. I have seen them all, but Mr. House.

To one of these four men, Moses Bagg, you are indebted not only for the hospitalities extended to the world, but, through a descendant who now hears me, for the embalmment of your annals in enduring type.

To another, Apollos Cooper, we owe the life and fame of one of the brilliant lawyers for whom Utica has been renowned.

Another, Jason Parker, provided the means by which your predecessors could travel to the east, and to the west, and which brought visitors from all parts of the country to your young and growing town.

Of the last of these four men of 1794, John House, I can only say that a lineal descendant of his, Miss Sallie Holley, this current year went down to the tomb, full of honors as of years. She maintained her place on the platform, in the great crusade for liberty, in the comrade-ship of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Emerson; and, after the victory, established a school in West Virginia, for the emancipated children of sable hue. It was seventy-six years ago that she gladdened the household of Myron Holley, at Lyons; he, whose shaft of marble at Mount Hope, on the quiet Genesee, carries down the name of one who, with rare eloquence, a divine genius, and heavenly purpose, in the words of Alvan Stewart, "honored a brave humanity in a pusillanimous age." He had sought a wife among the daughters of Utica, and found her in the house of John House.

It is not a little singular that two such stalwart advocates of Liberty, as Gerrit Smith, and Sallie Holley, should trace their origin to Utica.

But I must put aside the fascinations of those early days; for the rest of the acts of the pioneers, their struggles and conflicts, the children who were born here, and the brave men who came to dwell here from other parts; and the records of your growth from the first cabin of unhewn logs, roofed by the trees, to the noble architecture and stately beauty of the present, are they not written in the book of Moses, the historian?

It seems quite in line with the object of your Historical Society, which is, to gather and hold in permanence the records of the past, if, coming down to the last half century, I recall a few reminiscences and give a few glimpses of your town at the beginning of that interesting period.

After an absence of so many years it seems pleasant, indeed, to return to Utica. But, alas, how many gaps old Time has made. Fifty-two years ago I would have nodded to almost every one whom I should meet in going

up and down your beautiful street of Genesee. Now, I should be surprised to see one familiar face. Even ten years make a perceptible change in the population of the staidest place. To me, the people are like the ranks of an army after a furious battle, thinned, decimated, depopulated, but filled with new recruits. Are there fifty, are there thirty, are there twenty, of my old associates left? I look for them in this assemblage, but few of them are here; that is, in corporeal embodiment, however their spirit forms may now surround us. I call aloud for my companions of that day. I call for them by name, but few respond.

Fifty years ago, at the sunrise of life, I would have made the *early* call, when

> "All the bugle-breezes blew
> "*Reveille* at the breaking morn."

But now, at the retreating evening shades, when so many have already retired, I can only sound the sad signal of Tattoo.

I call for my friend, John H. Edmonds. His place is vacant. He would have been here, I am sure, had he been living. He was a genial mess-mate, ever amiable and lovely. I think no one lives, or has lived, who ever entertained any feeling of unkindness towards Mr. Edmonds. How many a pleasant walk, how many a charming talk, I have had with him. It was our custom to stroll as far as Plant's, then quite in the country. Nature gave him goodly qualities. Edmonds was native born. If ever there was an honest, true, faithful, life-long worker, in his vocation, Edmonds defined that character.

I resume the roll-call. Wallace McCall. No answer. A clear-headed, jovial young lawyer. With what a slow and stately step his father, the skillful physician, used to tramp on his errands of mercy. The fair promise of an eminent manhood was early entombed with Wallace. You and I were intimately associated. You have left empty a place not easily filled. It is a mysterious

Providence that so early transplants the budding flowers of earth.

Eli Cook. You, coming from the same county of Onondaga, were very kind to me when first I, an unsophisticated youth, came to wear the badge of the Oneidas! You had it in your power, by your native gifts, to have stood in the very front rank of the bar of our State. We united in justice's court business for a time, before Squires Pease and Parsons, and in the neighboring towns. But clouds came up from the horizon and overshadowed you. You removed to Buffalo, and for a time held its chief magistracy. Even at that brilliant bar, with Barker, Mullet, H. K. Smith, and Talcott, you maintained your eminence. But alas, the clouds thickened, the skies darkened, and your star went down in sorrow and obscurity. There was no need of it. Thou art, dear Eli, a beacon of warning to the young, proclaiming that a sturdy constitution, large attainments, a quick wit and noble gifts, can not stand before the demon of drink.

Horatio Seymour. Ah! If I could call you, as I used to hear your mother, from the open door when we, as children, were playing on the Pompey green; "Ho-rash-io," "Ho-rash-io," I am sure you would hear. It is but lately that you would have responded, "here." It is only seven years since the Sage of Deerfield might have been seen crossing the dyke; over which I have walked a hundred times to and from the home of my partner, Justus H. Rathbone. It was a pleasant tramp; unlined with houses; one in which I could practice declamation and explode the vowels, without annoyance to neighbors.

I see you clearly,

"In my mind's eye, Horatio,"

as you were three-quarters of a century ago. It was on the heights of Pompey. You anticipated me by three years in coming into this world, and already, more than double that in going into the Spirit world. We were boys together. In the exigencies of my life I mourn the loss of

the pleasant book you gave me when we were not yet in our teens. Your house was on the lesser green ; but it was on the larger one that jumping, wrestling, and ball-playing, and all kinds of sports trained the muscles and settled the constitutions of the Pompey boys.

Often your boyish steps brought you to my father's house; and vivid is the memory of the skill with which, with a pen-knife, you could convert the corn stalks of our garden into handsome sloops, with masts and rigging, to sail in the placid ocean of our *rain-trough ;* for that was the most expansive water-space we could find on Pompey-Hill. Was it this youthful sport, that indicated your future championship of the great canal ?

I followed you to Captain Partridge's Military School, at Middletown, Conn. ; and our rooms were not far apart. You had, as I found there, already taken rank as a speaker, and gave promise of the great future that awaited you.

Again I followed you to Utica. I was instrumental, vicariously, in your coming to this lovely city ; for many years before, at a Democratic State Convention held at Waterloo, my father nominated your father as a candidate for Canal Commissioner. Oft have I heard my father tell how provoked Henry Seymour was that he should be nominated for an office which would take him from the quiet of his charming home, and load his shoulders with the responsibilities of that high office. But, dear Horatio, it was that act which placed you in the very centre of the State, and provided the opportunities which your talents were quick to accept.

And now, within the last few weeks, I have learned, what no one in either of our families ever suspected before, that there was a remote tie of consanguinity between us. For, in the genealogy of the "Marsh Family Association," now just prepared, it is shown, that your grandfather, United States Senator from Vermont, was the son of Mary Marsh, daughter of that heroic Ebenezer Marsh, who led his Connecticut Regiment to Ticonderoga ; and thus, a few

generations back, you and I come to a common ancestor.

Your career was a noble one ; your life stainless and pure. No man, in even the angry debates of political strife, ever charged an unworthy act on you. You gave your life to statesmanship rather than to law. No man understood, so well, the topography, history, needs and capacities of our great State, and so ably stood for the maintenance of her waterways.

Twice were the reins of our State Government placed in your hands ; and, once, many of our States desired, by their votes, that you should assume the direction of our National affairs.

I remember that, with a horse and wagon, you and I started out to canvass the Boonville region, and prove, to the settlers, the benefits of democracy. But, afterward, when the war came on, somehow, we did not march quite so cordially, hand in hand ; but there was never any break in our personal relations. Some letters from you at a later period, are among my autographic treasures.

And now, it is because of you, that I am here to address this Historical Society to-day, for you were its founder.

I call the name of John F. Seymour. There is no answer. You, too, first beheld the sky, and very near it, on the top of my native Pompey, in 1814. But not for this, alone, did'st thou awake my admiration ; but for thine own sweetness of temper, and the loving nature which modified the glances of your sparkling eye. Till 1890, you maintained your foot-hold on the earth ; sustained, so long, by the early liberal draughts of ozone which ever ply around the Pompey Summits.

Ward Hunt. I hear no response. You were of a quiet disposition, and retiring life, and did not mingle much in our young freaks. But honors were held in fortune's hand for you. And so it came to pass, that, rising through gradations, we at last beheld you among the ermined monarchs of the Federal bench ; whose decrees embraced the Continent, and were law from sea to sea. Utica was proud of her boy.

Burton D. Hurlburt. Why no answer, my often adversary? Ah, I remember. It is five years since the sepulchre closed its doors upon you. No voice speaks audibly from within. I used to wonder at your limited library; Blackstone, the Bible, the Revised Statutes, and a work on Criminal Law. But, somehow, you always found in them a principle in point, to carry your case. An ingenious, formidable foe. I feared you more than any other.

Hiram Hurlburt. I need not listen for your voice; for you have joined your brother. Your modesty would hardly make you known in Spirit world, were not your merit so great as to command recognition.

Charles Hurlburt. You, also, have joined the majority. It was pleasant to see a smile begin and spread over your face, until it rippled over the whole countenance, and burst forth in a hearty laugh.

Huet R. Root, always cheerful and pleasant.

Henry Remsen Hart, "Remp," (as we called you), ardent, lively, generous and responsive to every public service.

George S. Dana, kind and loveable; your steps are no longer heard on the pavement of Genesee.

John G. Floyd, lawyer and editor. An accomplished gentleman and man of wit. Politics ran high, and you were always in the thick of it. You were a grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and had good right to assert your political opinions. You represented Oneida ably in several Congresses. You sought alliance with the distinguished family of Gen. Joseph Kirkland.

We were not always in political accord, dear Mr. Floyd, but you were a genial adversary. I remember how kindly you took a little squib of mine in the *Observer*. Perhaps I will be pardoned if I quote it:

"Unparalleled Meeting in the Third Ward.

"Pursuant to a call published in the *Utica Democrat*, there gathered a large and enthusiastic assemblage of *two individuals*, in the Third Ward, to wit, Andrew S. Pond and John G. Floyd.

The meeting was called to order by the Hon. John G. Floyd, who nominated Mr. A. S. Pond as President. This was put and unanimously carried. Mr. Floyd was nominated by the chairman as secretary, and carried *nem con.* The organization being complete, Mr. Floyd arose and stated the objects of the meeting. He was frequently interrupted by loud manifestations of applause by his numerous auditor. The chair then appointed Mr. Floyd a committee of six, to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. Mr. Floyd retired, leaving the chairman 'solitary and alone', for a few minutes, when he returned and reported. The resolutions were not opposed, except the one against a tariff: the chairman being for a tariff on pig-iron; and the congressman opposed to it. A parliamentary question arose as to the right of the chairman to vote on this resolution. Mr. Floyd insisted that, except in case of a tie—which could not happen here—the presiding officer had no right to vote; and cited, in support of his position, a recent decision of the House of Representatives, on the Tariff Bill, where the same question arose. Mr. Pond yielded to this high authority, and declined voting; whereupon all the resolutions were unanimously carried.

The meeting then proceeded to the appointment of a delegate to the convention to be held at Rome, on the tenth. The strife lay, principally, between the two candidates, to-wit, Mr. Floyd and Mr. Pond. But after several ballotings, without a choice, a compromise was effected by which Mr. Floyd was appointed to represent Mr. Pond; and, should the necessity occur, then Mr. Pond was appointed, as substitute, to represent Mr. Floyd.

A vigilance committee of four, consisting of Mr. Floyd and Mr. Pond, and Mr. Pond and Mr. Floyd, was then appointed.

Mr. Floyd then drew up the credentials, which Mr. Pond signed.

After a motion by Mr. Floyd, seconded by Mr. Pond, no one dissenting, that the proceedings of this most significant concourse of *two people*, should be published in the Utica *Democrat*, edited by Mr. Floyd, the meeting adjourned *nunc pro tunc* and *sine die*."

John G. Floyd was too amiable not to take this little burlesque in good part, and seemed to enjoy it as much as his political adversaries.

Timothy Ossian Grannis, the banker. Thy name I call! Silence is the only reply. You, too, have entered the sepulchre and shut the door. Our friendship was intimate and of long standing. Oft have you told me of your experience as a law student in the office of Aaron Burr. You were a callow youth then, and unfamiliar with the courtesies of life; for once, when Burr came into his office and took off his gloves, you, standing by, took up one

of them and tried it on your hand, whereat the lawyer arose, took the tongs, and lifting the tainted glove from the table, placed it in the fire. Afterward, no one, I think, ever charged you with violating any conventionality.

Certainly, nothing was further from your life, and thought, and mode of expression, than the grandly poetic pictures of your Celtic namesake, but thou wert a model in all duties and amenities of modern life. I will ask, in the language of thy namesake, "When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?"

Frederick Hollister, of the checkered store. Nothing could hold thy ambition in check. A man who, in the quiet Utica of that day, could sum up his indebtedness at nearly two millions, must have had the confidence of the community, and a rare ingenuity for incurring obligations. I remember, as a young attorney, of going to Waterville in quest of some debtor of thine. Much of the way I walked, and you were always ready for a laugh when you recounted my narrative of the pursuit of your attorney by a party of Indians on the way, and his superior agility, and escape. You were bold to audacity in your conceptions; with an energy vast in their consummation; and a sublime faith in your star; which, however, ultimately dropped below the horizon's verge, in cloud and darkness.

Frederick W. Guiteau. I hear your answer, by mental telephone, from Irvington. Thanks for your invitation, in which your beautiful and sparkling sister, joined, to spend the last holiday week with you at your palatial residence on the Hudson. Your father, the eminent physician of Trenton, and Luther, his no less valued son, have gone beyond the veil. Fortune has been kind to you, and you took rank with the merchant princes of the land in our metropolis. Utica, as she counts her jewels, can not afford to forget you, or to let you forget her.

Hamilton Spencer. What an inheritance you were endowed withal; partaking of those paternal qualities which made your father so renowned, clearness of perception,

quickness of insight, and a gift of happy expression. But the great West,—the great West, then, but the great East, now,—claimed you, and Burlington, in Illinois, became familiar with your presence. You, too, have left the contests of the earthly bar.

Dexter Gilmore. I hear no answer. There was a partition wall between us, only, as you turned the pages of Blackstone in the office of Samuel Dakin. It was there you acquired those principles which enabled you, for some thirty years, to administer the office of dispensing justice in the city. I never felt more honored than when, in after life, as I entered your court room for a social call, the case on trial was suspended, and you, the judge, and the counsel, among whom was Roscoe Conkling, rose to greet me.

Charles H. Doolittle. Notwithstanding that your constitution was impaired by the intense labors of your college life, yet, in the subsequent duties of manhood, your days were spent in diligence, and your nights in study. Thus industry came in aid of native force, and after a triumphant career in the arena, the bench beckoned you to its honored seat. Too brief, indeed, was your useful and noble life.

Edward S. Brayton. What ! Do I not catch your voice ? Your ambition did not yearn for the conspicuous conflicts of the bar. You sought a quiet life in the retirement of office business, and, like Lord Bacon, amidst the efflorescense of your garden ; though ever ready, in all public concerns, to emerge, and advance to the front, for yeoman's service.

John G. Crocker. Even your low voice has sunk into complete silence. When I came to Utica, nearly sixty years ago, and entered the office of James Watson Williams, then our clerk in chancery, I found you there ; and for a long time, you and I kept up the large folios and voluminous records of that court. An unconquerable modesty prevented your assuming the position due to your uncommon talents ; and you were content to pursue the noiseless

tenor of your way in an unconspicuous life. You were held in high esteem by men who could appreciate your worth, your excellent judgment, varied learning, and amiability. Afterwards you became more widely known as a legal author, and your work on the office of sheriff took its place in every lawyer's library as an authority. It was not till 1888 that you laid aside the impediments of the flesh.

You remember, John, that whenever I passed through Utica and found you not at meals at Baggs hotel, I always left a scrap of rhyming salutation under your plate.

The last time was when you and I were associated as counsel in a case before Judge Merwin ; Kernan and his sons on the other side. It was an action against Mrs. Welles, of New York, formerly of Wellsville, at the junction of the Chemung and Susquehanna, reviewing a trade or exchange of a farm in Chemung for the famous Buchanan house at Utica.

Let me recall the hasty lines I penned in your office on not finding you in, when, the day before the trial, I called for a consultation :

"TO JOHN G. CROCKER :

Now, Crocker dear, my honest John,
Thou shalt not 'scape me thus,
For I will either see you now
Or raise a mighty muss.

The cause which you and I must try
Demands a consultation ;
What proof to give, what points let fly,
For Kernan's botheration.

The "consideration," we'll consider ;
And the evidence so pat,
That our fair client—we may rid her
Of Kernan, Symonds, Pratt.

Whatever flaw the lynx may find
In previous indenture,
Can not be urged to harm *our* case,
Or cause judicial censure.

Where Susquehanna rolls her flood
In confluence with Chemung,
There lies as rich alluvial soil
As Virgil ever sung.

A score of barns, and houses, too,
Adorn its verdant breast;
Fences divide its various lots,
By North and South, by East and West.

A race-course, all within the grounds,
A level circle lies,
Where Ukraine or where Yankee steed,
On hoofs, like pinions, flies.

A woodland stretches far and wide,
A hundred acres o'er,
And mighty monarchs of the grove
Stand as they did of yore.

The steam-horse on his iron track,
From all the country round,
Will snort, and take you on his back,
And land you near the ground.

Six hundred acres,—broad domain—
A city's site might be;
For pent-up Utic's narrow plot,
She gave a deed, in fee.

As bright October takes its flight,
Ere yet the indian summer;
We two will harness for the fray;
You fight, and I'll be drummer.

At Bagg's Hotel I stop the night,
Where all the boys of old
In jolly conclave passed the hours
In Churchill's cheerful fold.

What fun we had, what jokes we cracked,
Around the blazing hearth,
Where, gathered from our daily toil,
We sought our nightly berth!

Edmonds—"Two Guns" his Indian name,—
Now portly, grave, and grey;
Charles Hurlburt, with contagious laugh,
Eb. Sherman's sprightly way.

Doolittle, since our honored Judge,
And Kernan, in the Senate,
Both men of good and large repute,
It gives me joy to pen it.

Remp. Hart, Guiteau and Huet Root,—
These were by no means all—
For there were Thomas,—Doctor Hunt,
Barrett and Wall. McCall.

But not to boys of Bagg's alone
Did we confine the racket;
For oft from neighboring houses came
McDonough, Bedlow, Hackett.

E'en older men join'd in the sport,
And jested round the lamp;
For instance, our good banker, Welles,
And staid old Harry Camp.

Sometimes uproarious we became,
So that the guests did wonder
At merry peals that shook the doors,
As loud as peals of thunder.

Alas! alas! the remnant small;
You, I, and other few;
How easily the living count
Of all that happy crew!

Though Doolittle were on the Bench,
And Kernan, advocate,
Injunction ne'er could be obtained,
'Gainst grim old Time and Fate.

How to give Sheriff valid bail,
Thous't told, with erudition;
But how give slip to the grand bailiff,
Please tell, in the next edition!

Sorrowfully, gladly, and cordially,
Yours."

And it seems, dear Crocker, that you were not able to study out any method of evading service of the final summons.

This little impromptu you will remember as a sample of the salutations I used to waft to you, as I came to Utica. Fortunate were we in our trial, for, through you and the right, our fair client prevailed.

Francis Kernan, is next on the catalogue. You staid with us till last September; after a life of labor that might well have worn you out more quickly. I vividly remember when you came from the western part of our State, to turn over the leaves of Kent and Starkie in the great office of Joshua A. Spencer. You did not neglect the high endowments with which nature gifted you; but cultivated them to the full. Your countrymen appreciated you, and lifted you into their high offices; and faithfully you served them. But we of your age, did at that time, most enjoy that hilarious spirit which, in the kindliest temper, enlivened our associations. As joint editor, with Crocker, Doolittle and myself, you helped carry on that campaign

paper, called the "Sledgehammer," to aid the democratic cause. You stood by the faith to the end; while I have wandered away into the Republican fold. You still live in a numerous posterity.

Truman K. Butler. Your modest voice could scarce be heard, were you on the stage of action now. But your kind deeds spoke loudly, and their echoes have not yet died away. For over sixty years, you grew with the growth of Utica, and when you left this sphere you bore the respect of every citizen. Thou wert, indeed, a *true-man*, as if thy christeners foresaw thy character.

Alexander S. Johnson. Your intellectual machinery moved so easily that it was a pleasure to you to study and to think. You rose from rank to rank, until you found yourself on the Bench of the Circuit Court of the United States; a judge in whom all the elements for a judicial station were most admirably united.

Perhaps I cannot do better than to quote from remarks I made at the meeting of the bar in the city of New York, on the occasion of his departure for the higher life, in February, 1878. Will you pardon it, for it contains some Utican reminiscences:

"An early acquaintance with Judge Johnson, ere he came to the bar, and since continued, may give me warrant, perhaps, for a single word. He, to honor whose memory we have met, received an inheritance from his country which he was proud to maintain. His mother was the daughter of the second son of President John Adams. As early as 1797, ere Utica had received the christening of its present name, while yet it was known only as "Old Fort Schuyler," his grandfather, Bryan Johnson, was a prominent and valued citizen, and contributed largely to the impulse the infant city received in its growth and prosperity. Concurrent with the present century, from the beginning down to a recent date, his father, Alexander B. Johnson, was one of the foremost men of Utica, in commerce, in influence, in finance, in literature. And so it happened that the departed jurist came to his profession through a youth and education of uncommon advantage. All that could be done by affluence, by social position, by appliance, by stimulus to effort, was his; and these advantages fell not on unfruitful ground. He had an intuitive apprehension, a great intellectual capacity, and was quick to appropriate and assimilate the bene-

fits that I have mentioned. He took delight in scientific research, and was a man of general culture and scholarly attainments. Not content with surface views, he liked to think out principles to their last analysis. He was peculiarly well fitted, as I think, for success at the bar, for forensic debate, and for the presentation and argument of the principles that obtain in the administration of justice. He was endowed with a sweet and magnetic voice, and most winning manner.

"But he was not to stay in the arena long. The Bench was his destiny. It was there that the largest portion of his business life was spent, in the exercise of the Godlike prerogative of applying the principles of law to the rights of men. That he performed this duty with inflexible integrity and rare ability, in recorded opinions which stand as landmarks in the troubled sea of controversy, and to the acceptance of all, is conceded by all. I have often thought that if fortune had given him a seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, he would have been most admirably adapted for the wider range of the majestic tribunal, before which come, for adjudication, the conflicting interests of the whole country, and whose voice is authoritative to its utmost bounds.

"I have noticed, by the newspapers, that the Bar of Utica, in his own native County of Oneida, are meeting to testify a similar honor to that which we render to his memory to-day. The City of Utica, as the City of New York, claims him as her own. That city has done credit to her position as the geographical centre of the State, by making it, from early time, the legal centre as well. She has produced the ablest lawyer, as such, whom our State, and, as I think, our country has seen, Samuel A. Talcott. His scarcely less famous partner, William H. Maynard, has sent down to us a reputation for transcendent ability, as a lawyer, and fabulous powers of memory. Since then, she counts, among her ornaments, Greene C. Bronson, Henry R. Storrs, Joseph Kirkland, and his son, Charles P. Kirkland, Joshua A. Spencer, Samuel Beardsley, Hiram Denio, and William Curtis Noyes. She has furnished for our State, in succession, three Attorney-Generals, Talcott, Bronson, Beardsley. At the time of the death of the eminent jurist whom we mourn, she filled two seats on the Bench of the highest Courts of the United States; one in the Circuit Court, which his lamented death leaves vacant, and one on the Supreme Bench at Washington. And even now, at this very hour, the Senatorial representation of the great State of New York is filled by her two citizens, Roscoe Conkling and Francis Kernan. Utica, so highly favored, now enrolls, with pride, while yet in sorrow, the name of Alexander S. Johnson on the bright scroll of her departed sons. We, of New York, claim him too; and there as here, the Bench and Bar, laying this tribute on his tomb, in a common sympathy mourn their loss, and hold his memory in honor."

Henry Mandeville. Too often have I heard your eloquent voice from the pulpit, not to call thy name. You succeeded the princely preacher, George W. Bethune, in the Reformed Dutch Church, and well sustained the pulpit's reputation. So clear were your discourses that I have often, on returning home, written them off, nearly in full ; and sometimes to your own amazement. Of noble, portly bearing corporeally, and intellectually a grand teacher in Israel. Your work on the "Elements of Oratory" have held the right standards up before our youth. It was with regret, indeed, that I heard that the fell tyrant of our Southern climate had ended your career of usefulness on earth.

Samuel B. Garvin. You came to us from Otsego county. We used to measure swords before Squire Parsons. It was only by skillful dodging that I could avoid the strokes of your ponderous falchion.

We took a pleasant journey together in 1843, just fifty years ago next month. It was to hear the oration of Webster on the completion of the Monument of Bunker Hill. On the way we heard that every bed in Boston was engaged, and so we stopped for the night at Worcester, forty miles this side. But well were we repaid for our delay by a visit to the shop of Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith ; though no fire flamed on its forge, and no song sang from its anvil. A card, however, brought him to our rooms in the evening, which was enriched by his discourse. The next morn, with expectation on tip-toe, we stood on the slope of Bunker Hill, thrilled with the associations ; and heard, resounding over the heads of a hundred thousand people, the magnificent voice and periods of the orator. How majestic he stood, as, in his rich, deep intonations, he exclaimed :

"The Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the high eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land and over the sea, and visible, at their homes, to three hundred thousand of the people of Massachusetts, it stands a memorial of the

last, and a monitor to the present and to all succeeding generations. * * * * * It has a purpose, and that purpose gives it a character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe. It is itself the speaker of this occasion. * * * * * The potent orator stands motionless before us."

When, years after, in 1876, the stately and truthful statue of Webster was unveiled, in the Central Park of the City of New York, and Robert C. Winthrop, and William M. Evarts were dedicating the occasion, as I listened to their eloquence I could not help thinking how appropriate it would be for one of them to have applied to the statue the same language Webster had directed to the Bunker shaft ; that is, "The statue is, itself, the speaker ; the potent orator stands motionless before us."

On the next day after the Bunker Hill oration, I presented you to Mr. Webster, at our hotel, and he traced for you, with his finger, on the table, the evolutions of the troops on that eventful day.

In the afternoon, we heard the eloquent Justice Story deliver a lecture to his class, at Cambridge. It was a memorable journey.

Years after, it came to pass, that I tried many a cause under your presiding justiceship in the New York Superior Court.

You should have lived a hundred years ; for so many, I thought, were bound up in your constitution. But, suddenly, in 1891, you let go your hold on material things.

Charles Edwards Lester. It was at Detroit, and quite recently, that you crossed the line. How well I remember when, in a small room at Pond's Temperance House, you wrote "The Glory and Shame of England," a book that traversed the country like wild-fire. Since then, for many years, we were thrown into intimate communion ; and I listened with delight and wonder, as you dictated to a stenographer portions of that compendious and sparkling history, entitled, "Our First Hundred Years."

Roscoe Conkling. There is no echo. I knew you not

so well: till in after life. A great number of valued qualities centered in you. Unquailing courage, incorruptible integrity, great power of thought, a superior gift of expression, readiness and insight, an intuitive perception of the right, a memory holding its inscription like brass; loyalty to the Republic; a born orator, a noble patriot, with a commanding presence, towering in stature, and handsome in form and feature; such wert thou, friend Roscoe, when, in the Senate you maintained the honor of our State, and when, at the bar, we met you in opposing advocacy. Utica may well record your name high on the scroll of her eminent ones. And all must regret that you do not respond in person, to this day's roll-call.

But I must pause in my enumeration, leaving many cherished ones unnamed, for time will not allow me to call the list to the end. I have chanced on a few with whom I was most familiar.

I could recount various anecdotes, were not the hour glass exhausted some time ago.

As of the old Squire, who, on returning late at night, in his cups, encountered a potash kettle full of water, and must need tumble in. Some early riser found him immersed, with his head over one edge, and his heels over the other. "Why, Squire," he exclaimed, "what are you doing here?" To which the sobered Squire replied, hesitatingly, "I seem to be—in a—potash kettle—as it were."

As of John Butterfield, on the trial trip of his new steamer, on Lake Ontario, to which many, myself included, were invited. He presided at the banquet on board; and on being asked to say grace, bent reverently over the table saying, "Yours truly, J. Butterfield." The most compendious grace, and full of meaning.

As of John Parker, who when a stage driver from the New Hampshire Mountains applied for service, said, "I have a stage ready for a trip to Whitesboro; mount the seat and drive." On their return, he said, as he alighted, "a man who can drive to Whitesboro and back, and hit

every stone, and run through every rut on the way, can avoid them, if he will. I will employ you."

As of Thomas Hastings, the great musician, originator of the "Musica Sacra," and author of many hundred hymns and versions of psalms, who was near-sighted to such degree that walking against a cow in the street he retreated a little, removed his chapeau, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam."

Those times, I have always thought, were the halcyon days of Utica, perhaps because they were rainbowed with the hopes of youth.

The offices were thronged with young men of promise, some of whom I have enumerated. Utica was a more important center, relatively, then than now. Your merchants were affluent and known over the State. Rival cities had not sprung up around you. The great stage and canal routes transferred their passengers here, instead of whisking them through your suburbs.

Here gathered many of the great lawyers of the country, among them :

The imposing and stately orator, Joshua A. Spencer.

The keen, discriminating Beardsley, who, so erect and stern, would see credit perish, and commerce perish, ere he would swerve from what he deemed his duty. In his office I learned to study.

Augustine G. Dauby, always benign and pleasant. It was with a courtly grace you welcomed my crude contributions,—the product of a 'prentice hand,'—to the columns of the *Observer*.

Alvan Stewart, the man of genius, whose eloquence was persuasive, whose philosophy was grand, whose humour was resistless, and whose philanthropy was unbounded.

And Hiram Denio, clear as crystal and solid as the rock ;

And Charles P. Kirkland, whose perceptive organs took in and quickly arranged the most complicated facts ;

And William J. Bacon, who invested with literary grace whatever subject he touched ;

And Benjamin F. Cooper, who would spin the finest texture on the wheel of law ;

And William Curtis Noyes, who was to take his place among the magnates of the great city ;

And the brothers Tracy, Charles and William, industrious and learned ;

And Thomas H. Flandrau, a man who boxed the circle of the Sciences, and whose words fell, from tongue or pen, in classic beauty.

David Wager. A stalwart Titan ; I have good cause to remember him ; for it was by his selection that I was chosen to take position, as attorney, in the office of Henry R. Storrs, in the City of New York, in 1836 ; and thus he was an important factor in the turn of my own fate.

And Charles A. Mann ; whose placid face it was a benediction to meet.

Philo Gridley. The steam Judge ! whose perceptions were electric ; and to whom fatigue seemed a stranger.

Orsamus B. Matteson, who carried an immense enthusiasm into his profession.

James Watson Williams, in whose office I labored, faithfully, on the ponderous tomes, a man of gentle nature and highest culture.

I have confined my brief mention to the men of my own time, in Utica, and omitted the preëminent names of a former generation ; of Samuel A. Talcott, of William H. Maynard, of Greene C. Bronson, and others.

Its business and commercial men, of that day, were high in estimation : John Williams, Samuel Stocking, Montgomery Hunt, Alexander B. Johnson, S. D. Childs, Samuel Farwell, Lewis Lawrence, Alfred Munson, the Brothers Devereux, Alrick Hubbell, Faxton, Holmes,— well, if I should name them all, I should take up all your time in the bare enumeration.

Can any other place, of equal size, parallel this catalogue ? Surely, Utica, and her citizens, though her population should change, and new generations, who know not

Joseph, should fill its marts, its streets, its homes, yet should, and doubtless will, ever take pride in the great and good names which have renowned the city.

With such specimens of grand and noble manhood, and of divine capabilities, and useful lives, within the limits of a single city, and of a few years, we cannot bewail the progress of our race ; but must look forward with pride and joy to its future evolution.

Does this review of our departed friends diffuse any feeling of sadness, or tinge with melancholy, their vacant places ? Nay ; nay ; rather does it impart a sentiment of joy, that they, relieved from infirmities, impediments, struggles, pains, and sorrows, are in the fluent life of the spirit-world ; and that, ere long, we shall embrace them in the renewal of friendships, of a fuller soul-love, and ever enduring.

All these have vanished from the visible sphere. But some there were, of that half century ago, with constitutions of superior texture, and tougher fibre ; and who yet remain. I see them before me. They are yet in active life. Their eyes are bright, and their greeting warm and kindly.

Thus have I contributed a few items of personal incident to the records of your society. A new generation from the one I have been speaking of will soon take up the duty of preserving a record of the men and doings of the present time. It may be, that, a hundred years hence, some mention may be made of this day's proceedings. May all our memories be embalmed on the historic page, as men who acted wisely and well in their day and generation. And may we, our real selves, bending our ears from the celestial dome, feel only joy at the words we then shall hear.

Watauga and Franklin.

TWO EPISODES OF EARLY UNITED STATES HISTORY.

BY REV. OLIVER ADDISON KINGSBURY.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY, NOV. 8, 1892.

It is one of the interesting episodes of our American history that the first free and independent State formed among us was organized, not in one of the older colonies, but in what was then a most remote region. It was organized, too, some years before the Declaration of Independence fired the hearts of the colonists and united them in a common purpose to throw off the yoke of allegiance to the British crown.

The great struggle of the Revolution occupies so large a space in our thought of those times that we are in danger of overlooking the movements that were taking place in the newer settlements into which population had even then begun to flow, and into which it continued to flow with ever increasing rapidity while the war was still raging. It is true, moreover, that the character of the people who formed those settlements, the local government which they set up, the foothold which they gained in the territory west of the Appalachians, were essential elements in the foundation of our whole northwest. We possibly might not have possessed the great interior of our country at all, we certainly should not have possessed it so early in our history, had it not been for the sturdy pioneers who made their settlements on the western slopes of the great mountain chain and in the valleys adjacent.

The earliest date that seems to be assigned for the white man's discovery of this part of the country is 1754. In that year, James McBride, with a small company, passed

down the Ohio river, landed at the mouth of the Kentucky, and marked a tree with his initials. Daniel Boone is sometimes thought to have made an expedition into this territory in 1760, but the date is doubtful. It is known, however, as certain, that early in June, 1769, he came with his companions into the "blue grass" region of Kentucky. His expedition was promoted by Richard Henderson, of North Carolina, who seems to have been something of a speculator, and who availed himself of Boone's knowledge of woodcraft in exploring the country. The first explorers of the region that is now embraced in the State of Kentucky were not able to maintain their hold. The Indians were hostile, and when the war—one of the numerous Indian wars—came to an end in 1774, there were no whites left in Kentucky, nor in what is now middle Tennessee. It may, however, be said in passing, that in March, 1775, Boone succeeded in establishing the first settlement in Kentucky that had the elements of permanency. This was at the town which perpetuates the hardy woodsman's name—Boonsborough.

The impulse to settlement in the region west of the mountains came, in part at least, through the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768, in which the Six Nations agreed to surrender to the English all the lands lying between the Ohio and the Tennessee, which then was called the Cherokee. An old proclamation of the British king had forbidden such settlements, but the colonists were ready to make the treaty a pretext for disregarding the prohibition, and to push into the country, which, after all, was debatable territory. It is not known who were the aboriginal dwellers in this region, the Six Nations claiming it by the right of conquest. By the time the pioneers came to settle in it, it had ceased to be, perhaps it never had been, the settled residence of the more modern aboriginal tribes. The valley in which the early settlements were made lay directly in the track of the Indian marauding parties. It was in the line of the great "War trace," over which the

Algonquins from the north and the Appalachians from the south, passed back and forth in their wars. It is no wonder that the region received its fateful designation of "the dark and bloody ground."

The first permanent settlers of what is now the eastern part of Tennessee, came to that region late in 1768 and early in 1769. They made their homes upon the Watauga. The territory was supposed at first to belong to Virginia, but was found, when the lines were run, to belong to North Carolina. The great mountain wall, however, shut it off largely from the latter colony, while the water courses through the valleys brought it into more easy communication with the former. It was natural, then, that the first settlers of the territory should come thither from Virginia rather than from North Carolina. Some of them came from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and there was in them a large strain of Scotch-Irish blood, enough to give a decided tone to the increasing population. These men were substantial and intelligent, and their wives were like unto them. The women, as well as the men, fronted danger without flinching. It was true of them—if not in the very infancy of their settlement, at least before many years had passed—that "the church, the school house and the college grew up with the log-cabins, and the classics were taught where glass windows were unknown, and books were carried in bags upon pack-horses."

The Watauga and Holston, as has been said, were more easily reached from Virginia than from North Carolina, but the unsettled and unsatisfactory condition of affairs in the latter colony, was a reason for the continual emigration thence to the settlements west of the mountains. The notorious William Tryon was then Governor of North Carolina, and his administration was a series of tyrannies. But the people were as resolute against British rule as their brethren in the more northern colonies. They would not permit a sheet of the hated stamped paper to be landed, and it was in North Carolina that the Mecklen-

burg Declaration was promulgated, antedating the more famous one adopted in Philadelphia. There were many liberty loving and sturdy men that went from North Carolina—largely from its western counties—to the Watauga, and they contributed their proportion to the character of the settlement. The fact that, as always in new settlements, there were some lawless and irresponsible individuals among them, does not derogate from the credit which, as a whole, they deserve. The majority of them went to find a refuge from foreign tyranny.

It was natural that matters in these infant settlements should be in a more or less chaotic condition. The earliest settlers, as has been mentioned, supposed themselves to be within the jurisdiction of Virginia, while, as was found in 1771, they were within the boundaries of North Carolina. They were, therefore, not under the laws of the Old Dominion, nor could they look to its government to guarantee their rights against the Indians. The mountain wall made it impracticable to look for help to North Carolina, even had there been any hope of a just government at the hands of such a man as Tryon. The general claim to the land had been acquired, of course, under the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and there had been some further adjustment of boundaries. But the titles were, after all, precarious; and between "tomahawk rights," "cabin rights," and the lawlessness of some, who, in these days, we would call "claim-jumpers"—men who enforced their demands by giving "laced jackets" with "a few good hiccories" to those who opposed them—there was no end to the confusion. Add to this the trouble made by the mere adventurers who drifted into the settlements, because either they had been thrust out from the older communities, or had floated thence as scum floats on a current. Add still further the perils which continually menaced the settlers at the hands of hostile and faithless Indians, and it will be seen that some strong and wise measures were necessary to preserve the existence and insure the prosperity of the settlements.

But the Watauga pioneers were equal to the emergency. They were not hampered by traditions nor bound by theories. They seem to have had an abundance of good common sense. They saw that in their condition of isolation from the rest of the people, they must depend upon themselves. It would not do to let matters drift; they must have a government of some sort, both for protection from without, and to keep equity within. A convention was called early in the spring of 1772, and it was decided to adopt written articles of agreement by which their conduct should be governed. This agreement was entitled "Articles of the Watauga Association." It is notable that it was not only the first written constitution adopted west of the mountains, but was also the first adopted by a community of American-born freemen. Watauga, in point of fact, heads the list of the republics which have made these United States so great a nation. Its people "never acknowledged British rule, and never required British protection."

The articles of the Association provided for a representative assembly of thirteen members, which was duly elected at a general convention. The assembly chose five persons as a committee or court to carry on both the judicial and executive functions of the miniature government. Prominent among these men were James Robertson and John Sevier, who, differing widely in natural gifts and attainments, were each of conspicuous service to their fellow settlers, and, indeed, in no small degree to the country at large. Sevier afterward became the first governor of Tennessee, when that commonwealth was founded. The system of government which these men and their compatriots formed, was simple and practical. They regarded the essence as of more importance than the forms of law. Justice was speedy, for we read that a horse-thief was arrested on Monday, tried on Wednesday, and hung on Friday, of the same week, in the course of regular judicial process.

Besides thus in an emphatic and summary way keeping the peace within itself, the Watauga government was efficient in protecting its people from the ravages of the Indians, and also in securing to them titles to the lands they occupied. The personal influence of James Robertson, his skillful and courageous negotiations with the Indians—among whom he sometimes went alone—were of great value in protecting the settlements from hostilities ; but when hostilities did come, with such men as he and Sevier as leaders, the people were able on the whole to defend themselves. Negotiations in regard to land titles seem, however, to have occupied almost as large a place as hostilities in the history of the infant republic. Richard Henderson, who has been mentioned as backing Daniel Boone in his explorations, formed a company for the further development of the country, and by fair and open negotiation with the Cherokees, at Watauga, in the autumn of 1774, made a treaty by which two deeds were secured, giving title to much and valuable land. These instruments, called the Path Deed and the Great Deed, gave title respectively to lands on the Holston and on the Ohio. Both Virginia and North Carolina claimed the benefit of these cessions, but the "Henderson Grants" seem to have held as the basis of title in spite of the opposition of the older colonies. The Watauga Association, holding its lands under a lease of eight years, obtained them in fee by the payment of "the sum of two thousand pounds, lawful money of Great Britain," to O-con-os-to-ta, "Chief Warrior and first Representative of the Cherokees." The patents to individual settlers of the lands thus secured seem to have held.

The government thus formed and thus administered, continued for six years. While it lasted, the region controlled by the Watauga Association was the best governed part of North Carolina. The Association was not in revolt against the Colony from which some of its people had come. It was simply the expression of the need the set-

tlers felt for self-protection. During the latter part of this time, however, there seems to have been a partial assumption of the government by North Carolina. This came about naturally under the circumstances. The struggle of the colonies with Great Britain was increasing. These men west of the mountains, though isolated, were by no means mere idle spectators of the conflict. Their interests were all enlisted in the struggle for independence. In answer to the utterance of the Virginia Convention of 1776, the inhabitants on the Watauga and Holston set forth that "they were deeply impressed with a sense of the distresses of their American brethren, and would, when called upon, with their lives and fortunes, lend them every assistance in their power." The Watauga settlements do not appear to have been represented in the Provincial Congress which assembled in Newbern, N. C., August 25, 1774, and which was one of the steps which the colonists took toward a complete independence of British rule. But a little later they sent a petition, asking to be annexed to North Carolina. This does not seem to have been because their own government was inadequate for local needs, but because it was felt that strength would come to them from a closer alliance with their countrymen east of the mountains, and who were now fully enlisted in the struggle with the mother country

It is evident that this petition was granted, as there were representatives from this region in the Congress which assembled at Halifax, N. C., November 12, 1776. It is noteworthy that this territory was designated by this North Carolina Congress as "Washington District, Watauga Settlement," which is probably the first use of the name, Washington, in the country. Justices of the peace and militia officers were appointed for the new county, and by the close of 1777 the Watauga Association had come to an end. But it had served a useful purpose during its brief life. It had consolidated the fibre of the young settlements and had made them inviting to new comers.

The foundations of society had been laid in an entirely new country. The soldiers of the little republic had been sent on toilsome and dangerous, but patriotic, expeditions against a savage enemy, but they had thus served an apprenticeship which was to stand them in good stead later on. One incidental but greatly valuable result was that what was known as the Wilderness Road was covered, and so Kentucky and the Northwest was held for the time coming when a mighty tide of emigration under American auspices should pour into it. But the Watauga settlers were not factionists. They met a practical necessity with a practical expedient. When the need came, not simply now for local self-government, but for coöperation with their fellow countrymen in the great struggle for independence, their little State was given up, and the less was merged in the greater. Watauga illustrates the Anglo-Saxon capacity for self-government, its readiness to adapt means to ends, its love of liberty regulated by law.

The Watauga Association came to an end by the close of 1777. The years that immediately followed were the most strenuous of the Revolutionary struggle. This region, however, continued to grow in population in spite of the war ; indeed, it grew rapidly. When the earliest settlers felt the need of organization and formed the Watauga Association, there were two or three hundred people in the territory. By 1783 there was a population estimated at upwards of ten thousand souls in the region between the Holston, the Cumberland, and the hills. They were under the government of North Carolina, and had a representation in her Legislature, but naturally they were, to a large extent, isolated. Traveling over the mountains was slow, and travelers were comparatively infrequent. It took considerable time for news to pass from the seaboard into this far-off region.

When the Revolutionary war ended and peace was proclaimed, the country, indeed, was free from the foreign yoke, but it was in a state of exhaustion. The Conti-

nental Congress was but a makeshift ; public matters in general were in confusion ; public creditors were clamorous for the payment of the debts which Congress had incurred in the prosecution of the war. It was recommended repeatedly to the States owning vacant lands that they throw them into the common stock in order to help in defraying the expenses of the war. North Carolina was one of the States which responded to this appeal, taking action at the Assembly at Hillsborough, in June, 1784. She ceded for this purpose twenty-nine millions of acres of her territory west of the mountains, rich grass land and woodland; providing, however, that if Congress did not accept the ceded territory within two years the act was to be nugatory and void.

It was one of the consequences of this action that it practically left the people west of the mountains without a government. The North Carolina Bill of Rights had made provision for the formation of a new State or States out of her western territory. Hence, she did not feel inclined to take any steps on behalf of the people in that region that would involve a charge upon her treasury. The new organization, if one were formed, should bear its own expenses. Congress, on the other hand, would do nothing for these people, for the cession of the lands had not been accepted. It was in many respects a repetition of the early Watauga experience of a dozen years before, only now a much larger population was to be dealt with.

The condition of things was critical. The French and Spaniards looked with unfriendly eyes upon these growing settlements, and they did not hesitate to directly or indirectly stir up the Indians to aggression upon them. There was also the need of preserving order in the community itself, now so much enlarged over former times. But Robertson and Sevier, and their companions, were still prominent in the community, and these men were equal to the emergency. They did over again essentially what they had done in 1772.

A convention was called which met at Jonesborough, August 23, 1784. Resolutions were passed declaring that it was expedient that Washington, Sullivan and Greene counties, particularly affected by the cession bill, should form themselves into an association and "combine themselves together, in order to support the present laws of North Carolina, which may not be incompatible with the modes and forms of laying off a new State." The convention further claimed the right to petition Congress to accept the cession made by North Carolina, and "for that body to countenance us in forming ourselves into a separate government." The right of holding a convention from time to time, as might seem necessary, was also claimed. The resolutions added, "When any contiguous part of Virginia shall make application to join this association, after they are legally permitted, either by the State of Virginia, or other power having cognizance thereof, it is our opinion that they be received to enjoy the same privileges that we do, may or shall enjoy." The convention looked to internal harmony in claiming the right to prescribe such regulations as the good of the community from time to time seemed to require. It had regard to representation in the Federal Government, in that it claimed the right to send a representative to Congress, to present the situation to that body. Such a representative was sent in the person of William Cooke, and due provision was made for his support.

Besides the pressing necessity of the situation, a number of reasons were urged in the convention for the establishment of a separate government. Among these was the belief that such action would induce settlers in great numbers to come into the region, and that thus agriculture and manufactures would be advanced and literature be encouraged. This last item is noticeable when we remember the primitive condition of society and the narrow surroundings in which men found themselves. Then it was urged —the wish being evidently the father of the thought—

that the "seat of government being among themselves would evidently tend, not only to keep a circulating medium in gold and silver among us, but draw it from the individuals living in other States." They had the hope also that many travelers would be drawn to the region, out of curiosity or on business, who would expend a good deal of money among them. Located in this isolated region, they felt that their own interests should not be sacrificed to promote those of the eastern counties. The earnestness of purpose and the high ideals of these settlers are indicated by the following resolution adopted by the convention: "As the welfare of the community also depends much on public spirit, benevolence and regard to virtue, we, therefore, unanimously agree to improve and cultivate these, and to discountenance everything of a contradictory and repugnant nature."

In all this it would seem to be completely evident that there was nothing of a spirit of rebellion against the mother State. It was simply that North Carolina had left them outside of her protection, the Federal Government had not taken them up, and so they did what the circumstances rendered imperative—they set out to take care of themselves. The change was so quietly effected that it scarcely seemed to have taken place. The existing laws of North Carolina were continued in force until a new constitution could be adopted. John Sevier was chosen Governor of the new State, and the men who held commissions from North Carolina were, for the most part, put into corresponding offices under the new regime, an arrangement which gave general satisfaction.

A brief description of the Court House at Greenville, where the convention met to form a new constitution, November 14, 1785, will indicate the primitive condition of things in this region. It was built of unhewn logs, and covered with clapboards. It was occupied by the court at first without a floor or a loft. It had one opening only for an entrance which was not yet provided with a shutter.

Windows were not needed either for ventilation or light, the intervals between the logs being a good substitute for them. But log walls are as conducive as marble to the formation of a good constitution. It is interesting to note the character of a constitution which was proposed to the convention. It was not adopted, indeed it was violently opposed by some members ; but it had some remarkable features, which are an index to the character of many of the people of this isolated little commonwealth.

It was proposed to provide for but a single house of representatives. There was to be a property qualification for voters. Such a provision as the following was proposed, "No person shall be eligible or capable to serve in this or any other office in the civil department of this State, who is of an immoral character, or guilty of such flagrant enormities as drunkenness, gaming, profane swearing, lewdness, Sabbath-breaking, or such like ; or who will, either in word or writing, deny any of the following propositions, viz :

1st. That there is one living and true God, the Creator and Governor of the universe.

2d. That there is a future state of rewards and punishments.

3d. That the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are given by divine inspiration.

4th. That there are three divine persons in the Godhead, co-equal and co-essential.

Imagine such a test in a civil service examination in these days ! And yet this constitution went on duly to provide for religious liberty.

These "backwoodsmen," moreover, put a high estimate upon education, as is evidenced by the fact that one proposition ran : "All kinds of useful learning shall be encouraged by this Commonwealth, *that is to say*, the future Legislature shall erect before the year 1787, one university, which shall be near the centre of this State, and not in a city or town." Certain taxes were proposed to

sustain the institution. It is no wonder that the proposition was warmly opposed, for most of the members felt that the burden would be too great for the young community to carry. But it is somewhat remarkable that under the circumstances it should have been made at all.

Another instance of wisdom on the part of the framers of this proposed constitution was the section providing that the instrument, drawn out into a familiar catechetical form, should be taught in all the schools. Is there not a hint here for our own day?

But this instrument was not adopted, and in its place the constitution of North Carolina, slightly altered, was made that of the new State of Frankland, or Franklin, as it was more generally called. When the break-up came—and it was not long delayed—the new government slipped back into the old as easily as it had emerged from it; which perhaps would not have been the case, had an entirely new constitution been adopted.

The change, as just intimated, had been effected quietly, but trouble began for the new State almost immediately. When North Carolina found that the cession act of 1784 was not accepted by Congress, the act was repealed. She then proceeded to erect a judicial district comprising the counties that formed the State of Franklin. Sevier was appointed Brigadier General to command the forces against the Indians. It was not unnatural, that in view of this change in the status, some of the people should have felt that there was no need of further proceeding in the new State organization. Sevier was among these, but he yielded to the evident determination of the majority. The outcome was that there were two governments, each seeking to exercise its sway over the same territory. They came into inevitable conflict, but the results were not very serious. The North Carolina authorities would secure possession of the books and papers of the Franklin government, and the Franklin officials would retaliate in kind. Some of the inhabitants were obedient to North Carolina,

but the majority, for a short time at any rate, held to Franklin.

It will not be wondered at that some of the bright hopes which animated the organizers of the new State were not realized. Gold and silver as a circulating medium did not flow into the country. Money of any kind was scarce, but taxes could be paid in kind at certain established rates. The salary of the Governor was £200, of the Judge of the Supreme Court, £150, and other officials in proportion. These salaries could be paid in skins ; but peltries were, after all, of more value than paper. Indeed, one of the historians of Tennessee, whose work was published in 1823, writing of this use of peltries, says : "And it may be safely said, that at this moment, it would be a matter of great consolation to many of the citizens of Tennessee, had some of their banks been founded on mink skin capital."

If it was owing to the indifference of North Carolina that the State of Franklin had been founded ; when it was seen that the people of the new commonwealth continued in their course of self-government, her indifference ceased. The Legislature which convened at Newbern in November, 1785, gave a part of its attention to the condition of things in Franklin. A number of attempts at negotiation were made, and conciliatory measures were adopted. North Carolina, for example, relinquished the taxes unpaid since 1784. At the same time that State maintained its sheriff and justice in the separated counties. It is evident that such a condition of things could not long continue. Governor Sevier had arranged a plan of coöperation with Georgia against the Indians, and had accepted a general's commission from that State, while a force of mounted riflemen had been recruited to aid the Georgia forces against the Creeks. Sevier hoped that this course would occupy the attention of the people, silence malcontents, and restore harmony to the little republic. But Georgia after all did not coöperate, and the movement failed. The

people of Franklin were losing their interest in the new government. Men were elected in August, 1786, to represent this district in the North Carolina Legislature. In September, 1787, the last Legislature of the little State met, a quorum having been got together with some difficulty. Their action was unimportant, and the Governor was scarcely able to secure the passage of an act to provide ways and means for carrying into effect his negotiations with Georgia.

In spite of all this, and in spite of processes issued against his personal estate, and conflicts thereupon ensuing, Governor Sevier retained his elastic and sanguine temperament. He was continuing to inspire his followers with hope even as late as the end of January, 1788. But March 1st of that year was the end of his term of office as Governor, and that proved to be the end of the State of Franklin. The historian Foote says of the whole history of this brief State, "this movement was premature rather than uncalled for."

It remains to be said in connection with this history that Sevier was arrested on a charge of treason, but escaped from the court house at Morganton when brought to trial, to the relief, as it would seem, of the North Carolina authorities. The North Carolina legislature, which ratified the United States Constitution, November 21, 1789, extended pardon to all who had been concerned in the government of Franklin except Sevier, whom it declared incapacitated for holding office. In spite of this, he was elected to represent Greene county in the North Carolina Senate, and when he presented himself there the disability was removed. Soon after this he was elected to Congress, and took his seat in that body June 16, 1790, being its first member from the valley of the Mississippi.

For two years after the Franklin government came to an end the region it had covered continued under the control of North Carolina. It then, by a renewed cession to the General Government, became a part of what was known

as the United States Territory South of the Ohio, in which condition it remained for six years. Then in 1796 the State of Tennessee was formed, and the man who had been most prominent in Watauga and Franklin, John Sevier, became its first governor.

These little communities had each but a brief existence; a decade covers their combined life. As organizations they had, of course, but a very limited influence. But the fact that the men who founded them were able to meet pressing emergencies with adequate arrangements, counted for much. It was the consolidation of those settlements that prepared the way for those States that were to be, and that put a barrier that could not be removed to the advance of the Spanish and the French into the Northwest territory. The fact, moreover, that communities became solidly established in this region west of the Appalachians, helped to open the eyes of the dwellers upon the seaboard to the importance of the great interior territory, and so, in its turn, led to the overthrow of the French and Spanish domination of the Mississippi valley. The boundary line, running through the great lakes, and west to the Mississippi at the thirty-first parallel, and on the south following the southern line of Georgia protracted to the same river, nominally secured by us at the close of the revolution, was only actually secured by the treaty of Jay and Pinckney in 1795. It is doubtful whether it would have been thought worth while to secure it at all had not the character of the dwellers in those trans-mountain regions been what it was.

The City in the Roman Constitution.

BY BENJAMIN S. TERRY.

ANNUAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, JANUARY 13, 1891.

It is an erroneous impression that the city is a discovery of modern times. Europe has known in its history, two great civilizations,—the classical and the modern. In both these the city has figured as an important element,—the unit of political and social life.

It is the object of the present address to call attention to the role played by the city, the municipium, or the local civic organization, in the development and decline of the Roman political system,—the channel through which there found expression, "the most stupendous accumulation of political power that the world has ever seen, or probably will ever see again."

Looking at the Roman polity, not as it appeared at any one period, but rather as it appears through the long unfolding of a thousand years, the first thing to be noticed, is the wide contrast between the government *de jure* and the government *de facto;* that is, the government according to the legal theory, and the government according to the fact.

During the time of the Republic, in theory, the government was in the hands of the people, who acted regularly through their popular assemblies,—the *comitia*,—and the magistrates appointed by them. In fact, however, the people rarely controlled the government, save as the temporary result of revolution. The government was manipulated entirely by an organization that was without legal status, that was constant in its aggressions upon the rights of the people, and that made the Republic *de facto* an oligarchy.*

*See Arnold: *Roman Provincial Administration*, p. 40.

Again, during the time of the Empire, although the popular assemblies soon fell into disuse, the theory of popular government still survived. It was supposed to form the basis of the entire Imperial system. In theory, the Emperor was not master of all, but servant of all. He held his power, and received dignity and honor as the specially appointed representative and minister of the sovereign people. His person was the embodiment of the majesty of the Roman people.

Here, again, during a part of the time of the early Empire at least, there is contradiction—a double contradiction of the theory by the fact ; for while the Emperor was, in theory, the representative of the people, he was, in accordance with the remodeled constitution, actually elected by the Senate,—a close body with whom the people had little in common. But even the part of the Senate in the actual government was only apparent. Apparently this close council board of the state ruled in the person of their chief, but very soon it became painfully manifest that the real authority rested no more in the hands of the Senate than in the hands of the people. The real master of the Roman world was the army. With the consent of the Senate, or without it, only he who pleased the soldiers could hope to retain the dangerous sceptre of Imperial power for any length of time, much more wield it for the real benefit of the Roman people. The real veto power rested with the army, and they did not hesitate to exercise it at times in ways that were most thorough, emphatic, and, withal, unpleasant.

With the end of what Hodgkin has taught us to call the "period of the barrack emperors," there appears still another shifting of the balance between *de jure* and *de facto*. After the reign of Diocletian the theory and fact of government more nearly correspond. The source of all authority, both civil and military, in theory as well as fact, now rests in the sacred person of the Emperor. Christianity now adds a new element to the theory of the Empire,

which has practically abrogated the old theory of popular representation, and which served much to excuse and even commend the despotism of the Empire to the best men of the day. This new turn given to the theory of Imperial rule, was the principle of divine appointment. After Constantine, the Emperor rules, not as the representative of the people, nor of the Senate, nor of the army, nor of all combined, the state, but as the vicegerent of God upon earth,*—a doctrine which has brought much mischief in its train, giving to us the state church and the doctrine of Divine Right.

It is then to this anomaly that we turn our attention first. Through all the centuries of the growth of the Roman Constitution, there appear these constant shiftings of the fact of government and the theory of government. Through all the years of the decline, not only was the old popular idea of the state retained in the term *res publica*, but all the ancient machinery of administration was carried on under the old forms and under the old nomenclature. "Side by side with the purple buskins and the triple crown and the vast host of officials, who carried the despotic wishes of their master to every nook of the vast Empire, the consuls were elected, the tribunes were appointed, the Senate held its sittings, and all the specious names and forms of popular privilege were maintained"—and this under a despotism, after the third century at least, as complete as any which any sovereign, ancient or modern, pagan or Christian, has ever inflicted upon a people. Strange it is, but, the very year of the deposition of Romulus Augustulus, we know, only by the names of the consuls, magistrates peculiar to the ancient republic, regularly appointed for that year, as they had been for the five hundred years preceding.

This is the anomaly. How shall we explain the careful retention of the forms and names of the republic, side by side with this unquestioned drift towards despotism? The

*For a full treatment see Guizot: *Lectures on Civ. in Europe.* 1st Course, Lecture iv.

right explanation of this is the key to the problem. To understand it, is to understand the growth of the Roman constitution, the place of the city in the Roman polity, and also to understand the fatal weakness of the Empire that rendered it at last a prey to the maladies that destroyed it.

It is an easy matter to cut the knot, and say that the Roman emperors were simply playing a part,—skillful actors, who knew well that behind the mask of the ancient forms of liberty they were concealing the true nature of their despotism. But why then was the mask worn so long and so persistently? Possibly one as shrewd as Augustus, who understood well the part which his ambition had set before him, might retain the form for a purpose, while designedly and persistently, during an administration of forty-four years, he did all in his power to subvert the ancient constitution of his country. But it is not at all probable that the long succession of Cæsars, who followed Augustus, good, bad and indifferent, would have so scrupulously continued this sham of republican names and forms. Are we to suppose that the Cæsar was the only shrewd man in all the commonwealth? Would no one else, in all these centuries, have guessed his secret, and have unmasked the masker, and exposed to the opprobrium of the world the hateful features of the tyrant?*

Whether Augustus was sincere or not, we need not ask. There can be no question that many of his successors were men, far too noble in spirit and pure in purpose, ever to consent to perpetuate the sham. In the words of Claudius to the Roman Senate, we see the view which one of the noblest of the Cæsars took of his high place. The words were written at a time when the great Empire seemed writhing in the throes of mortal agony. Gallienus had dishonored the purple by twelve years of shameful incompetency, and then had left it, stained by the infamies of his reign. A usurper had cut off the great Gallic province.

* Certain passages of Tacitus reveal unmistakably the fact that the thinking men of the early Empire thought that the evils of the government were due, more to the character of the infamous men who had disgraced the purple in the days of the Claudian Cæsars, than to the system itself.

The beautiful and romantic Zenobia had severed Syria and Egypt from the Empire. Petty tyrants had established themselves in many cities east and west, owing to the *laisser faire* policy of Gallienus. Earthquakes, pestilence and famine were completing the desolation of centuries of war, and to add to all, an enumerable horde of savage Goths had broken through the Dacian frontiers, and after killing an Emperor and destroying two Roman armies, were now roaming at will from the Bosporus to the Adriatic, and from Dacia to the Peloponnesus.

Such were not times for acting. Men must be terribly real. Hear the words of Claudius,—not the imbecile Julian Cæsar of the name, but Claudius Gothicus, than whom nobler head never wore crown. It is a letter by the Emperor, written from the field to his distant Senate. Note the studied terms of respect, the matter of fact way of referring to the republic, the sense of the utter hopelessness of his cause, the sad foreboding of worse evil to come, and yet withal, the stern devotion to the duties of his high place and his willingness to lay down life for the state.

He writes: "Conscript fathers, know that three hundred and twenty thousand Goths have invaded the Roman territory. If I vanquish them, your gratitude will reward my services. Should I fall, remember that I am the successor of Gallienus. The whole republic is fatigued and exhausted, we shall fight after Valerian, after Ingenuus, Regellianus, Lollianus, Posthumus, Celsus, and a thousand others, whom a just contempt for Gallienus provoked into rebellion. We are in want of darts, of spears, and of shields. The strength of the Imperium, Gaul and Spain, are usurped by Tetricus, and we blush to acknowledge that the archers of the East serve under the banners of Zenobia. Whatever we shall perform, will be sufficiently great."

These are not the words of an actor, but of a man sadly, sternly in earnest, who when need is, will lay down his life for the "*res publica*," just as heroically as the fabled

Horatius, or the scarcely more historical Regulus. Moreover Claudius Gothicus, living at the close of the third century of the Christian era, is not talking the language of ancient Rome, but the language of his own day,—the so-called Imperial Rome. To him Rome is still the republic and he is only its chief magistrate.

Capable, as were many of these Cæsars, of playing a part, more of them were either far too noble to stoop to such a mask, or else, were far too despotic to care much about appearances.

This theory of perpetual shamming aside then, we may accept this as an axiom: *First*, any theory of government, that for long holds men's minds and shapes their actions, must have some basis in existing facts. *Second*, the fact of government will sooner or later establish a theory of government of its own.

If there was a theory of popular government strong enough to retain the names and forms of the republic, and powerful enough to influence men's minds during the long and dreary centuries of the Empire, it must have been, that under the surface, in the profounder relations between state and subject, the Roman polity was still popular, and still afforded some play for the political activity of the people. To us, at the present day, distant so many centuries, and looking back upon the Empire through the elaborate machinery of the later despotism, the one prominent and exaggerated feature of the Roman system was the Emperor. But to the citizen of that day, to whom the Emperor was only a distant name, whom only a few had ever looked upon, the most prominent feature of the Roman system was the place where he, the citizen, came in contact with it, the local civic government, the immediate municipium of which, in the early days at least, he was perhaps an active and important member. That is, notwithstanding the oligarchical tendency of the Senate, in spite of the constant drift of the Empire towards centralization, down to the fourth century of the Christian era,

the Roman state in its deeper relation, where it came in contact with the widely extended people under its sway, was popular. It was both in spirit and in fact, a vast federation of little republics, bound together for purposes of general administration into one corporate whole and yielding to one head. In point of fact also, the real revolution which changed the character of this federation, was not that begun by Julius Cæsar and completed by Octavius Cæsar, but that begun by Diocletian and carried out by his successor, the second Augustus Constantine the Great. Augustus Cæsar, and the greater Cæsar who preceded him, changed the constitution of the central government, the federal head, and left the great federation of little republics untouched. But Diocletian and Constantine, by successive subdivisions and the establishment of a complete and elaborate bureaucracy, succeeded in extending the Imperial power not simply over the Empire, but down into every village and hamlet, giving the Imperial will, through the delegated representatives of the Emperor, a kind of omnipresence throughout the vast Empire.

Then at last the theory of the republic gave way. The fact of despotism slowly elaborated its own theory. From the time of Constantine, the Emperor is no longer the representative minister of the people, he is the vicegerent of God. He exercises a species of omnipresent and omnipotent authority, from the immediate surveillance of which the most humble and insignificent subject is no longer exempt. He is in theory, as well as in fact, as irresponsible to his subjects, as the Creator to his creatures.

To explain at length; Guizot long ago pointed out that the rise and extension of the Roman power was in fact the extension of the municipium. The constitution of the later Empire was the definitive form reached by the constant expansion and adaptation of the polity of the original Roman city to the government of her rapidly increasing dominions.

The most peculiar feature of early European history, is

the absence of the vast empires of the orient. There are no monarchs, no monarchies like those of Egypt, Babylon, or Persia. In the west there are no such vast agglomerations of peoples and states as in the east. There are no nations in the modern sense. The nation is nothing. The city is everything. It is the state. It is the one object of patriotic devotion. In different quarters of the Mediteranean, one race or another prevails, but beside an occasional confederation of the loosest ties, never strong, and rarely following what may be called national lines, there is no effort, no idea of consolidation. There is no desire for union. When the Persian war cloud streamed down through the passes of Thessaly, the Grecian peninsula, torn and distracted by its score or more of little republics, presents a very pitiable sight. There is unity neither in purpose nor in action. There is utter lack of what the modern historian has taught us to call national consciousness. A common danger is the only bond which unites the fragments of the Greek race. The most short-sighted selfishness prevails. There is utter blindness to the common danger, and utter disregard of the common interests of the Greek nation. Had it not been for the high-handed action of a few daring and desperate men of Athens, the vast army of Xerxes must have flowed over Greece as easily as it had flowed over Asia Minor.

In the western Mediteranean, with one signal exception, all attempts at centralization fared no better. Everywhere prevailed the same disposition to retain the municipal unit intact, at the expense of anything like a national body. Instead of the great national state, we have the simple municipal state. There are no empires. Only a cluster of fierce and turbulent little municipal republics, solely bent upon getting rich, and jealously guarding against the encroachments of all rivals.

Wars there were, constant and savagely destructive. But the art of state building was unknown. The conquering state did not know how to absorb the vanquished

state and make it forever a part of itself. A duel between rival cities was to the death. Sometimes the vanquished would be held in subjection, and be compelled to pay a heavy tribute—a sort of war indemnity—to the conqueror for the trouble and expense of conquest. So, after the Persian wars, Athens grew prosperous and insolent. By war and the wiles of the council chamber, she had made herself supreme in central Greece. Every year her tribute collectors departed on their mission to the subject cities to receive—more often to bully them into the yearly payment of this tax or fine.

The subject city, on its part, submitted sullenly, and waited only to recover its wasted strength, perhaps to enter some stronger league, before it made one more supreme effort to cast off its fetters. Then came the outbreak. Then more war ; more desolation of intervening lands ; more cities, independent, but not strong enough or wise enough to remain neutral, overrun and swept into the conflict. Then more tribute, or, if the case has been flagrant enough and the war has been brought very close to the hearths and homes of the citizens,—a terrible vengeance, a wholesale slaughter of citizens in arms, and a general selling into slavery of citizens not in arms, with wives and children. Then follow a pulling down of walls and a burning of dwellings, and in a few years a blackened ruin, and a desolate, wind-swept heath, the haunt of the owl and the jackal.

Then the strife goes on. Other cities come to the front. Other confederacies, with league and counter-league, arise ; more blackmail under the specious name of tribute. Then more rebellion, more slaughter, more slaves, male and female,—more razings and burnings, but still no nation, no state in the modern sense.

This, in general, was the result of those urban wars that characterize the early history of civilized Europe. There was, however, one very important exception. Rome, early in its history, deliberately adopted, and steadily car-

ried out a plan of absorption, by which each conquered city, as well as each allied city, became in a certain sense a part of herself. The problem which had been presented in turn to each great city, Rome alone solved, and so succeeded where Athens, and Syracuse, and Carthage, and many others, failed. The spirit of antiquity was exclusive. It saw in every foreigner only an implacable foe to be reduced to slavery, or to be destroyed utterly. But Rome, on the contrary, had the courage to extend the privileges of the municipium until it embraced all, conquered and allied alike, without distinction.

The result of this uniform policy, departed from in few instances only, was that in time of danger Rome was not deserted by her allies or her subject cities. Neither the gold nor the threats of Hannibal could turn the Greeks of Marseilles from their allegiance. When Rome was desolated by the Gauls, all Marseilles went into mourning, and of her own accord, voted a public levy to assist the Romans in the ransom of their capital, nor did Rome, in the day of her prosperity, forget her debt to her generous sister of Gaul.*

Marseilles was not the only city with which Rome maintained this generous interchange of amity. She treated allies and subjects with firmness, but always with dignity. The friendship brought its burdens, but it also had its substantial advantages. All minor federations were discouraged. Each new district added to her dominions, was broken up into its municipal units, with no bonds binding these units to each other, but each doubly bound to the supreme city by the Tiber. In return she offered the equity of her laws, but did not force them or her other institutions upon the new members of the Imperium, save when there was actual conflict. Nor did she on her part hesitate to adopt, or even substitute for her own laws, the laws of subject cities, where she found them more broadly scientific, or better adapted to the purposes of justice. In fact, the

*See Guizot: *Popular History of France*, I: pp. 37 and 38.

entire progress of Roman jurisprudence during this early period of Rome's growth, was marked by the steady and consistent absorption of *jus gentium* by *jus civile.*

The treatment of the laws of the federated cities was typical of the open and free hand with which Rome greeted each new member of the firm. She opened highways for the free interchange of commerce, and enriched her allies as she enriched herself. While she did not hesitate to interfere in the local affairs of subject cities when need was, she studiously avoided interference as a principle, and sought rather to incite confidence and friendship. This generous policy of Rome has never yet been sufficiently recognized; nor is it generally known that many of her allied cities were allowed to retain their independence far into the Christian era. In Trajan's day, there were still many Greek cities whose independence was studiously respected by the Emperor, as based upon long friendship and the plighted word of the Empire. While the distant Cherson, that "long-lived outpost of Greece, and ally of Rome, did not pass from alliance to subjection until the ninth century had run a good part of its course."*

The Roman colonies also held to the mother city by the Tiber a special relation which had no small influence upon the surrounding cities in influencing them to adapt themselves to the Roman system. The colonies were favored daughters. In them, wherever located, whether on the plains of distant Syria, or among the *wealds* of Britain, the civic institutions of Rome were repeated, and her civic rights were freely enjoyed. The Roman colonist was always a Roman. Wherever he settled, he lost neither his rights in the mother city, nor his love for her glory, nor his faith in her destiny. To the other cities, these colonies were telling object lessons, at first they were envied and then imitated. Gradually the other cities also obtained for themselves the regular municipium, or Roman city charter, and became units in the great municipal system.

*See Freeman: *Chief Periods of European History;* pp 84 and 85, and also p. 221, as well as the chapter: *Greek Cities Under Roman Rule.*

The rights of these municipalities, thus federated with the Roman city, were not inconsiderable. They possessed their own local laws and sustained a local judiciary. They elected magistrates who compared in number and in function to the magistrates of Rome. They also gathered their local taxes, and maintained and controled the local police. Some cities even maintained a sort of local militia. They were also exempt from many of the impositions of the Roman provincial governors, and by the right of complaint, which they were not afraid to exercise, they could, in the earlier days at least, deter the Roman governor from interfering with their liberties or infringing upon their rights. These cities exercised all the functions of the sovereign state within their territorial limits, except that of forming leagues with foreign powers, making war, or coining money, and even this latter right was long enjoyed by many of the cities of the east, and by some of the older cities of Gaul.

Thus under the policy of municipal extension, there grew up, throughout the length and breadth of the Roman dominion, a vast number of these cities. Each city was a state by itself, and held a relation to the greater Imperium that somewhat resembles that which our own state governments hold to the general government. We are not to think of these cities as held to their allegiance to the conquering city by show of arms. That would have been impossible. On the contrary, when once a province had been incorporated in the empire, the Romans studiously encouraged the cities to take upon themselves local self-government, and to regard themselves a part of the great body politic. The Roman soldiers were kept on the frontiers, not to intimidate the cities of the Empire, but to ward off the attacks of barbarians. In all Asia Minor, at one time, there were not five hundred soldiers of the general government, and these were retained more as a guard of honor to the provincial governer, than to coerce the cities to submission.

The whole standing army of the Empire was never at any time sufficient to undertake such a task of military repression. In the first year of the Empire, that army consisted of only twenty-five legions and fourteen cohorts,—that is, computing the legion at 6,300, and the cohort at 610,—altogether 171,500 men. The navy, including both sailors and marines, brought up the total to 192,000. In the Annals (IV: 5,) Tacitus intimates that about as many more auxiliary troops were furnished by the friendly peoples on the borders of the Empire. These, with additions made by Nero, brought the whole fighting force of the Empire, at the close of the first century of the Christian era, up to 391,000. The special strain brought upon the state by the attack of the great barbaric confederation of the second century, compelled Marcus Aurelius to raise the legionary force to 258,000 men. All told, then, under a most liberal estimate, in the day of its greatest power, the military force of the Empire did not far exceed 500,000 men,—a force that appears even ridiculously small when we consider the vast extent of frontier to be defended, and the inadequate means at hand for aiding in the rapid movements of large bodies of men. Even the smaller states of Europe, to-day, maintain upon a war footing, standing armies nearly as large, while any one of the great powers, as Germany, France or Russia, far exceeds the armament of the entire Empire. It is absurd, therefore, to represent the vast Empire of the Cæsars, as held together by the simple display of military strength.

Thus Rome, by her own unique policy, of all the other cities of early Europe, continued to grow "great and prosperous." Her interests, and the interests of the other cities of the Roman allegiance, whether assumed by them voluntarily or involuntarily, were felt to be one. Great wars swept over Italy. The Gauls moved down like an inundation. Rome bowed to the storm, but she did not break. Her allies, instead of taking the opportunity of combining against her, or of breaking away from the great

federation, went into mourning, and voluntarily helped raise her ransom.

Then came the duel with Carthage. Prestige and long use of power were against Rome. The most brilliant and able of the generals of the old world were against her. Again Rome bowed before the storm. Had her allies deserted her then, she must have gone down, as Athens, before the power of Sparta. But the generous friendship of centuries was not forgotten, and Rome rose triumphant, and Carthage retired from the shock, exhausted and shattered.

Carthage, on the other hand, as Athens, as Syracuse, was an illustration of the prevalent mode of dealing with conquered cities. No one can read Salambó,—a fair picture of those hideous old days of paganism,—and not feel that Carthage richly deserved her fate. In her day of power Carthage had been insolent to her allies, tyrannical over her subject cities. She sought to domineer over them, as Athens had lorded it over her allies. They hailed the day of her adversity, the day of her fall, as the day of their redemption.

So the other great cities of early Europe waxed and waned. But Rome continued to grow, continued to extend her outstretched arms until they encircled the civilized world. Thus the extension of the Roman political system was not so much the enlargement of a nation by the accession of vast tracts of conquered territory, or the absorption of conquered races, as it was the constant widening of a vast federation of municipal units. At the last, under the long continued stress of Imperial government, all this was changed, and the municipal unit was, to a degree, lost in the more complete organization of the province ; and yet in its origin, the Empire was simply an extension of the municipium.

There was also, in the second place, an expansion of the municipal idea. The original municipium, by the successive grants of its rights to an ever widening circle, was

extended first over Italy, and at last over the whole Empire. That is, in a sense, the entire Roman world, was brought at last within the walls of the original city.

The polity of this world municipium was the result of the successive adaptation of the constitution of the original city to the needs of her rapidly extending Empire, in which all the essential features of the original municipal polity are clearly discernable. The constitution of the ancient city was simple enough. The people met in comitia and elected certain officers annually, to whom were committed certain executive and judicial functions. Preëminent among these, were the command of armies, the interpretation of the laws, the trial of causes, and the care of the fisc, or the public treasury. Final legislative action, the people retained for themseves. No measure could become legal without final ratification by the comitia. The Senate, in this early constitution, appeared simply as a board of advisers to the magistrates of the people. Other than this, they had no legal standing.

The first expansion of this system was in the management of conquered states. The distinction between military and civic functions was never clearly understood at Rome. Hence, it seemed natural that the men who had administered the laws and commanded the armies, should still represent the state in governing the provinces. Accordingly, the consuls and praetors, after their service at home, were sent into the provinces, there to represent the state and wield its authority.

So far the expansion of the municipium, to meet the constantly expanding demands of the Empire, seems simple enough. But it is right here that our attention is called to the fundamental weakness of the expanding system. Rome shrank from the task of attempting to hold together all her subject cities by external force. She accordingly sought to take her new subjects into the firm and make them sharers of her power, by extending the privilege of citizenship to all who dwelt without her literal walls.

This grant of citizenship carried with it certain immunities that were real. But the right of participating in the general government, was, at best, only a theory, and it is here that the municipal idea failed. The method of modern representative government, or the simple expedient of voting by ballot, by which many millions of voters, scattered over a great territory, meet in their several voting places and make choice of magistrates, or give their decision, for or against certain measures, were methods unknown to the Romans. There was no voting place outside the regular comitia at Rome. Hence, the Roman citizen of Naples, or Arles, or Marseilles, was as effectually deprived of his right of suffrage as the slave who toiled in the mines. He might take an active part in the local politics of his native city, but in the government of the Roman world, he had no place. Thus by distance, the municipal polity found a serious limitation, and the vast majority of Roman citizens were deprived of any practical share in the government.

As a simple illustration, suppose the District of Columbia, or better, the Capitol Square, at Washington, were the only place where a citizen of the United States could vote for the President or the other elective officers of the general government. Practically, geographical distance alone would disfranchize all the citizens of the United States, so far as any part or share in the federal government was concerned, save those who lived within easy distance of Washington. Rome presented a case exactly analogous. The government was left practically in the hands of the Roman mob,—at all times liable to be the tool of some smooth-tongued demagogue.

A change was inevitable. The Council board,—the Senate, steadily encroached upon the authority of the people. The wars with Hannibal revealed the utter incapacity of the Roman democracy to manage the affairs of the state, and left "the Senate the all but undisputed possion of the government."*

* Arnold: *Roman Provincial Administration*, p. 40.

The Senate found themselves no better fitted to wield the power which they had usurped. After the close of the Punic wars, not only was the encroachment upon popular rights constant, but the abuse of power was flagrant and shameless. A close oligarchy had seized the government, and were attempting to carry it on for selfish and corrupt ends. During the last ten years of senatorial power, the government of the Roman world was just about as bad as it could be.

Had the Senate ruled wisely and well, possibly they might have been left in peaceable possession. As it was, the corruption and utter incapacity of the government resulted in the frightful civil wars of the first century B. C. The people, feeling their weakness in the struggle, at last in despair committed their authority to a single champion. In other words, they created a new office in the constitution, high enough and powerful enough to coerce the Senate, and rescue the government of the world from its stained hands. This new officer combined in his own person all the military and judicial authority of the state. He retained the functions of consul, praetor, quaestor, tribune and censor. He was also made head of the religion of the Roman world. More than all, he was the one regularly constituted head of all the armies of the state.

The measure was entirely successful. The Senate was remanded to its proper place and became once more the simple council board of the chief magistrate of the people. The people still retained the right of final legislation. But under the skillful management of Augustus such legislation was seldom called for, and never needed, until at last the comitia fell into decay and ceased to exist, and henceforth the decrees, or edicts of the Emperor became the supreme law of the land.

Such was the origin of the Imperial office. It was after all, nothing more than an attempt to adapt the original municipal constitution of the ancient Roman city to the needs of her ever-widening domain, and the ever-increasing

necessity of the state. The people saw in this new office, with its extraordinary powers, not a revolution, not the subversion of the ancient constitution of the state, but the salvation of it. Hence, the decrees which nominated Julius Cæsar, and after him Augustus, the Savior of the state, were not altogether fulsome. To the people, the citizens of the vast outlying federation of subject cities, the new office was the discovery of an efficient check upon the encroachment of the oligarchy and the reëstablishment of the republic upon its ancient basis. In the Emperor the people ruled. In him their authority was reaffirmed and declared with new emphasis.

The Roman world hailed the change as for the better. The provinces, and even the municifia had been the hopeless prey of the creatures whom the Senate had sent among them,—men who came as Verres into Sicily only to plunder the rich and destroy the poor. Now a new set of governors were sent into the provinces, amenable to a master whose first interest was to build up and nourish the provinces. Some of the older and more settled provinces were still left to the Senate. But the contrast between these less fortunate districts and those governed by the Emperor's representatives served only to heighten the immense advantages of the new system. Even such a monster as Tiberius, cruel and bestial as he was in all his personal relations, could look only with cold and severe eyes upon the man who had been faithless in a public trust—a man who possibly had taken no more than many a noble predecessor of the republic. "A good shepherd," said the enraged Emperor, "shears his sheep but does not flay them." Even the despicable Claudius, the mad Caligula, or the infamous Nero, could find it in their hearts to do much for the provinces, and while Rome, the city, lay under a spell of terror, the great world outside, Rome the Empire, from the Irish sea to the Arabian sea, waxed fat and plenteous. The five gracious emperors who followed the wicked Domitian, abounded everywhere in useful works for their people.

The armies were remanded to the frontier. From being a pest, they become the pledge of domestic security and the source of universal peace. In many cities of the Mediterranean, whole generations grew up and passed to their graves, who had never seen a spear thrown in anger or beheld the glitter of marching legions.

This early Empire we may, with propriety, call the Imperial Republic. Its polity may be thus in brief described, a strong central government, located at Rome, whose office was mainly to protect the frontiers against invasion, feed the populace of the capital, and provide its police force, while the actual work of internal administration was carried on by a great number of local courts and magistracies, directly in the hands of the people, and scattered over the length and breadth of the land. This central government sustained itself in the expenditure required in keeping up its standing army, by levying a tax directly upon each of these local republics, for which it held the local magistrates responsible, to whom it also committed the collection.

Up to the death of Marcus Aurelius, the Empire had thus, upon the whole, proved a boon to the Roman world. It had replaced the license and extortion of provincial governors by a system of regular control and definite tariff. The extravagance of such monsters as Caligula, or Nero even, had not led to the imposition of any serious burdens upon the masses. These extortioners had chosen the more direct and expeditious method of compelling the rich courtiers who surrounded them to disgorge their gains, in most cases, illgotten. Considering the vast extent of the Empire and the wealth of the provinces, the quotas levied upon the municipia to meet the general expenses of state were as yet not large, and remained from year to year with little variation.*

The yearly budget included (1) the pay and pension of the legionaries; (2) the regular appropriations of corn

* Capes: *The Antonians*, p. 213.

and money to the people, and (3) the civil list proper, which included the salaries of the Imperial household and of the public servants.

As to the first two, as yet there were comparatively few changes, either in the number of troops or in the expenses of the public service, except in an occasional crisis as in the War of the Marcomani, or the expeditions of the warlike Trajan. At Rome the recipients of the public corn remained at about the same number, as also the recipients of the public bounty in the other great cities of the Empire. As to the civil list, in comparison with later years, it was not large and the salaries of the servants of the government formed as yet no great item in the budget. It was here that extravagant rulers might exhaust the treasury, but on the other hand, wise and thrifty rulers might as readily retrench. All in all, therefore, the enormous power concentrated in th eEmperor had as yet been felt by the people only as a wholesome, conservative influence. It was the outward and visible bond of unity between a multitude of otherwise disconnected and unorganized elements, that without it, must have soon fallen asunder. Such was the Imperial Republic at the end of the second century.

The third century was a period of confusion and transition. The Imperial Republic passes into the absolute despotism, purely and simply. The despotic feature of the Roman polity, which had never been entirely absent, now became more strongly prominent, and from an instrument of conservatism passed to a chief cause of decline and decay.

The eighty-four years of Imperial government that followed the death of Marcus Aurelius were far from satisfactory, and revealed the unmistakable weakness of the vast and incongruous system. The barrack Emperors that had been cast up by the mutinies of the army, in consequence of general incapacity, the extreme brevity of their several reigns, the instability of any tenure of authority, seriously strained the whole Imperial system. The municipia especially

suffered severely. They had lost their best friend in the Emperor chosen from the Senate. They were now overrun and plundered by marching armies, that had been recalled from distant frontiers to sustain the claims of rival aspirants for Imperial honors. They became the prey of petty tyrants, who had taken advantage of the general collapse of the central government, in order to establish themselves in the provinces, and had overthrown the urban constitutions and were indemnifying themselves for their trouble, by fleecing the provincials and levying blackmail, under the gracious guise of confiscation or taxation. The greater part of the municipia, however, outweathered the storm and upon the election of Diocletian (A. D. 284), they still formed the foundation of the Roman system.

Then Diocletian, borne to the throne by something very like a mutiny, determined that the age of mutinies should cease. Thinking only of quelling the insubordination of the army, and of establishing a strong civil structure able to control the army, and remand it to its proper place once more, he first divided the Empire into four great prefectures, or administrative districts; then each prefecture, he divided still further into dioceses. Constantine completed the work of organization by separating the civic from the military functions, uniting both in himself and surrounding his throne by a vast army of titled and privileged functionaries.

The first and most obvious effect of this system was a vast increase of the civil list, and a proportionate increase in the burden of taxation. Moreover upon the public service itself, the increase of the bureaucracy led to the adoption of oppressive restrictions. The object certainly was commendable. A vast army of officials were now supported by the government. If the government would not be devoured by its own servants, it must reduce them to order and discipline. Accordingly the civil was now organized after the model of the military service. The gradation of ranks was borrowed directly from the army.

At last even a kind of distinguishing dress or uniform was adopted, commissions were regularly made out in the Emperor's name, while a sort of military discipline was maintained. A regular civil hierarchy grew up with a gradation of honors, and privileges and illustrious titles for each successive rank.*

The state, moreover, now began to tighten its grasp upon its servants. It required from each a long period of service. It refused permission to retire until a substitute had been found. It forced the son to learn to perform the father's task, and when the father retired, to step into his place. Thus the whole civil service gradually developed into a huge official caste, dignified by military forms and imposing titles, in which each generation was bound to a lifelong servitude.

This new system rested with crushing weight upon the municipia. The huge machine of federal administration knew no other method of support than that of increasing the exactions made upon the cities. The local civic life had generally, wherever Italian influence had extended, embodied itself in a sort of town council, corresponding to the Senate at Rome. This order was called the *curia*, and citizens who were eligible to its honors, that is the ex-officials and property holders of distinction, were the *decurions*. The curia formed the basis of the Imperial tax system. Each body of *curiales* were held responsible for the revenues of their district. Hence as the burden of sustaining the government steadily increased, the position of the decurion became no enviable one. During the earlier centuries of the Empire, the honors of the curia had been eagerly sought by ambitious provincials. They had freely given both money and time to the duties of the office. As early as the time of Trajan, however, the growing unwillingness of the wealthy provincials to undertake the burdens of this office had been marked. But without the coöpera-

* It is interesting in this connection to note the growth of militarism in Germany and its influence upon the civil service.

tion of these middle men, the government saw itself severed from the great source of supply. And as it knew no other system of raising its revenues, it beheld with deep concern this spirit of reluctance which was affecting the decurions throughout the Empire. It invented more marks of honor and distinction, in order to tempt men to undertake the ungrateful task. When the members of the curia preferred rather to sell their houses and hoard the proceeds secretly, that they might elude the watchful eye of the state, the state made stringent laws to punish such unpatriotic action, and rigidly enforced them. It forbade the decurion to sell property or to put it out of sight. It forbade him even to travel at ease, for his time belonged to the state. It forbade him to live unmarried, for it was his duty to provide children, who should succeed to his onerous position after him. It was made a crime for a man to refuse these troublesome civic honors, and if he fled, he was hunted down as a common felon, and punished without mercy. Whatever other penalty he might suffer, he was certain to lose all his property by confiscation.

In spite of all the precautions of government, the members of this oppressed class dwindled constantly, until at last the government attempted literally to press men into the hateful service. That a man was bankrupt in fortune, or in character, was no obstacle. The state gave him land and compelled him to improve it. The more unscrupulous the man, the better tax gatherer he made.

Nothing more ruinous to the Empire could have been contrived. For a while the irresistable machinery of the bureaucracy ran with a brave show of power, nor were its evil tendencies at first apparent. But the state was simply undermining its own foundations. It was making headway against the storm, but only by consuming its timbers in its own furnaces.

The removal of the seat of government to the new Rome by the Bosporus, completed the gigantic scheme of Diocletian. Rome, the ancient city, henceforth lost her su-

premacy among the cities of the earth. It was significant of the fact that the reign of the municipium was ended and that the reign of the absolute despot had begun. The authority of the state, the Imperium, was no longer associated with a city, but with a person. The Emperor had become at last, both in theory and in fact, the absolute monarch of the Roman world.

The Empire, however, had received her mortal wound. The distruction of the municipia, was the destruction of the sources of its life. The old frame stood for a few years longer, worm-eaten, rotten and crumbling, waiting only for the first violent shock from without to bring it tumbling down.

Thus I have tried to explain the anomalies connected with the growth of the Roman constitution, and to show also just in what way the Roman polity itself, became at last one of the chief causes of the dissolution. The doom of the Empire was written in the manner of its birth.

The subject we can understand only by taking into consideration the place of the city in the early history of Europe, the peculiar way in which the Roman Empire developed a federation, or rather a vast agglomeration of subject, allied and colonized cities,—and the part which the Roman municipium itself took, in furnishing not only the model for the constitution of each separate city, but in suggesting the lines along which the general government itself developed.

Herein also lay one of the chief causes of weakness and ultimate decline. Practically the Empire was the extension of the walls of the old Roman municipium, until it embraced the entire circle of the classical nations of both orient and occident. But while such a system was well enough adapted to the government of a group of Italian cities with their outlying districts, or possibly even, the entire peninsula, it broke down of its own weight, when it came to be applied to the widely extended lands beyond the seas. What that task was, which Rome thus imposed

upon her old municipal system, we comprehend somewhat, when we remember, that considering the means of communication, the labor of transportation of armies and supplies, the ignorance of any element of a representative system, "the Roman world was practically larger than the entire globe to-day."*

Yet this was not all. The very efforts which Rome made to save herself, only hastened the dissolution. The whole elaborate frame work which Diocletian and Constantine foisted upon the old system, only increased the weight of the upper mass, which the crumbling foundations, the municipia, were called upon to sustain. By increasing the vast array of officials, by division and subdivision, bringing the tyranny of the government at last to the door of every citizen however humble, by robbing the cities of their autonomy, and at the same time that it diminished the honor, increasing the weight of civic duties, the government hastened the impending catastrophe.

We do not yet see the end of the municipia. They had become too strongly rooted in Gaul, and Spain, and Italy to be easily destroyed. After the crushing weight of the Imperialism of Diocletian and Constantine had been removed by the rush of barbaric hordes, the prostrate forms of the cities of southern Europe began to breathe again. The ghost of Imperialism still hovered amid the ruins of ancient Rome, but its substance had departed, and naught was left of its glories, save the name,—the shroud.

In the battle of Legnauo, the municipia of northern Italy, alone and unaided, received the shock of the armies of the Holy Roman Empire, and on that bloody field, by the overthrow of Barbarosa and his knights, secured their liberties. Since that day the power of the municipia has steadily gained ground, until to-day the municipal idea is once more supreme. The decline of the municipia, more than the insubordination of the army, or the incapacity of the emperors, more even than the attack of the barbarian,

* Andrews: *Institutes of History*, p. 111.

brought about the ruin of the old Roman system. So the revival of the municipia, more than any other cause, has destroyed feudalism on the one hand, and autocracy on the other. From the beginning the municipia were destined to triumph, because the municipia are the people. Their progress toward full autonomy is the progress of civilization.

The Mystery of the Muller Mansion.

BY ROBERT J. HUBBARD,
of Cazenovia, N. Y.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, OCTOBER 10th, 1893.

PREFATORY.

The ancient mansion of which I write, is situated in the southern part of Madison County, State of New York, and was built in 1808, by a French refugee, of supposed noble blood, who lived there some six years, under the assumed name of Louis Anathe Muller.

For the purpose of following out our conjectures as to his real name and title, and his purpose in coming to this country, it is necessary to examine some portions of French history.

ROBERT J. HUBBARD.

Cazenovia, N. Y., 1892.

EUROPE AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY.

At the beginning of the present century, Europe was distracted with devastating wars. The cannons of Napoleon Bonaparte were thundering at the gates of nearly every capitol, and with bayonets dipped in blood, he was marking out anew the map of Europe. The fear of him extended everywhere, his successes were so rapid, continuous and irresistible that he seemed almost omnipresent.

The princes of the Bourbon family in exile, anxiously watched his progress, in the hope that his sure defeat would recall them to their lost power. Possibly they listened to, if they did not encourage, plots for the undermining and assassination of the Emperor. We are told that advances were made to the Prince of Condé, January 24, 1802, by an unknown person, to rid them of the usurper, which was rejected with scorn. This person afterwards proved to be an agent of Bonaparte's, dispatched to sound the opinion of the Bourbon princes.

The Duc d' Enghien.

The Duc d' Enghien was one of the most active and determined of the exiled princes. He was born in 1772, entered the Corps of the Émigrés, assembled by his grandfather, the Prince of Condé, on the Rhine, and commanded the vanguard from 1796 to 1799. In this organization, the Duc de Berri was to make a descent on the coast of Picardi, while the Duc d' Enghien was to put himself at the head of the forces of the Royalists in the East of France. At the peace of Lunéville, in 1801, he went to Ettenheim, an old chateau on the German side of the Rhine, where he was residing when arrested by Napoleon.

Irritated by several attempts against his life, Napoleon chose to believe that the Duc d' Enghien was privy to them. He sent across the German border, in violation of treaty rights, on the 15th of March, 1804, seized the Duc and conveyed him to French territory. A mock trial, before a military commission, was conducted in the dead of night, and although not a tittle of evidence was brought against him, he was summarily condemned, and at once executed. This murder filled all Europe with horror. Napoleon failed in endeavoring to explain it away, making various inconsistent and lame attempts to shift the responsibility from himself upon others. In his more deliberate moments, however, he acknowledged that the execution was made by his orders. In his last will and testament, he referred to it as a necessity of self-protection.

This execution was considered worse than a moral crime, it was a political blunder. Napoleon said of it, "I was assailed on all hands by the enemies whom the Bourbons raised up against me ; threatening with air-guns, infernal machines, and deadly stratagems of every kind. I had no tribunal on earth I could appeal to for protection, therefore I had a right to protect myself, and by putting to death one of those whose followers threatened my life, *I was entitled to strike a salutary terror into the others.*"

Offers were made to Bonaparte to rid him of the remain-

ing Bourbons, for a money consideration ; but, with better judgment, he rejected the proposals.

The assassination of the Duc d' Enghien, however, caused a profound sensation and alarm among the remaining princes and followers of the Prince of Condé, and there was a scattering of them to various asylums of safety. England harbored them, but even in that country, there was no assurance of safety, as Napoleon threatened an invasion of England in 1797; and upon the latter declaring war in 1803, the invasion was imminent, and numbers came to America, and hiding under assumed names, their identity lost, built, some of them, mansions as permanent homes.

Among the refugees who landed at New York was the subject of this paper, Louis Anathe Muller.

A bit of French history may make clearer the situation of affairs :

After the fall of the Bastile in the revolution of 1789, many of the nobility emigrated to the Rhine and there organized under the lead of the Prince of Conti. Among them was the Comte d' Artois, brother of the King, (Louis XVI.,) Dukes of Bourbon and Berri, and others of illustrious names. The legislative assembly in October, 1791, occupied itself in relation to these emigrants, who were intriguing with ceaseless activity to bring about a counter revolution. After a long and stormy discussion, two decrees were passed. The first requiring the Count of Province, (afterwards Louis XVIII.,) to return to France within two months, under the penalty of forfeiting his eventual rights to the regency of the kingdom. The second, declaring the emigrants in general suspected of conspiring against France, and enacting that if still found assembled in arms on the 1st January, 1792, they should be punishable with confiscation and death. The former of these measures, the king (Louis XVI.,) assented to, but upon the latter he imposed his veto. This greatly offended and irritated the assembly, and although Louis immediately afterwards issued a proclamation to the emigrants, urging

their return, and threatening severe treatment in case of refusal, his sincerity was loudly called in question, and he was denounced as implicated in all the criminal schemes of the refugees against the country. He was executed January 21, 1793.[1]

His son Charles, nominally succeeded as Louis XVII., and by the emigrant army the Count of Province assumed the title of Regent. The Republic, with Napoleon Bonaparte and his career, followed.

Mr. Muller's American Purchase.

In the year 1808, Mr. Muller purchased from Mr. Daniel Ludlow, of New York City, his interest in lots of land, Township No. 6, in Madison county, but recently set off from Chenango county. It was a wild, uncultivated tract of some twenty-seven hundred acres, high up among the hills, with Hamilton, as the nearest village, some eight miles distant.

My father, the Hon. Thomas H. Hubbard, commenced his professional life there in 1803, as a young man just admitted to the bar.

Mr. Muller came to Hamilton with a letter of introduction from Mr. Ludlow to him, and he remained there the first year, or until the house upon his own tract was ready for occupancy, my father appearing as his friend and attorney in numerous suits that were brought or defended by him.

It is stated that, "Mr. Muller came into possession of this Georgetown estate in a manner not agreeable to his sense of justice and honor—that Mr. Ludlow had made friends with him when he first came to America, and that to secure some $30,000 loaned to Mr. Ludlow by Mr. Muller, the latter had been induced to accept this tract of wild land in payment." The spirit, however, with which Mr. Muller entered into the plan of developing and improving

1. Mrs. Hammond suggests, that Mr. Muller assumed the name of "Anathe," from *anathema*, in consequence of compunctions of conscience in having, while with the army of the Emigrés, fought against France; abandoning his relative, the ill-fated Louis XVI., in his struggles with the Revolutionists.

his property, erecting his village, effecting exchanges of distant lots for those nearer at hand, and contracting for the sale and clearance of the land, does not indicate other than a settled and resolute purpose to carry out his well considered plan of building up an industrial community. A refugee in hiding, he was free to occupy his mind in a useful and pleasing pursuit. This sterile region furnished that isolated seclusion he desired, with abundant opportunity to exercise his manly experience and taste.

The object in selecting this inaccessible situation for his future abode, was a premeditated one, and gave color to the general supposition that he sought safety in his retirement from the wrath of Napoleon. While never revealing his title or individual interest in Bonaparte's defeat, he on more than one unguarded occasion, gave expression to his relentless hatred of that man.

Mr. Muller was a quiet gentleman of culture and refinement, high-born and well-bred. Though small of stature, there was about him a commanding presence, evincing authority. His imperious manner commanded prompt obedience. He is described as apparently fifty years of age, five feet five inches in height, well proportioned, with a dark complexion, black piercing eyes, features sharply defined, the forehead denoting a practical intellect, perfectly in keeping with a fine face.

He brought with him to his wild home, it is said, some $150,000, much of which was expended in building and carrying out his purposes. A retinue of French servants accompanied him. He made few acquaintances, and when he rode abroad was accompanied by armed and liveried servants. He paid his laborers in gold and silver, and gave employment to the inhabitants in all the country round. Inducements were offered to artizans and mechanics to settle in his new-born village ; and to farmers to clear the land and cultivate the soil. He was a man of warm heart and large benevolence, a helpful friend to the sick and needy. His nature could not brook laziness and

inattention on the part of his employees, and prompt dismissals often took place. As a natural consequence, with such traits of character transplanted to American soil, he could not come in contact with the rough natures of our pioneer men, without great friction, and he was constantly embroiled in law suits, in which my father, as his legal adviser, appeared for him. I find among my father's papers, memoranda showing the frequency of such suits. As for instance :

"*Muller vs. Clark.* The latter agreed to build a mill-dam. It was not done according to contract, but in so unskillful, negligent, imperfect and unworkmanlike a manner, as to fall completely into decay, requiring constant repairs, and obliging Muller to lay out large expense upon it, losing also the use of the mill during reconstruction."

"*Chandler vs. Muller.* Chandler agreeing to work faithfully and without interruption for Muller from April to November, 1810, and board himself. Payment was to be made in fifty acres of wild land, at five dollars per acre, and seventy dollars in money. Chandler worked but part of the time, was boarded by Muller, who paid him $85.75, being an over-payment. Chandler refused to take the land, and claimed cash for the entire time of contract."

In various legal ways my father appeared for Mr. Muller during 1809–10–11–12, and as late as September 30, 1813,

Mr. Muller was often imposed upon, through his want of experience in farming matters. It is told of him, that desiring to sow an acre of turnips, he enquired as to the amount of seed required, and was told "a bushel." So much seed could not be procured in that whole region of country. By sending far and near, be obtained some three pecks. A neighbor asked him what he was going to do with so much seed; to which he replied—"sow an acre of turnips." "An acre of turnips! Why, sir, you have enough for a township."

Description of the Mansion and Grounds.

The quaint mansion Mr. Muller built on the summit of one of the high Georgetown hills, and about which there

has been so much romantic speculation, was quite in the wilds, far away from any main road, and is so to this day, with no near town of importance.

On the highest of the surrounding hills, a clearing was made of several hundred acres and the house was erected in the open, away from the thick tangled forest, that crowded up from the valleys on all sides. Two streams, rising in the wood behind, crossed this open plateau quite near the house. One supplied an artifical pond, which was well stocked with fish, the other ran down the valley, in a rocky brook, and below, where his villlage was built, was dammed for grist and saw mills. Not far from the house a large park was inclosed, abounding in deer, rabbits and other game. Hunting was a past-time of which he was fond, and he was an expert in the use of the gun.

The building he erected for his home, was seventy feet front by thirty feet deep, facing the south, constructed of wild cherry timber, probably cut upon the place in making the clearing—for this tree grows abundantly at this day in the forest near at hand. The other materials were brought from Hamilton.

This structure is quite remarkable and noteworthy. The heavy sills rested on solid masonry, and upon them, standing on end, were cherry timbers, some ten or twelve inches thick and twelve or eighteen inches broad. In the sides of each were corresponding grooves, and into these planks were fitted, forming a perfect joint, to effectually cover shrinkage and openings between the timbers. They stand eleven feet high. This stockade or fortress-like structure, shows the military precision of the builder. Outside are clapboards, and lath and plaster within. The interior was handsomely and appropriately finished. The faces of the fire-places, it is claimed, were of black marble.

The building was but one story high. A wide hall, ten by thirty feet, ran through the centre. On the right, were four rooms, thirteen by fourteen feet each, opening into each other, and on the left of the hall was a large kitchen,

pantries, a bed or dining room, and stairways leading to the loft above and the cellar beneath. The garret was left unfinished. It is some four feet high at the eaves, where the massive timbers are still to be seen. It is lighted from two windows at each end. Much of the furniture for this house, Mr. Muller brought with him from abroad; some of it was costly and rare.

It is said that statuary embellished his grounds, which were tastefully laid out with walks and shrubbery. His immediate family consisted of his wife and two children, one it is said, was born during his residence in Georgetown.

He was reticent regarding his personal affairs. If he had a confidant, he was not allowed to divulge his secret. On one occasion, when all citizens were ordered out for "general training," the law did not overlook Mr. Louis Anathe Muller. He, however, considered it a personal insult, and to one of his retainers said, "Mr. Bierce, it is too bad—too bad! Captain Hurd sends his corporal to warn *me* out to *train*. He ought to be ashamed! I have been General of a Division five years; I have signed three treaties; I ——" here checking himself, he suppressed his feelings and simply added, "Bierce, it is too bad!" The matter was satisfactorily adjusted and Mr. Muller did not "train," and was never annoyed in like manner again.

While Mr. Muller labored with a contented mind in developing the resources of his sterile region; while his family and his well-stocked library made even his plain abode a place of rest and happiness; his foreign correspondents kept him advised as to the state of affairs in Europe; of the career of Bonaparte, which filled his mind with the gravest apprehensions. He feared lest all Europe should lie at his feet, and that his advancing legions might penetrate even to America. Napoleon himself declaring that America could not stand neutral, she must be either his ally or his enemy.

When, however, Bonaparte advanced upon Russia in

1812, with an army of 450,000 men (scarcely 100,000 returning) he anticipated his defeat, and exclaimed—"He shall be whipped; he shall be driven back!" Possessed with this conviction, and with the assurance which his private correspondence conveyed, he at once prepared to retire to France. This he did, late in 1813 or early in 1814, leaving his property in the hands of an agent, and his wife and children in New York.

He returned in 1816 to this country—"finding that during his absence, the agent had stripped the house of its furniture, disposed of all the movable property, and decamped with the proceeds, leaving behind him desolation and ruin. Dismayed with the air of wanton destruction, which pervaded his deserted village, and the cherished objects which were gathered in the house of his exile; he sold the estate, April 9, 1816, to Abijah Weston, a merchant of New York City, for the sum of $10,500, and repaired to France, never more to return."

Mr. Weston does not appear to have become the owner for the purpose of restoring the place to its former attractiveness; but suffered it, and the village, to fall into decay, until little remained to indicate that here existed a magnificent ducal residence.

That Louis Anathe Muller was the assumed name of a French nobleman, fleeing from the vengeance of Napoleon Bonaparte, cannot be doubted.

His family physician of the name of Pietrow, who came to Georgetown with him, once said that Mr. Muller was "cousin german to the Duke of Angoulime," but he never divulged his real name or station.* By others he was believed to be the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe, who was known to have come to this country about this time. That he was a military officer of high attainments and ability is undoubted, and at least leads to the supposition that he

* The Duke of Angoulime was the elder brother of the Duke of Berri. He married his own cousin, Madame Royal, daughter of Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette. It might be said, therefore, by one desiring to mystify the truth, that the Duke of Berri was cousin (by marriage) to the Duke of Angoulime.

was one of the celebrated French generals, loyal to the Bourbons, who escaped to America to avoid the impending doom of the guillotine. Again, it is not improbable that this distinguished refugee was the Duke of Berri.* †

In the year 1871 I visited this desolate spot. Nature was largely reclaiming her own, and where was grassy slopes, blooming flowers and winding walks, is now the tangled growth of an ill-kept farm. The village the owner endeavored to foster into life, with its cottages, store-houses and mills, has completely gone. Even places where buildings stood are no longer discernable. The well graded roads are roughened by the winter's storms of three generations. The artificial lake is drained, and nothing remains to indicate where its sparkling waters played in the breeze. The owl hoots in the hollow trees and the hawk soars aloft in security, free from the range of the hunter. The old mansion stands dismal, desolate and weather-stained.

A farmer was the occupant, and the occasion of my visit was especially felicitous. The owner was absent, and the only human being on the premises was an old crone, who sat rocking by the kitchen fire, smoking her pipe. She bade me welcome, invited me to a seat and a talk. "I was young," she said, "when the Frenchman lived here. They called him Mr. Muller; some called him Phillips, and said he was a king, or would be in his own country. But I don't believe he was no king. He kept up, however, a great deal of fuss, and always went out riding with servants about him, and they had loaded pistols, too. He brought his servants with him from France. He had heaps of money, gold and silver, and kept it in a secret place, possibly down cellar; the place can't be found

* Mr James H. Smith, in his history of Madison county, names him positively as the Duke of Berri. That "as such, he was known to Rev. Matthias Cazier, a highly educated French gentleman, who resided in Lebanon, a town a few miles away, with whom he became intimate, and in whom he confided."

† Mr. H. C. Maine, of Rochester, N. Y., in a recent interesting article in "The Magazine of American History," with much plausibility, endeavors to establish an identity between Mr. Muller and the Count of Artois.

now. He was a severe and haughty man, passionate at times and he used to flog his servants. Once he became so angry that he flogged a man to death and threw his body down the well, then had it filled up. The well was there just outside the kitchen door." "But," I said "how do you know this?" "Because my husband (the man I afterwards married, he's dead now) was a hired man on the place, and had to help fill the well." "Why, aunty," I said, "the place must be haunted, ar'n't you afraid to live here in a haunted house?" "Oh, laws, no! I didn't do nothing to him, why should he spook me." I will not ask you to believe the old woman's story about the murder, but will not take from you the pleasure of believing the place haunted and that untold riches still lie buried in the cellar or elsewhere.

Seriously, we may consider who this gentleman was; who came so unannounced, labored so earnestly, disappeared so suddenly, and passed from our knowledge and following.

Was he in verity Louis Philippe?

Let us briefly trace so much of the career of the Duke of Orleans as leads to the conjecture that he might be identical with Mr. Muller.

The Duke of Orleans disappeared from French politics after the execution of Louis XVI., in 1793; that stormy time of the Girondins and Terrorists, which was succeeded by the Directory, Consulate and Empire. He did not appear again in France until after his return from America and the great Napoleon had run his course. In escaping from France, after disposing of his personal effects, he retained but one horse and about four hundred dollars in money. His faithful servant, Bandoin, being the only one who followed him into exile. His haps and mishaps in Switzerland were romantic in the extreme. In October of 1793, we find him filling a Professorship of Mathematics and the French Language in the College of Reichenan, obtained for him under the assumed name of M. Chaband.

This position he held acceptably for eight months. His father having died he repaired to Hungary to visit his sister, residing there with her aunt the Princess of Conti. He then passed under the name of Corby. Here he intrigued for the establishment of a constitutional monarchy at Paris. But suspicion being aroused, he determined to sail for America. His slender means, however, were inadequate for so distant a journey. In Hamburg he found many Royalist refugees, who recognized him. On one occasion he was accosted and insulted by one in the public street, and stepping back with dignity, he said, "Sir, if I have either offended or injured you, I am prepared to give you satisfaction ; but I have done neither. What will you one day think of yourself for having insulted in a foreign land a prince of fallen fortunes, and an honest and independent young man?"

Scandinavia seemed to be the most desirable retreat, as being out of the way of French refugees. Procuring a Danish passport under the name of M. Corby, he left for Copenhagen. From there, in 1795, he visited the coast of Norway, Iceland and the North Cape.

While at Bodæ, in Norway, he traveled under the name of Müller. A room in the house he occupied still bears his name. This was in 1796, and returning to Stockholm, he sailed thence to America. Thus just before coming to this country, he passed under the assumed name of Müller or Muller! This is a strange coincidence, and doubtless led to the supposition that Louis Anathe Muller, was none other than the future king of the French. Further dates in his history demolish this conjecture, as, while Mr. Muller was busy with his estate in Georgetown, Louis Philippe was in Europe, where, in November, 1809, he was married to Maria Amelia, the second daughter of the king of Naples. Aside from that, the following letter is conclusive, admitting of no doubt, that while in America, Louis Philippe was known by no other than his own name.

The letter is in reply to one written to the king, by Mr.

John E. Rodman, of Philadelphia, in relation to the king's residence in the United States during his exile. The following is its text:

"ST. CLOUD, 26th of August, 1837.

"SIR:

"I have received your kind letter of the 16th of June last, and I readily comply with your request to answer in my own hand your obliging enquiries.

"During my residence in the United States, I never went by any other name than my own, of Orleans. I have known Mr. Peter Guerrier, of Philadelphia, and later in the Havanas; but since that time, in 1799, I never heard of him and am totally ignorant of what may have been his fate. I cannot believe that he ever attempted to pass himself off for me, but of this I am certain, that I never assumed his name, nor ever attempted to pass myself for him.

"I believe I never went to Haddonfield, but I am positive that I never lodged or boarded there at your father's house or at any other. It is now so long, about forty years, since I was in Philadelphia, that my recollections are confused, but I believe I dined there since, in company with a member of the Society of Friends, whose name was Rodman, at the house of another member of the same society, whose name was, I believe, John Elliott, and to whom I had been introduced by Mr. Guerrier.

"I regret, sir, to be unable to give more complete information in answer to your inquiries, and I must add, that I highly esteem the favorable opinion entertained of me in the United States, and I thank you for having expressed it in a manner so gratifying to my feelings.

"I remain sir,

"Your sincere friend,

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

THE DUKE OF BERRI.

Louis XV. of France, died May 10, 1774, after a reign of fifty-two years.

His son, the Dauphin, was born in 1731, and died in December, 1765. The Dauphinesse, died in 1767. She was a Saxon lady of high birth, and was the mother of the

three sons who survived her, and all of whom, at intermittent periods, were kings of France—the last of the Bourbon Kings.

Louis XVI., born August 24, 1754, inherited many of the high principles attributed to his father, the Dauphin. He struggled in vain against the changing political elements of his country. He lacked firmness and energy, but was animated by the best intentions. They, however, were useless, merely paving the way to his own destruction.

Louis XVIII., Comte de Province, was born November 17, 1755. At the downfall of Napoleon, and when he was sent to Elba, was proclaimed King; making his public entry into Paris, May 3, 1814, accompanied by the Comte d' Artois and his son the Duc de Berri, and his niece the Duchess d' Angoulime, amid the enthusiasm of the royalists, but wondering silence of the people! The King left France on the return of Bonaparte from Elba, the Duc de Berri following him to Ghent, but the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, brought him back again!* Louis XVIII., died September 16, 1824, and was immediately succeeded by Charles X., the Comte d' Artois, the father of the Duc de Berri. He reigned from 1824 to 1830, when he was dethroned, after "the three days of July revolution," and retired to Holyrood Castle, Edinburgh.

The Duc de Berri, was born at Versaille, January 24, 1778, and was a possible occupant of the throne after the reign of his father, but he was assassinated as he was entering a carriage with the Duchess, February 13, 1820. The fanatic who committed this deed confessed that it was done to avenge Napoleon, and to end the race of the House of Bourbon.

He had at that time no son, but September 29, 1820, shortly after the assassination, the Duchess gave birth to

* A biographer states, that on returning to France in 1814, "the Duc de Berri landed at Cherbourg and at once produced a favorable impression. The abrupt frankness of his manners and his military habits, won the sympathies of the people and were even welcome with the army. He had command of all the troops in and around Paris; with the title of Colonel-General of dragoons."

one. He was the Duke of Bordeaux, and next in succession to Charles X.; who abdicated the throne in his favor, August 2, 1830. He was afterwards styled the Comte de Chambord and designated Henry V. The crown was not destined to descend to him, but was offered to his kinsman, Louis Philippe.*

The Duchess, mother of the Duke of Bordeaux, was a woman of great force of character and courage, and offered to place herself at the head of an army to enforce the rights of her young son to the crown. She, however, followed the dethroned King, Charles X., to Edinburgh. The daughter of the Duc de Berri who was born in 1819, was "Louise Maria Thèrise d' Artois, Madamoiselle de France."

But we will return to consider the personal history of the Duc de Berri.

What little can be gleaned of his movements during the rising power of Napoleon is not minute or satisfactory. History tells us that he passed "thirteen years in England," but gives little account of him while there. It does not seem reasonable that after the plots against Bonaparte, by members of the Bourbon family, for its restoration (which culminated so tragically in the murder of the Duc d' Enghein, and with whom the Duc de Berri was so closely connected), he would live openly in England. Then the emissaries of Bonaparte were keeping a strict watch of the actions and sayings of that family. There is no doubt but plots were formed for ridding the world of Napoleon; that the latter knew of or suspected them, and that the shooting of the Duc d' Enghein most thoroughly alarmed and scattered their instigators!†

* The Comte de Chambord in 1847, married the eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena, but like many of his race he had no children. When he died in 1883, the elder branch of the French Bourbons became extinct, and most of the French royalists now look upon Philippe VII.—the Comte de Paris—as the legitimate successor of Henry V.

† O'Meare in his "Voice from St Helena," quotes Napoleon as saying: "The Duc d'Enghein was to have come to Paris to assist the assassins." The Duc de Berri also was to have landed at a certain place in Picardy, to have excited insurrection and assassination. I got information of this, and Savary was dispatched to the spot to arrest him. If he had been taken he would have been instantly

Why, therefore, should the Duc de Berri remain in England, his life being in evident danger and Napoleon's power at its height? From what few expressions passed the lips of Mr. Muller in America, we have no doubt that he greatly feared the growing ascendency of Bonaparte and that he might dominate Europe. America surely was a safer place; although we have no knowledge that either he or the Comte d' Artois ever came to this country.

Another less important reason why a residence in England could not be agreeable, was the fact that while at Holyrood Castle, in 1797, his father, the Comte d' Artois was pursued by creditors. The law sheltered him from legal process within the domain of the castle, but he could not leave the limits except on Sunday, when no arrests could be made. Again, Duc de Berri had married an English woman, and against the wishes of his friends. It is possible, that by this marriage he may have acquired the necessary means to purchase the estate we have under consideration.

While my conclusions point to the Duc de Berri as probably identical with Mr. Muller, I cannot insist upon the same as a matter of history until evidence presents itself that he actually came to this country. If I have succeeded in awakening interest in the subject, I shall gladly welcome any positive information that may identify the man be he whom he may.

M. Chateaubriand describes the Duc de Berri as follows: "His head was large, with tangled hair, a broad forehead, a ruddy face, staring blue eyes and thick red lips. His neck was short and his shoulders rather high, like those of all great military families. He was of medium stature. He looked brave and the expression of his face was candid

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shot. * * * The place where they were to have landed was near Dieppe. * * * The Comte d'—— — and the Duc de B——— were always endeavoring to procure my assassination. Louis, I believe, was not privy to it. They thought, I suppose, that they were at liberty to make as many attempts to assassinate me as they chose, with impunity. As head of the French Government; by the law of politics and by the law of nature, I should have been justified in causing assassination in return; which it would have been most easy for me to have affected."

and clever. His gait was active, his action prompt, his glance steady, intelligent and kindly, and his smile charming. He expressed himself with elegance in ordinary conversation, with clearness when discussing public affairs, and with eloquence when moved by passion. One saw in him the prince, the soldier, the man who had suffered, and felt drawn towards him by the mingled bluntness and good grace pervading his whole person. Exiled from France in 1789 at the age of eleven, he did not see his native land again until 1814. At sixteen, he enlisted in Condé's army as a volunteer, winning advancement at the sword's point. He preferred camp life to any other. When not fighting he traveled over Europe: visited Naples and Rome in 1800, studying painting and music. He sang well, drew well, especially military subjects. He was a gentleman, a scholar, and an artist."

It is stated in "The History of Madison County, by Mrs. L. M. Hammond," that Mr. Muller brought with him to Georgetown an American wife by the name of Stuyvesant. This, it seems to me, lacks evidence. When in England, 1806, as I have stated, he married a very lovely young woman of the name of Amy Brown. She it was, doubtless, whom he brought with him to America and installed mistress of the Muller mansion. Two daughters, it is believed, were the issue of this marriage: the elder born in England, and the younger in Georgetown.

The romance which has been published as a "Story of the Muller House," assumes that his "American wife," with the children, were left in this country, when he sailed for France in 1814. It names her as of good family and gives a harrowing picture of his adieus. This is probably pure fiction. The account, too, of the subsequent sale of the property to those of the name of Stuyvesant, seems to have no connection with Mr. Muller, who sold the estate in 1816 to Abijah Weston. It afterwards passed through several hands, and not until 1837 was it conveyed to parties of the name of Stuyvesant.

It is probable that when Mr. Muller went to France in 1814 he left his wife and children in New York, and returned for them in 1816.*

While we doubt not his attachment to his English wife, we know that marriage has ever been considered a matter of convenience with the Bourbon family, lightly made and easily set aside.

Louis XVIII., directly after he became king, disapproved his nephew's marriage. One of his first acts was to have it annulled. The Pope, Pius VII., who had obstinately refused "to commit a crime before the tribunal of the Almighty," as to dissolve a similar marriage between Prince Joseph Bonaparte and Betsey Patterson, invalidated the union between the Duc de Berri and Amy Brown, after they had lived together for ten years. It should be added, however, that the Pope insisted that the two daughters of the duke, born after wedlock, should be regarded as legitimate, and that they should incur no stigma.†

On being released from his first marriage the Duc de Berri, in 1816, married the granddaughter of the King of Naples, Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise the eldest daughter of Francis, afterwards king of the two Sicilies. She was born November 5, 1798. The marriage took place by proxy at Naples, April 24th, 1816, and the religious ceremony in France, June 17, of the same year. By this marriage he had a daughter and a son. The latter born shortly after his assassination in 1820.‡

Great was the grief and consternation caused by his dia-

* Sailing vessels crossed the ocean at this time in from 24 to 30 days to America, and 18 to 24 to Europe.

† From "The Marriage of the Bourbons," by Hon. D. Bingham, London 1890.

‡"June 13, 1817, a daughter was born to the Duke and Duchess of Berri, who lived one day; September 13, 1818, a son was born, living two hours. The following epitaph was placed upon the coffin: 'Here lies the body of the very high and very powerful Prince N — of Artois, grandson of France, a son of the very high and very powerful Prince Charles Ferdinand of Artois, Duke of Berry, Son of France, and of Caroline Ferdinande Louise, Princess of the Two Sicilies, who died at birth, September 13, 1818.' September 21, 1819, a daughter was born, Princess Louise Maria Thèrèsa of Artois, Madamoiselle, grandaughter of France. September 29, 1820, the young Prince, Henry Charles Ferdinand Dieredonne (God-given) Duke of Bordeaux, was born."

bolical murder; for the Duc de Berri was looked upon as the last hope of the elder branch of the Bourbons. His brother, the Duc d' Angoulime, having no children.

The Duchess of Berri was with her husband when he was wounded. The surgeons summoned to attend the dying man could do very little for him. His couch was soon surrounded by members of his family. He asked to see his little daughter, then five months old, and taking the child in his arms, kissed her and said, "May you be happier than the rest of the family." Then he asked to see his children by his first wife, Madam Brown, and Charlotte and Louise were brought just in time to receive his last counsels and the blessing of their father, who spoke to them in English. He asked his wife to look after the two orphans. She replied by taking them in her arms, promising to be the best of mothers to them. This promise she kept, bestowing upon them afterwards the tenderest and most conscientious care. *

Louis XVIII. afterwards created Charlotte Comtesse d' Issondun, and she married the Prince de Fancigny-Lucinge, in 1823. The second daughter Louise, born in December, 1809, was created Comtesse de Vierzon, and she married the General (Baron) de Charette, (François de Lorraine,) nephew of the celebrated Vendean chief.

In 1876 Madam Brown died in France, and the certificate of her death contains the following particulars: "Amy Brown, aged ninety-three years, born at Maidstone, in the County of Kent, England, proprietor of the Chateau de la Contrie, daughter of the defunct Joseph Brown and Mary Ann Deacon, widow of Charles Ferdinand, died on the 6th of May, 1876."

In the summer of 1891 I again visited the Muller mansion. From the beautiful village of Cazenovia, the course

* The Duc de Berri was assassinated February 13, 1820. Two eminent qualities he possessed in a high degree--bravery and charity. He was a good husband, a good friend, a good master. His body was taken to the Abbey St Denis, the funeral taking place March 14th. His epitaph is as follows: "The very high, very powerful Prince Charles Ferdinand of Artois, Duke of Berri, Son of France, is dead, Pray God for the repose of his soul."

is due south some twelve miles to the tract known as Muller Hill. One ascends all the way, meeting sometimes a wild neglected country, and again evidences of thrifty culture. This region, however, as an attractive one to agriculturists, has passed its prime. It is too true of many a home here, as elsewhere, that the young brood of children, ripening into manhood, have deserted the old roof for the more tempting allurements of western life, where land is cheap and yields an abundant return for the labor of the husbandman. The parents grow old and die and none returning to occupy the premises, and being unsaleable, the place grows to weeds and wildness, and the house to decay. Such is no fancy picture of many parts of Madison county to-day.

As one nears the hills of Georgetown these evidences of ruin are much more frequent. Prices of land are but little more in dollars than they were in the early part of the present century.

On our last turn from the traveled road we ascend sharply along the border of what is now dry, but where formerly ran a considerable stream. It was along this stream that Mr. Muller built his village. Store-houses, mills, shops and farm houses, have disappeared, or mostly so. Here and there only a remnant of auld-lang-syne exists in a tumbled-down affair and naught to help the imagination fill up the picture of former thrift. Some quarter of a mile of toilsome ascent brings one to the summit of the hill, some 2,000 feet above the sea. Here is a clearing of several hundred acres, and in the centre stands the Muller Mansion.

A private road winds from the one we have left. There are no shade trees or shrubbery about, save some of recent planting; while all around, in every direction, the woods have thickened into their ancient glory.

Although this is a broad hill top, it is so shut in by the surrounding woods, that there is no extended view. Openings formerly existed, doubtless to command a wide range of

country in various directions. We are pleasantly welcomed by the present owner, who is making this a dairy farm, has met with a reasonable amount of success, and the good house-wife is to be commended for the neat condition of the premises. We wandered about it at will—over the plowed ground to the wood beyond, where yet stand in stately majesty enormous wild cherry trees of native growth, indicating that when the house was built and the clearing made for it, the trees were felled on the spot and hewn into the heavy timber that composes its frame-work.

The plan of the house must be now much as it was originally built. The broad hall passes through the centre. On the right are four rooms, which were occupied by the owner for himself and family. One of these rooms, it is said, he fitted as an oratory. On the left are the working rooms of the establishment. The loft remains unfinished, where can be seen the massive cherry timbers, standing on end as built. They bear evidence of having been hewn by a master hand.

No writing is visible on the beams or elsewhere, of the former occupants of this loft. Here we know the retainers of the first owner were accustomed to sleep, and it is somewhat surprising that they have left no record behind. The garret is open in one long room, with two windows at each end. In the kitchen, the old fire place (as it existed some twenty years ago,) has been remodeled to suit more modern ideas. We descended into the cellar, and were astonished at the smallness of it. The space occupied is only about two-thirds the size of the kitchen above. It is lighted by one small window, the sill of which, from the inner cellar wall of stone, to the outer one of the building, is some *seven feet*. There is apparently no reason for this, and evidently between these two walls, is a space, some six by twenty feet with no present access to it. The owner has never gone so far as to wonder why this space exists; nor has his curiosity tempted him to break through the wall to see what is beyond. I endeavored to rouse him to search, by

telling him that Mr. Muller had large holdings of gold and silver, and that somewhere within these walls must have existed a strong room for its keeping. Perhaps, others have investigated it in times gone by. Doubtless the tricky agent, who sold out (if reports be true) the property of Mr. Muller during his absence in France, knew about it, and left little behind to reward the searcher. Be that as it may—it is now an inaccessible corner, that calls for the pick and hammer of the curious.

Over the mantel in my own residence in Cazenovia, hangs a mirror, round in form, the frame of wood, richly carved and gilded. Above, with outstretched wings, is the French eagle; below, are oak leaves with an acorn as pendant, beautifully wrought. At each side is a cornucopia inverted, displaying fruits that gracefully fall over the outer rim, and two candelabra with cut glass bobaches and brilliant drops.

The mirror, a convex glass, is set in a black rim. It was formerly the property of Mr. Muller, from whom my father purchased it, and it hung in the parlor of the old Muller mansion.

There are also in my family two English mezzotint prints, hand colored, most delicate and beautiful, which also occupied a place in the same mansion.

Singularly in connection with this mirror, is a painting of St. Cecelia, by Domenichino [about 1620] which I purchased in 1875, in Florence, Italy. It is of rare beauty and merit. At the time of purchase, its history was withheld from me; but a few years after, I learned that it was from the gallery of the Duke of Modena. The Duke de Chambord (son of the Duke de Berri) married a daughter of the Duke of Modena.

So while the mirror has an interest in having been the property of the supposed Duc de Berri; the picture was rom the gallery of the father of his son's wife.

The Madog Tradition.

The Search for the Madogians, and Other Incidents in the Welsh History of Utica, Past and Present.

BY BENJAMIN F. LEWIS.

Address Before the Oneida Historical Society, at Utica, N. Y., April 10, 1894.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is not my purpose to enter upon an elaborate argument to prove that Madog ab Owain Gwynedd, a Welsh Prince, discovered America in the twelfth century; but as that tradition gave rise to an incident in the early Welsh history of Utica, I may be pardoned for giving a very brief history of the tradition itself, and a summary of some of the real as well as imaginary events that grew out of it.

According to the Welsh tradition, Madog, a son of Owain Gwynedd, a prince who ruled North Wales, from 1137 to 1169, when he saw his brothers fighting for the succession after the death of his father, determined to seek a new home, where he could live in peace, free from the turmoil so prevalent in his native land. Being the commander of what fleet the princedom of Gwynedd at that time possessed, he took three ships, and in 1170 sailed westward, taking a number of his countrymen with him. After some time he returned, and gave such glowing accounts of a new country he had discovered, that three hundred of his countrymen were induced to accompany him on his return; and in 1172 he sailed again with ten ships, going westward, passing Ireland to the north.

The discovery of America by Madog was not an impracticable achievement. To say nothing of the voyages of the Phœnicians, it is now known that this continent had been discovered by the Northmen more than a century and a half before his time, and the Welsh peo-

ple in the Middle Ages were in the habit of visiting the continent of Europe, and had frequent intercourse with Norway and other Scandinavian countries, including Iceland. It can easily be imagined that Madog, being a sailor, and remotely of Scandinavian descent, had heard of the discovery of land in the far west by Leif Ericson. It is true that Ericson's discovery was accidental, while he was in search of adventure ; there is no known reason why Madog could not have been as fortunate while in search of a home, especially with the example of Ericson before him.

Lord Lyttleton, in his History of Henry the Second, endeavored to prove that Owain Gwynedd had no navy for his son to command ; but it is a historical fact that a land and naval battle was fought between Henry and Owain in 1157, in which the Welsh were victorious on the water, and the English on the land.

The great contention has been as to whether the tradition about Madog was current in Wales before the time of Columbus. Those who take the affirmative view refer to confirmative expressions found in the poems of three contemporary bards, Cynddelw, Llywarch ab Llewelyn, and Gwalchmai ; but the meaning given to these quotations is disputed by those who take the negative side. Cynddelw refers to a Madog that was slain, according to one reading by the sea, but according to another in battle. Llywarch ab Llewelyn was undoubtedly threatened with the fiery ordeal on the charge of murdering Madog, and it has been argued that Madog's return from his western voyage cleared the mystery of his disappearance, and saved Llywarch from the ordeal. Both Llywarch and Gwalchmai refer to a Madog claimed by some to be Madog ab Owain Gwynedd, but by others to be Madog ab Meredydd, Prince of Powys. The next reference to Madog is by Meredith ap Rhys, a bard who lived between 1430 and 1477 ; and he unquestionably refers to Madog ab Owain Gwynedd as a rover of the seas. In his "Travels," pub-

lished in 1634, Sir Thomas Herbert refers to a Cynvrig ab Gronw as authority for the Madog discovery of a western continent. Five persons of this name are mentioned in Welsh history between 1279 and 1459. It is not known to which, if either of them, Sir Thomas Herbert refers. A Welsh Triad speaks of Madog ab Owain Gwynedd as having gone to sea with ten ships and 300 men, but adds: "It is not known to what place they went." This Triad refers to the "three disappearances of the Isle of Britain;" the first being Gavran ab Aeddan; the second Merddin, the bard of Emrys Wledig; and the third Madog ab Owain Gwynedd. It is found among those known as the Triads of the Third Series, supposed to have been compiled in the fifteenth century from older documents.

In 1156, fourteen years before the date given for Madog's first voyage, there died in Wales a monk known as Caradog of Llancarvan. He left in manuscript a "History of Wales," which was continued, it is claimed, by other monks for succeeding generations. This work was translated into English by Humphrey Llwyd in 1559, and edited and published by Dr. David Powell in 1584. In this history, as left by Llwyd, the Madog tradition is given in detail, with the explanation that the country, from the description given of it by Madog, must have been the same country as that afterwards discovered by the Spaniards Dr. Powell, the editor, argued that the country discovered by Madog must have been Mexico. He based this upon the traditions of the Mexicans as to their origin, and on "the British names of places used in that country." It is asserted that Llwyd and Powell gave this tradition upon the authority of Guttyn Owain, and that he wrote before the discovery by Columbus. This, if true, is important; for Guttyn Owain was a bard and herald of authority, who was appointed by Henry the Seventh to make out that king's descent from the ancient British kings. The claim is made that he copied the account in 1184 from a manuscript in one of the monasteries.

Others dispute this, and say that Guttyn Owain wrote, if at all, after the discovery by Columbus. It is evident, however, that Dr. Powell did not rely entirely upon written evidence, for he says there were many fables current as to Madog's voyage and return, "as the common people do augment owing to distance of place and length of time ; but sure it is there he was."

This history is supposed to have brought the Madog tradition first to the attention of English readers ; but Sir George Peckham mentions the story in a pamphlet published in 1583. He may have had access to the Llwyd manuscripts, or may have heard the oral tradition.

Ieuan Brechfa, an antiquary and bard who died in 1500, is said to have left a Book of Pedigrees, written about 1460, in which he said that "Madog crossed Morwerydd," the present Welsh name of the Atlantic ocean, but the original meaning of the word Morwerydd was Irish sea.

The story of Madog's adventures once published, was generally accepted by zealous Englishmen, in order to claim for themselves priority of discovery as against the Spaniards. It is found in Hakluyt's "Travels," published in 1589; in Raleigh's "History of the World," published in 1614; in Purchas' "Pilgrimage," published in 1625, and in the "History of the World," by Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, published about the same time.

James Howell, a Welshman, and a graduate of Oxford, while in Fleet prison, London, wrote a large number of letters, which were published in four volumes, between 1645 and 1655. In these letters he had much to say of the Madog expedition, for it was then a popular subject ; and he improved upon the story by giving what he claimed to be an epitaph found on Madog's tombstone in the West Indies six hundred years before. This epitaph proved to be a garbled stanza from a poem by Meredith ap Rhys. Nevertheless, it found its way into "Hackett's Collection of Epitaphs."

Rev. R. W. Morgan, in his "British Kymry," claimed

that Madog discovered America in 1160, returned in 1164, and with a fleet of 18 vessels and 3,000 of his countrymen, recrossed the Atlantic and "took possession of the throne and kingdom of Mexico." Rev. B. F. Bowen, in his "America discovered by the Welsh," claims the conquest of Mexico for Madog. Rev. Theophilus Evans added to the currency of the Madog story in Wales by incorporating it, embellished by his fruitful imagination, in his popular work, "Drych y Prif Oesoedd." This work was translated and published in this country by Judge George Roberts, of Ebensburg, Pa. Southey's epic on Madog, published in 1805, helped the story along wonderfully. The list of eminent men who believed that Madog discovered America, could be easily enlarged, but the last I shall mention is that great embodiment of brains and bigotry, Cotton Mather, and this naturally brings us to the search for the Madogians on this continent.

David Ingram, a Scotch sailor, who went with Sir John Hawkins to the West Indies in 1568, is the first known authority for the assertion that people speaking the Welsh language were found among the Indians on this continent. In a narrative written by him in 1582, he says he found here a bird called Penguin, "which seemeth to be Welsh," and further claimed to have heard other Welsh words spoken. I remember well the impression made upon my own mind, when a small lad, on reading of this Penguin, which in Welsh means white head, and of my keen disappointment when I was told that the bird's head was black.

One Stedman, a native of Breckonshire, Wales, is said to have landed on the coast between Florida and Virginia in 1670, and is quoted as saying that he spoke to some Indians in their native language, when he was informed by them that their ancestors had come from Gwynedd in Prydain Fawr, (North Wales in Great Britain.) As the title, Great Britain, was not adopted, though occasionally used, until after the accession of James the First, in 603, Mr. Stedman must have misunderstood his Indian friends, or else they were not Madogians.

The most frequently quoted authority for the existence of Welsh speaking Indians on this continent is Rev. Morgan Jones, an Episcopal clergyman. He was a native of Monmouthshire, which Welshmen consider as part of South Wales, and a graduate of Oxford University. He came to America some time prior to 1660. Twenty-five years later he met in New York city an old friend, Thomas Lloyd, who had come here with William Penn, and was afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania. Lloyd having heard the Stedman story in Wales, referred to it in his conversation with Jones, and the latter related his own adventure with Welsh Indians, which was so marvelous that Lloyd asked him to reduce it to writing, which he did. This narrative has been so frequently published that I need only refer to it very briefly. In substance it says that Jones and five others, while in South Carolina, escaped into the Tuscarora country and were taken prisoners and condemned to death. This led Jones to exclaim in the British tongue: "Have I escaped so many dangers, to be now knocked on the head like a dog." He was understood by a chief present, who embraced him and told him in the British tongue that he should not die. This chief ransomed the party, and took them among the Doegs, his own tribe, who entertained the strangers civilly for four months. Jones conversed with these Indians in the British tongue, and preached to them three times a week in the same language. If Mr. Jones, however, a man who left South Wales in the seventeenth century, could talk intelligibly with people who had left North Wales in the twelfth century, he or they must have been endowed with the gift of tongues spoken of in Holy Writ.

Thomas Lloyd sent the Jones narrative to his brother Charles in Wales, and by him it was given to Dr. Plott, who read a paper on it before the Royal Society in London.

Very naturally, the wonderful story related by Mr. Jones, created great excitement, and gained general acceptance

in both England and Wales. Welsh Indians multiplied so rapidly that in 1790, Dr. John Williams, a strong advocate of their existence, included six tribes in his list. Opinion finally centered on the Padoucas as the true Madogians, and when these had to be given up, the Mandans were cherished as the true descendants of Madog. The light complexion of these Indians was to many a convincing argument in their favor.

In 1776 one Captain Stewart saw Welsh speaking Indians on the Red River ; and another gentleman saw them on the Ohio. A Mr. Binon, a Welshman, in 1750, saw them westward far beyond the Mississippi. A lieutenant, Joseph Roberts, heard an Indian swear in Kymraeg, in Washington, in 1801 ; Benjamin Sutton heard some trans-Mississippi Indians speak Welsh to a man named Lewis ; a Mr. Burnell heard of some Welshmen who perfectly understood the Natchez Indians ; Sir John Caldwell and Captain Abraham Chaplin, during the American war, said they had some soldiers who could talk Welsh with the Pawnees.

The story told by Rev. Morgan Jones is matched by that of Maurice Griffiths. This comes to us at third hand, through Judge Toulmin, of Mississippi, an Englishman by birth, who claimed to have heard it from a Mr. Childs, forty years before he wrote it out. It was published in the Kentucky *Palladium* in 1804. According to this, Maurice Griffiths, who had left Wales when 16 years of age, had been taken prisoner by a party of Shawanese, somewhere near the headwaters of the Roanoke river in Virginia. After staying with these Indians two and a half years, Griffiths and five young braves went out to explore the sources of the Missouri river. They traveled for several months, and their route is described with great minuteness. They were finally taken prisoners and condemned to death by a tribe of white Indians "who spoke pure Welsh." Griffiths, however, spoke to the Indians in his native tongue, and the lives of the captives were spared.

This white nation could muster 50,000 able bodied men, though occupying but fifty miles of the banks of a river, and its tributaries. A recent writer quotes this Loulmin story in all sincerity, and says the "route can be marked out with singular accuracy by the use of subsequent knowledge." He points out that they visited the lead mines of Missouri, the salt licks of Nebraska, and the sandy plains beyond.

A gentleman, supposed to be a Captain Davies, claims to have heard Indians converse in Welsh with Welshmen on the Illinois river, and he said further that those Indians had a manuscript Welsh Bible with them. In 1753 Colonel George Chrochan wrote to Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, that three young French priests had returned from an expedition in search of Welsh Indians, and had brought back with them some Welsh Bibles. To come nearer home, the author of the volume on the "Discovery of America by the Welsh," published in Philadelphia in 1876, gives Governor Morgan Lewis, of this State, as authority for the statement that his father, Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, had been taken prisoner by the French at Oswego, and, being assigned to the care of some Indians, had talked with his custodians in Welsh. Mr. Daniel L. Jones, of Brooklyn, heard Governor Lewis relate this incident in his father's life.

In 1843, the New York *Herald* published a statement that Sir W. D. Stewart, (described as the great boar hunter,) had found evidences of Welsh customs and the Welsh language, while hunting in the Rocky Mountains, due to Welshmen cast upon our Western shores long before the time of Columbus. These are only a few of the Welsh Indian stories once current.

Very curious and plausible etymological and ethnological arguments have been elaborated to sustain the Madogian tradition, and to prove that people with Welsh features, speaking the Welsh language, and familiar with Welsh customs, must have lived on this continent before the time of Columbus. As curiosities, I may mention that

the name of Madockowando, that Indian Chief who was the scourge of the New England frontier from 1690 to 1694, was made out to be Madoc gwrando, (Madoc listen ;) that Pantigo, mentioned by Morgan Jones, was Pant y Gof, (Smith's Hollow,) and Nanticoke was Nant y Cwch, (stream of the boat.) Allegheny has been derived from the Welsh words gallu, meaning ability, and geni (to be born.) From the remains of prehistoric inhabitants, it has been argued, also, that the people supplanted and driven west by the Iroquois, were the descendants of the colonies planted here by Madog.

Much has been written to prove the identity of the Madogians with the Aztecs of Mexico. The argument rests upon similarity of customs and alleged kinship of language. Not relying upon what I found in books on this point, I asked Professor Ferguson, of this city, for a list of common nouns and phrases in the Aztec language, and their equivalents in English, which he kindly furnished me. I fail to find any trace of Kymraeg in them.

The wonderful stories of Welsh Indians sent from America to England and Wales, as might have been expected, produced a profound impression. They were taken as positive proof of the claim make for centuries that Madog had discovered America. Now that the descendants of those early adventurous discoverers were supposed to have been found, the religious element came into play, and there was an intense desire to preach the gospel to these benighted fellow-countrymen. With the intention of carrying the "good tidings" to them, a young man named John Evans left Wales in 1792, determined to find them if they existed anywhere on the Missouri river. After many difficulties and privations, he reached St. Louis in 1795. He went about 900 miles up the Missouri, and spent the winter with the Mahas. The next year he traveled 900 miles more and found himself among the Mandans. He returned in 1797, convinced, in his own words, "that the Welsh Indians had no existence." To show the implicit

faith placed in the old story, I may mention that as soon as it was known that Evans was on his way back, that fact was sent to Wales, and a Welsh publication announced that it would publish a full account of the discovery of the Welsh Indians as soon as it could be received from Mr. Evans. The report that Mr. Evans did make was a discouraging disappointment.

Much was expected from the expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1804–1805, and their failure to bring back any news of the Madogians was another disappointment.

Nothwithstanding the failure of John Evans, who had gone out expressly to look for the Welsh Indians, and the disappointment incident to the failure of Lewis and Clark to find any trace of them, the faith of the Welsh people as a whole, as well as many Americans and Englishmen, continued to cling tenaciously to the tales so often repeated; and if the descendants of Madog and his men were not to be found in one place, it was believed they must be somewhere else. Very naturally the subject excited much interest among the early Welsh settlers of Oneida county. In the early part of this century these were to be found chiefly in Utica and Steuben. It is not my intention to give a history of the Welsh people of Utica, but people of that nationality settled upon the site of the city of Utica very early. From 1795 to 1800 there was a large immigration of Welsh people to this county. In 1801 a union Church was organized in Steuben, and September 12 of the same year a Welsh Baptist Church was organized in Utica, and this was the first religious society organized in this city. On the first of January, 1802, a Congregational Church was organized, and both of these organizations still exist. In 1808 a Welsh hymn-book was printed here for the use of worshipers by the Congregationalists. Many of the early settlers came here from Wales by way of Philadelphia, in which city and its neighborhood a great many Welsh people had settled. Some came over with William Penn, and the immigrants from Wales were quite numer-

ous for fifty years thereafter. The first Welsh book published in America was printed in Philadelphia in 1721. It was a religious book, its author being Ellis Pugh, a Quaker preacher, who went back to Wales as a missionary to his countrymen. This little book was translated and published in English. In 1730 a large folio Welsh Concordance of the Bible was published in Philadelphia, ten years after the death of its author, Rev. Abel Morgan, a Baptist clergyman, and some years before the publication of Cruden's English Concordance.

The Welsh population of this county must have increased quite rapidly, for in an account of a Congregational Gymanfa held in this city, September 9th and 10th, 1822, Mr. Thomas John writes that the congregations numbered at least a thousand, and in Steuben at the same Gymanfa, about fifteen hundred people attended. In Utica the preaching was wholly in Welsh, but in Steuben, one discourse was delivered in English for the sake of some Americans who were present from New York. Mr. John says that the Welsh Independents and Baptists had each a church in Utica and Steuben, "handsome and fairly good-sized edifices." There were in Utica at that time, he further says, seven places of worship; two Baptist, two Congregationalist, one Methodist Episcopal, one Protestant Episcopal, and one Roman Catholic.

I must now go back to the winter of 1818-19. As I have said, these new settlers in Oneida county shared the feelings of their countrymen in Wales as to the existence of Madogians on this continent, and anxiety as to their eternal welfare if they did exist. From all the documents bearing on this phase of the question, I believe a desire for their conversion was the controlling impulse, though the desire to confirm the old Madogian tradition was an important factor in the search for them. With their accustomed energy, the people of Oneida County decided to do something practical, by collecting money to pay the expenses of a searching party. They had great faith that

success would crown their efforts, for Mr. James Owen, of Trenton, wrote to a friend in Wales, under date of April 10, 1819: "I think, if we live a little longer, the door will be opened for us to find out about the old Kymry. We here are determined to make every effort to find them out. We are almost sure that they may be found on the Mud river, twelve miles from the Missouri. Next week we are to collect money to send a man to them. We have many ready to go, but we have decided to sent John T. Roberts, who was born near Denbigh, Wales. I feel almost like asking a preaching appointment at Trenton or Steuben for some of the missionaries that will go out from Carnarvonshire on their way to the old Madogians, who are said to speak nothing but Kymraeg, and without any mixture with the other tribes. The men are said to have reddish hair, and the women to be very comely."

The John T. Roberts spoken of by Mr. Owen, was a brother of the late Henry Roberts, (the butcher), and an uncle of Henry L. and Alexander B. Roberts of this city. He was then a contractor on the Erie canal, and died in Sacramento, Cal., when over ninety years of age. He was well qualified for the task of finding the Welsh Indians, and not likely to be easily led astray. He selected for his companion a young man named William Perry. The money for the journey was contributed by the Welsh people of Utica and Steuben.

The two explorers left Utica on the fourteenth of April, 1819. They reached Pittsburg, Pa., in the early part of May, and there found Major Long, who had been commissioned to explore the regions to the South of the Missouri river. When they made the object of their journey known to him, he informed them that he had been advised to take a Welshman with him, and he would take them. To their great delight, he also informed them that General Clark, governor of the Missouri Territory, had informed him that the Welsh Indians lived in a valley near the Rocky Mountains. They met Major Long again at Cin-

cinnati, but here they were told that his party would be divided, one going to explore the Missouri river and the other the Arkansas. He offered, however, to take one of them up the Missouri, while the other might go with the Arkansas party.

No complete account of this expedition was published until 1822, after Mr. Roberts had returned to Wales, with his brother Henry and others of the family, in order to claim some property. In 1822, Mr. Roberts sent a letter to "*Seren Gomer*," (*Gomer's Star*,) where two other letters from him had appeared, giving the account of his journey, that I have briefly recounted, dated March 13, which appeared in the April number of the magazine. On the day following, March 14, he sent another letter, identical with the other except in its first paragraph, to the "Goleuad," (*Illuminator*,) and this also was published in the April number. From these letters it appears that the explorers reached St. Louis May 28, and there decided to inquire among the Indian traders as to the definite location of the Welsh Indians before proceeding any further. He says he saw there many people who had been thousands of miles up the Missouri River ; some who knew the languages of all the Indians located near the waters of the Missouri. He saw some that had ascended the Missouri four thousand miles, had crossed the Rocky Mountains, and had gone down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean. They all said they had not seen a tribe of white Indians, but had heard of them before starting, and expected to find them on their journeys. Some said they had inquired about them, but they were then convinced that they were not to be found on the Missouri, nor any of its tributaries. He saw a number of men who had lived many years among the Indians in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains. They also said no such people as the Welsh Indians were to be found. He saw two or three men who understood the speech of the Padoucas, but they did not understand a word of Welsh. He inquired in St.

Louis and its vicinity for those who understood the Indian languages, especially the professional interpreters, and pronounced in their hearing the Welsh words for sun, moon, stars, head, feet, hands, but they did not understand one word. He saw a number of strange Indians at different times, and spoke to them in Welsh, but they invariably put their fingers in their ears.

These results were discouraging enough, but Mr. Roberts was determined to make the search thorough. Knowing the value of printer's ink, he went to a St. Louis newspaper office, and persuaded the editors to publish some of the traditions about Madog's discovery of America, and the tales about Indians speaking the Welsh language; and further to announce that two men had come to St. Louis in search of them, and earnestly requesting correspondents to give information about them, if they could. He says that this article was published in papers for hundreds of miles, "even to New Orleans, near the Gulf of Mexico," but there was no response. While at St. Louis, Mr. Roberts read Colonel Stoddard's "History of the Western Parts of America." Colonel Stoddard stated that Indians speaking the Welsh language lived on the Arkansas and Red Rivers, and were known as Ietans or Alitans. Mr. Roberts heard of men who said they understood the language of these tribes; he found them and tried to converse with them in Welsh, but the attempt was a failure. Mr. Roberts staid in St. Louis two years, and though convinced that his countrymen were not to be found on the Missouri, "in view of all that had been said, he could not make up his mind that they did not exist at all." He was satisfied, however, that many of the tales were sheer fabrications.

William Perry appears to have left the search for the Welsh Indians to Mr. Roberts, but he went up the Missouri for 700 miles, and reported to Mr. Roberts that he saw no trace of Welsh Indians in his travels.

In his disappointment, Mr. Roberts consoled himself

with the reflection that if these unfortunate people existed anywhere, they could be reached by sending the Gospel to every nation under the sun.

In March, 1856, a correspondent in the *Cenhadwr*, (*Messenger*,) a Welsh monthly magazine, then published in Steuben, and still published in Remsen, this county, urged his countrymen to raise money to defray the expenses of another expedition to go out in search of the Welsh Indians, "who might," he said, "be talking in the dear old language and holding Eisteddfods somewhere in the northwest." The letter in the *Cenhadwr* attracted the attention of Mr. Roberts, the Utica explorer, who had by that time drifted to Sacramento, Cal., and evidently clung to the hope that the Madogians might still exist. Under date of July 16, 1856, he wrote to the magazine that one Richard P. Pierce, of Anglesey, Wales, had crossed overland to California with five or six others from Wisconsin. After passing Salt Lake, they had seen some Indians who had with them a white man who could talk some Welsh. This man had left Wales when young, had gone to New Orleans, and had gone with the fur traders among the Indians and married an Indian squaw. Mr. Pierce reported this man as saying that there was a tribe of white Indians about two days' journey to the south, who chatted in Welsh; that he could understand some words; but he, himself, had lost most of his Welsh. He told wonderful tales about these people, and offered to lead the travelers to them. Mr. Roberts does not say in his letter who gave him this information; but it was not Pierce, for he adds that he meant to have seen Pierce personally in order to get the full particulars from him, but he had left the place.

That Mr. Roberts continued to have faith in the existence of Welsh Indians is evident from a letter he wrote to the *Cenhadwr*, from Sacramento City, dated November 17, 1857, which was published in that Magazine, March, 1858. In this letter he related what he considered an im-

portant discovery. He says that a Mr. Gilman had been stopping at his house, who said that he had spent the winter of 1852-3 at Salt Lake City. While there he had visited a place about forty miles distant, where an old lady lived with her daughter. While he was at this old lady's house, three white Indians called there, a woman and two young lads; and the old woman told Mr. Gilman she could understand everything they said, "for they spoke Welsh." Mr. Roberts said further, that a family had recently come to Sacramento, who had seen white people among those Indians. Mr. Roberts continues in his letter: "Mr. Gilman had never heard of Madog ab Owain Gwynedd. In my opinion this is stronger proof of the existence of Welsh Indians than anything I had seen before; and I think there is little doubt but they could be found. If I had had such information as this when I was in St. Louis looking for them in 1819, I would have been able to find them. There were but few Welsh people in America then compared to what there are now; and the collection made then was not more than enough to pay two men's expenses to St. Louis and back. We could get no information of them then, and went no further. I think they could be found now without much difficulty."

To the best of my knowledge, the Oneida County expedition was the last effort made to find the Welsh Indians.

In July, 1819, while the Utica explorers were in St. Louis, appeared the first attempt by a Welshman to discredit the Madog tradition. Dr. John Jones, a barrister who had received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Jena, wrote a letter on the subject from London to the "Monthly Magazine," which was published in the September number of the periodical, fiercely attacking the story. He gave great offense to his countrymen by styling the Madogians "Mad Dogs."

In 1876 Rev. B. F. Bowen published a book in defense of the existence of the Madogians. He makes the best use of his materials, and makes out a very plausible case.

Howard T. Jenkins, in his "History of the Township of Gwynedd," published in 1884, asserts that "some of these Madog claims are in modern times accepted as true." Rev. B. F. De Costa, in a little pamphlet published in 1891, on "The Pre-Columbian Voyages of the Welsh to America," says: "The Post-Columbian authorities could be left out, for even then there would be solid grounds for the probability of Madog's voyage." Humboldt said the claims made on behalf of Madog had not received the attention they deserved from historians. Bryant's History of the United States contains the tradition, and gives considerable space to the arguments in favor of its historical character. Due weight should be given to the fact that Giraldus Cambrensis, a Norman Welshman, visited North Wales eighteen years after the alleged voyage of Madog, but makes no mention of such an event in his writings. The most exhaustive work on the negative side of the question, was written by Thomas Stephens, of Merthyr, Wales, who does not believe that Madog ever left Wales. Mr. Stephens, however, is the iconoclast of Welsh literature and history.

There is another tradition about Madog, written in the sixteenth century by Roger Morris, who claimed that it had come down from mouth to mouth, which represents Madog as being fond of a seafaring life, and affirms that he was shipwrecked near Bardsey Island (Ynys Enllï.)

The claim that the Indians spoke dialects resembling other languages is not confined to the Welsh. The same claim has been made on behalf of the Hebrew, German, Erse and Gaelic languages.

That men were occasionally found among the Indians who could speak the Welsh language is not at all improbable; for Welsh people are known to have come over here very early. A company of them settled in Mansfield, Conn., as early as 1640, and a few years later other settlements were made in other parts of New England. They were found in New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Mary-

land, the Carolinas, and Georgia, in the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth centuries; and the same spirit that has led so many of them to search for minerals in Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Nevada and California, would carry them in those early days far from the haunts of civilization, and lead them to mingle with the Indians, and live among them, as some are known to have done. To have met one of these men, and talk with him in his native tongue, would naturally be magnified, when the belief in the existence of the descendants of Madog and his men on this continent was so prevalent. Had he been of an imaginative turn of mind, I presume Mr. John T. Williams, of this city, could have told a wonderful tale of the discovery of Madogians on the shores of Lake Superior. In 1868, while prospecting in that region, he found himself among the Chippewa Indians, and talked Welsh with one of their leading men, who proved to be John Parry, brother of Joseph Parry, the great Welsh composer of music. Another gentleman of this city had a similar experience with Mr. Parry two years later.

The only comment I shall make on these and other Welsh Indian stories, is to call attention to the fact that most of them are related by men who did not understand Welsh themselves, and in some cases, at least, took Welsh and white to be synonymous terms.

As to pre-Columbian documents on the question in Wales, it is claimed that such did exist, but were destroyed in the wanton destruction of castles, monasteries, and churches, in the internecine wars among the Welsh themselves, as well as in the almost constant conflicts with external foes. But I have to do with the tradition only.

Long centuries of unquestioning faith in the Madog tradition, a faith imposed upon with many tales of impossible events, and sorely tried by repeated disappointments, has eventually led to an era of extreme revulsion among the Welsh people themselves; a revulsion as unreasoning as the faith was unquestioning. Those Welshmen who

still cling to the old belief, do so, as it were, with the finger-tips of their intellects; as if they held themselves in readiness to abandon their faith at the first attack upon their credulity; while with very many, it is considered beneath the dignity of the intelligence of the nineteenth century to put any faith in such an idle tale. It may be so; but it took eight centuries to prove that America had really been discovered by the Northmen; what another century and a half may do for Madog remains to be seen. After all, there may be something of history in this dim legend of the long past; but it is possible, I will not say probable, that the Madog story will be laid to rest with the legend of Arthur and his mailed knights sleeping in a subterranean cavern, awaiting the break of day to go forth to battle for the land of the Red Dragon; or the knightly, though unfortunate, Dom Sebastian, who was for centuries expected to return from the land of the Moslem, to restore the glory of the Portuguese nation; or the Cid Rodrigo, who is to redeem the Spanish name and restore the grandeur and power of the old Castilian monarchy; or Frederick Barbarossa, the contemporary of Madog, who is believed to sleep lightly enough beneath the soil of Thuringia, to be awakened by the wail of Germany's distress, should she ever need the succor of his strong arm; or The O'Donoghue, that sleeps with eyes and ears open beneath the Lakes of Killarney, ready to right the wrongs of downtrodden Ireland. The Madog story *may* have to be classed with these, but the legend is still unaccounted for on the one hand, while the discovery of a far western country by him, is still unproved, on the other.

The fact that the Welsh people of Oneida County made an effort to discover the Madogians, invests the tradition with local interest for us, and with this I leave the Madog tradition.

The census of 1890 gave the Welsh-born population of Utica as 1,314; the Welsh-speaking population, affiliating with the Welsh people more or less, is probably double

that number; while those speaking the language imperfectly, and those that do not at any time associate with the Welsh, would probably bring the number of Welsh-speaking people up to 3,000. These figures are likely to be over rather than under the mark. Like the other citizens of Utica, the bulk of the Welsh population is composed of working people: carpenters, masons, stone cutters, clerks, servant girls, and the like; but a goodly proportion can be found among our enterprising and successful business men; they contribute their full share to the professions, among them those of law, medicine, dentistry, and journalism. They support four churches, and other societies, not including musical organizations of intermittent existence.

As one who has lived thirty-five years in Utica, and is fairly familiar with its Welsh population, I feel safe in asserting that our citizens of that nationality have every reason to be proud of their record in the past and of their character and standing in this community to-day. In devotion to religious principles, in works of charity and benevolence, in the intelligent pursuit of literary advancement and musical culture; in the cardinal virtues of industry, thrift, honesty and American patriotism, their record for the past one hundred years is one that maketh not ashamed. Claiming no superiority, we admit no inferiority to the best to be found among the different nationalities of our population. We respect the good people of Utica of every nationality. We differ from each other in some respects, but we are all wonderfully human; with some faults, foibles and peculiarities; but above all with warm hearts, earnest sympathies, helping hands, bound together in the bonds of a common brotherhood; proud of our beautiful city, which has furnished so many illustrious names for our country's roll of honor; proud of our fertile and prosperous county; proud of our magnificent imperial State; and over and above all, proud of our glorious country, a country that we intensely love, whether it be ours by birth or ours by adoption.

Reminiscences of the Utica Literary Club and its Earlier Members.

BY REV. A. G. VERMILYE, D. D.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OCTOBER 11, 1892.

It is now twenty-six years since the formation of this, the oldest city club, the exact date of which was January 5, 1866. That it has continued so long in vigorous existence, speaks well for the culture and literary spirit to be found in Utica. It is, however, of its early years and members that I propose some reminiscences—before my own residence changed to another city, in 1871. Up to that date, as within my own knowledge, the club had a place and a healthful influence in social life. Its members were all well-known citizens. And since, of the original number (in all fifteen), the larger part have passed out of Utica life by death or removal, the present sketch, it is to be hoped, may not prove unbefitting or uninteresting to the Oneida Historical Society. There was indeed printed in 1885, "for members of the club only," a "brief sketch" by Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Brown, ex-President of Hamilton College, and at the time of its issue recently deceased. In the main it was drawn from the records. But, in addition to the memoranda thus put together by his graceful pen, there is room for personal recollection and incident.

To begin with, let us give a moment's attention to the word club. With the tap of a sword on the shoulder kings formerly dubbed knights—invested them with honors and a title which were not theirs before. How many words, if we trace them up, have meanings which were not theirs originally; are—as Trench calls them in his "study of words",—"concentrated

poems"; that is, are words whose different meanings, based on some delicate or beautiful resemblance between things by nature dissimilar, reveal a fine poetic fancy.

We have in hand, then, at the suggestion of our subject, the word club. What connection or resemblance can one find between (let us say) a policeman's club and the Utica Literary club? The former (the policeman's) a hard stick with a superficial polish, intended for the pates of obstreperous offenders; and which, when it discusses a subject, does so in a knock-down style destructive to all good fellowship. It is "destructive criticism" physically applied. The "literary club," on the other hand, a collection of sedate, cultured gentlemen, of various gifts, who pass a quiet evening together, under a domestic roof, in the discussion of some chosen theme; who, at ten o'clock precisely, partake of a supper (as the rule says) "simple and unostentatious"; and who then return uprightly to their families, without fear of the policeman and *his* club. Nevertheless, there is a connection between these two, the one word grows out of the other. "Clava," in Latin, was a branch, a stick, a club, and its diminutive "clavula" or "clabula", a twig or slip for planting; something larger or smaller, that is, cleft or cloven from the tree for a special purpose. Such seems to be the main idea. If, then, our etymology be correct, we have here a natural and easy, but still poetic, transfer of meaning. Undoubtedly, the club or cudgel came first, for self-defense or braining an opponent. And then came, in due time, the idea of persons, a selected number of individuals, adapted to the end in view, separated and separating themselves from the larger society around, "clubbing" together, for purposes political, social, literary, as the case may be. In this sense, the term was English and native to the soil; whilst in other countries, which have since used it, it was like French champagne, entirely an imported article. Into these English "clubs" early gathered the wits, the authors and men of mark intellectually, "the porcelain of earth's clay," as into a stock

exchange. No "half-inch person," (to use Sidney Smith's phrase) would have been at home in such a circle, nor elected to it. Dr. Johnson's famous "literary club," established in 1764, and still existing, and in which were Burke, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick and others, for several years numbered but twelve members, out of all London—so cautious were they in choosing fit timber for the purpose. Carlyle, with all his genius, could never have made a "clubable" man. For, though a good talker, if he chose to talk, it was his infirmity to look upon mankind as "mostly fools", and talking, in general, as "sinful waste"; nor, with his rude manners, could he have made a good listener, or have been pleasant in companionship. Undoubtedly Johnson himself was a bear, of a kind such as no club would now desire to have let loose among them. He domineered and monopolized. Boswell he bowled over unceremoniously; whilst "poor Pol" Goldsmith often limped away with his sensitive vanity much in need of splints. Even Burke and Fox and Gibbon, it is said, sat silent in his presence—awed and subdued by his rough and ponderous speech, which he wielded after the manner of Hercules, the great club-man of antiquity. Johnson, great and learned as he was, could never have received a vote, had he lived an hundred years later, into the "Utica Literary Club". Happily there were enough in Utica, in 1866,—more than enough, in fact, could its membership have been enlarged—of scholarly and agreeable men, to start this admirable exponent of its social life and character; men who could talk well, and who, by clubbing their particular informations could contribute to the benefit of all, and make even an unpromising topic ultimately rich in profit and pleasure; men to whom an evening so spent together, once a fortnight, was not a tax, but a rest, a satisfaction, an enjoyment.

It may not be uninteresting, just here, to advert to its subjects and discussions. Dr. Brown, in the sketch alluded to, has given a list of 43 subjects discussed during

the first two years, a large number; subjects literary, Shakespearean, historical, biographical and miscellaneous. But the interest and advantage of such a club depends not alone upon the subject. By the heat of the forge, by hammering, by turning this way and that, by an anvil chorus of blows that make the sparks fly, is the solid iron shaped to useful results. Our club brought to each subject the beneficial interaction, the concurrent study of different minds. Seven minutes was the statutory time limit; which, if occasionally exceeded, still left something for others to say; a rule which suppressed tediousness and prevented talk-rambles all over the lot; which required of the speaker condensed milk or cream, with coffee so well concocted as to stimulate the mutual brain and banish any creeping somnolency; in short, which required (if his genius favored it) that what he said should be in form and substance after the pattern of a needle, one-eyed and sharp pointed, should be a short thread with a rigid stop-knot at the end. Of course, if one wished to take part he must have his thoughts somewhat arranged beforehand, just as, owing to the narrowness of the gangway, the animals were taken into the ark. Nevertheless, the drawing of his name from the urn was not mandatory; each might remain silent, if he so chose, until, as the old Persian rule demanded, he had in mind, or thought he had, something worth saying. A rule, however, it may here be said, not always a good one. How dull it would make society, the dinner table or a club! Dr. Barrow's fine description of wit, than which no analysis could be better, includes as one of its versatile forms "acute nonsense," a sudden attack, a kodak shot at a thought, thought on the wing, in itself too trivial for serious utterance; but how it may light up and vivify a discussion, as does the touch of an electric button a room at night-fall. Moreover, our club had in it some modest Uticans (it was twenty odd years ago), who, however well informed, were more apt than not to think, at least, that they had nothing worth saying; just as we have

seen girls in bathing dresses shrink, when the time to plunge came, and, from a habit of hugging, insist upon hugging the shore. Still, the club was never stupid nor in want of talkers on any selected topic. Its effect on members was seen in the late Judge Ward Hunt, elected February 27, 1866. From the first none was was more punctual, none more completely interested. It led him into fresh studies, to acquaint himself well with the various subjects that were presented; of all this the club had the benefit, in the clear, concise sentences by which his trained, legal mind expressed itself. Mr. Robert S. Williams had, even at that time, a good library. But books would occasionally be mentioned as rare or valuable, which at once excited his bibliolatry and thirst for possession. It was so, I know, with Wilson's American Antiquities, for which he had to wait long and pay high; but he got it, doubtless yet has it, as one of a since largely increased family, one ever crying for more bookshelf, more room. It may be mentioned, also, that the club had its influence upon families. Subjects and incidents of meetings were talked over in them, and as these families met much in society, at the next party they were quite likely to come up for pleasant chat. The influence exerted was like that of the picture gallery which, for several seasons, the artistic taste of Mr. Thomas H. Wood and others collected from the best artists. The pictures were well studied, with critical help, and then many crude ones disappeared from parlor walls and better ones were bought; during one season, I think, to the amount of $4,000.

Dr. Brown records with appreciation and as a feature of the club, during those years, the work of its secretaries. These were, in turn, Dr. Bagg, Professor Sawyer, and the late J. Watson Williams. To speak only of the latter, he was one of Utica's most scholarly men. Both in style and matter his public addresses were admirable. He once told me that, when Gov. Seymour and himself were young, the

former, hearing that he intended to enter politicial life, begged him not to do so, but to stick to law as he himself meant to do. "I did stick to the law," (said Mr. W.), "whilst the Governor has scarcely opened a law book from that day to this!" Nevertheless his tastes were literary and he loved to write. As secretary, he sometimes excused himself from speaking, that he might catch and minute down the substance of the discussion. Thus the regular minutes grew in bulk, and occupied quite a while in the reading; but they recalled and also preserved much of, what had been said. "A labor, though a labor of love," on the part of Mr. Williams, as Dr. Brown observed, a labor which extended to "ten, twelve or fifteen pages of fine, clear writing." Undoubtedly a labor it was, as the present writer can testify from his own recollection. And Mr. Williams excelled in such work, which to him was a pleasure. But had the Doctor looked more closely at the handwriting and signature he would have discovered, appended to some of those ten, fifteen and even seventeen pages of reporting, the name of a secretary pro tem., who was drafted into service during Mr. W.'s frequent absences. I had learned in the Seminary to take down spoken lectures by merely using the main or necessary words of a sentence. It saved hours of re-writing. And in this same way I could report the members quite fully, with a difference, of course, between what was spoken informally and written connectedly.

I now come to the members, of whom so few remain; briefly, only as their connection with the club recalls an incident. Its originators were Dr. Bagg, Professor Sawyer, Professor Heffron, Dr. Wolcott, Ellis H. Roberts and Mr. Charles M. Davis of the staff of the Utica Herald; and these, at the first meeting, elected Rev. Dr. Campbell of the Westminster church, and Mr. Robert S. Williams. But of these, Rev. Dr. Campbell and Mr. Heffron speedily removed to other cities, whilst Mr. Davis' bright, young career was soon terminated by consumption.* At the next

*The Club erected a suitable monument at his grave.

meeting (January 16) Dr. Gray and myself were elected and were followed in order by Judge Bacon, Mr. James K. Hitchcock, Mr. J. Watson Williams, Judge Hunt, Rev. Dr. Fisher, Mr. Alexander Seward, Mr. John F. Seymour, Mr. Erastus Clark, Judge A. S. Johnson and (as one born out of due time) Rev. Dr. Brown, of Hamilton College. Dr. Brown had, in fact, been for years a most punctual member, before he accidentally discovered from the minutes, as he mentions in his sketch, that he had never been elected. He had come at the first upon my invitation as an out of town visitor ; had enjoyed it so much as to come again, and continue on, certainly a most welcome guest. When, in 1879, he discovered and mentioned how long he had been present on probation, the hands of the recording clock were at once turned back and located at February 4, 1868, as the date of his election. I can only say of him, as all would say, how greatly his regular presence contributed to keep discussion at high water mark. His mind was a bee which had visited many fields of reading and research ; which, with keen instinct and discrimination, had collected from every field the best pollen to be stowed away as knowledge; and which could at once take up a line of thought, and go direct to the point without hesitation, uncertainty or preliminary circling in the air. His well matured views were always hospitably at the service of the club, and expressed in a melody of words and with an easy flow which greatly added to the pleasure of hearing him. As a preacher, however, this same easy, quiet flow of beautiful language, as the dress of thought, made him much less effective than his distinguished son, Professor Francis S. Brown, whose short, terse sentences, projected with nervous impetus, have the force of bullets.

It is in the order of time that I should here allude to that distinguished alienist and physician in general, Dr. John P. Gray. Of course, when he came, his genial manner came with him ; he did not seem the hard-worked man he was. But back of the manner there was much else, solid and

fine. Dr. Gray may have had equals or even superiors in extent of professional reading, but in his case, reading was always supplemented by keen analysis. In addition, he had rare habits of observation, his eyes were always about him, observing persons and things in the way of professional study, and he had rare experience. A husband once brought his wife to the asylum, and the assistant was taking the history of her case from him, when Dr. Gray entered the room. As he did so, some little thing made him suspect the truth, and he said "I think you have the wrong party." It took but a moment to prove it. The woman had allowed her husband to bring her, as a means of getting him there—the really crazy one! With Dr. Gray, however, the bottom quality was an inherent, quick and sure common sense, better than mere learning, the best commentator and judge of theories or the meaning of facts.

Dr. Gray was always exact in statement, lucid, and when the subject touched his own vocation, or was psychological, was remarkably instructive. A Shakespeare subject involving discrimination of character, such as Hamlet or Macbeth or Lear, in fact, almost any one, was sure to bring from him something worth hearing. But for his large-hearted kindness, and the good he did outside his professional duty, it might even be said that the club saw him at his best. I will only add a little incident in which we were both concerned. After one of the early meetings of the club, with some mutual matter in hand, Dr. Gray and myself walked from it together towards the asylum. Where Court and Columbia streets meet we stopped under a lamp-post awhile, and then walked back again. A second time we returned to the lamp-post. Presently a policeman came up and viewed us, but made no allusion to the club, nor did we! We talked a while longer, and then parted. But at a house on Hopper street there was alarm. It was late, at the house where the club had met the lights were out, and the club had certainly long ago adjourned; but

where was the head of the family? Ugly noises had been heard in the unfinished Tabernacle Baptist Church next door, which might mean murder! However, just as a search was organizing, the unexpected happened, the head of the family walked in. At the asylum the same scenes were enacting. Dr. Gray had not come home; Dr. Gray must have met some mishap on the road! The watchman was kept on duty, rules were broken. At last the carriage was ordered out; but as it reached the gate, he very quietly turned the corner. In fact, so regular were the usual proceedings and hours, that to plead, detained at the club, or, the unusual interest of the subject, were not available excuses! Nor—as every one knew—were any members of this club night birds, owls, bats or night hawks, given to nocturnal wanderings, out after late suppers and the like. Hence the alarm and commotion caused by this episodical incident.

Our oldest associate was Judge Bacon. As his life has been published, brief words concerning him may suffice. The lines in his face seemed to say that he had borne heavy sorrows; and so he had. But in public and among us he was ever bright and genial. It was part of a winning yet firm character which made him every where beloved, trusted and influential. The ebb of his years or how far he had already floated down the stream we scarcely noticed, so genial and young continued his spirit. He was much past the seventy, I think, before he even gave up skating. As a reader his especial fondness was for the classics, and English literature. For a fine passage in either of these he had the palate of a connoisseur. And so, at the club, if such a subject was up, he would sit with (perhaps) the tips of his fingers put together, or a hand stroking his white beard, whilst, as it were, he tasted the flavor of this or that author, and compared the different brands; certainly with keen relish to himself, and for us the benefit of a most excellent and sound critical opinion. These evenings were a grateful relief to him, something to think about, when battling with insomnia.

My next reminiscence is of Rev. Dr. Fisher, ex-President of Hamilton College, and ex-pastor of the Westminster church. Dr. Fisher was a very able man and a laborious student. It was his habit, when his mind tired, to recreate his mental muscle with a proposition of Euclid, just as Napoleon did with Logarithms. He seemed to think it as wholesome as a course of dumb-bells, certainly it was more to his taste. His mind ran that way, to the logical and strong. His sermons, however, abounded in beautiful passages ; and having a voice of compass and clearness, combined with a delivery of oratorical force, he was the most popular preacher in Oneida county. His best sermons were really an intellectual treat. Moreover, one little circumstance helped him greatly. Although not what would be called an emotional man, yet, when his theme warmed him, an infirmity of the eye would often supply him with an effective tear. But in the club, when his turn came, he sometimes took up the cudgels warmly on a subject ; that is, if an opinion or an author's views did not please him. This was mostly where some moral principle was involved. For light literature, certainly for the popular fiction of the day, if that were the topic, he had no taste, no side, scarcely the patience to read it. Where the goat is tied, there must he browse ; and his mind naturally held him to the sphere of principles and the elucidation of truth. Even as a recreation, elephants do not catch mice nor eagles catch flies. Merely to skim the surface of a lake and feed on ephemera, as swallows do, when there are fine fish down below to reward the fisher's skill with the rod, did not suit Dr. Fisher. But let a question be up which involved principles, on the moral side of things, or some point be advanced which lacked, perhaps was injurious to, truth ; and he was plain-spoken, earnest and positive ; not as a partisan, nor as representing a school, he was too broad-minded for that. Trojan and Tyrian, for praise or blame, he treated alike. Nevertheless, he was positive. Nor did he always chop and trim his words

for gentle use upon the sentiment he opposed. He wielded a veritable club. Just as when Æneas put his foot in Charon's boat, to cross the Styx to the world below; it was not with the soft and unfelt tread of the ghosts and spirits that ordinarily went that way; but he made the old ferry-boat tremble with his corporeal stride. Or, to relate a little event of the city—a lady who, at the time, lived on Genesee street was attracted to her window by a great chattering of birds in the tree outside. It was full of sparrows, and in the midst, on a branch by itself, was one poor little sparrow. Evidently a culprit! Nor was the sentence long delayed. Certainly it was something heinous and the offender probably caught in the act! As was to be seen the community was in dead earnest; for a time the discussion and excitement was intense; but then, with a final, unanimous, and shrill chatter, the verdict was given, the sentence, death! No delay, no dallying with justice, no tricks and quibbles of pettifogging lawyers! But immediately out flew a fierce official who knew his duty and meant to perform it; clutched that poor little sinner by the throat, and shook it and shook it—shook the life out of its body; till it fell down dead at the foot of the tree. Then the rest all flew away. Such and so summary was this execution in bird life. And like it was sometimes Dr. Fisher's dealing with false or pernicious ideas. He gripped and shook them with logic and argument and strong language, till, undoubtedly, he thought them dead, or that they ought to be.

What I have said above of his distaste for light literature does not imply in him any want of imagination. He had, in fact, a fine imagination. If fond of analysis and mathematical accuracy, he could embellish and illustrate, upon occasion, with charming grace of rhetoric. But it must be a fine novel that could please him or sufficiently interest his mind to rest it. And it leads me to allude to two other eminent Uticans of that day, who, however, were not members of the club. I have understood that Judge Denio,

after his retirement from the bench and after a life of strictly legal thought and practice, for awhile, at least, occupied his leisure with two or more serial novels, as the chapters came from the press. That was his mode of taking mental relaxation and rest, of restoring the bent bow to its equilibrium. The last man, one would say, to find interest in light reading—one in whom, to all appearance, imagination was but a rudimentary organ. Nevertheless, it was change and consequent rest. On the other hand, Judge Gridley, during his judicial career, would pass more or less of the night in novel reading. With a constitution of great, even irritable, nervous activity, an intense worker during the hours of work, to lie in bed and read a novel was a sort of air-brake pressure which gradually brought his mind to a standstill and sleep, somewhere along towards morning. Better, of course, to have worked with less speed and jump and vital expenditure—it, at last, broke down his health. But such was the man and his mental habit. After his death a committee drew up for publication a sketch of his life. When shown to me, I said, you have left out the very thing which characterized Judge Gridley and first brought him into public notice. I then mentioned that whilst out sailing upon the Merrimac with two eminent lawyers, they had referred to the famous "Caroline case" which Judge Gridley had tried and that they had especially noted, in connection with it, one act of his at the close. The trial had run well into the evening. As an international case, the interest in it had been great. Every one was tired, no one dreamed that after the verdict would be anything but an adjournment. As soon as it was rendered, however, Judge Gridley immediately called the next case, in fact the whole calendar, (since no one was ready) and put every thing over to the next term. Possibly he himself went to bed with his usual posset, a novel. But the committee thought the incident of sufficient interest to stop the press and insert an allusion to it.

When Dr. Fisher came to Utica, he thought he had

before him ten good years of work. It was not to be. The Presbyterian reunion movement, in 1870, in which he was prominent, greatly absorbed him. A profuse nasal hemorrhage should have warned him, but it did not. Without cessation he worked a dry axle, till the fibre yielded. There came a Sabbath of stumbling performance in the pulpit, and at night, an attack of cerebral effusion, from which, his physicians said, a timely stimulant might have saved him. It left him with that curious disease, aphasia, in which one's words get so badly jumbled. Dr. Fisher would say: "I will see you again yesterday!" If his ideas kept the track, as they seemed to do, the express car behind the words, which expressed his meaning, would sometimes shoot off into something else, to the dire confusion and wreck of his sentence. That was the end of it so far as his usefulness was concerned. It is a sorry thing that thought, viewless and intangible in itself, but which gives distinction to men, should thus often impair and shorten valuable lives.

The "Transactions" of this Society for 1891 (No. 5,) contain a full and just account of Mr. John F. Seymour, deceased in 1890. That account very properly brings to the front his sweet and beneficent personality. In public, that is, in political life, he was content to efface himself; he walked, and was content to walk, in the shadow of his more distinguished brother, the Governor; acting as his agent and subserving his interests with hearty zeal. Nevertheless, in some attributes of character, he was the superior of the two. If he pursued paths less likely to make him known, he did the most good—did it with a natural and simple grace and charm of manner, a manly piety, a spirit that never tired wherever personal service or influence could be of use to others. I will mention but two instances of those known to me, as indicating his spirit. During the summer of 1863 a number of regiments passed through Utica, on their way home from Port Hudson and the Mississippi. Such of them as stopped long enough, were wel-

comed and fed at the depot by committees of ladies already assigned to this work. By the Massachusetts Sixth, as I know,—for in it were members of my own former congregation at Newburyport—the bountiful kindness here received was not forgotten nor unmentioned when they reached home. But from the Massachusetts Forty-Seventh one man named Chandler, a Boston man, was taken by Dr. Churchill, himself an army surgeon, and myself, with the consent of the officers, as too sick to go farther. He died that night in the hospital. Mr. Seymour was at the time State Agent, and the State funds in his hands were for State soldiers. Nevertheless, he immediately authorized me to write to the family that he would send the body home without cost to them. Nor was it a pauper's coffin. His own feelings were too refined for him not to think of theirs. Meantime the regiment arrived in Boston. A mother and sister had set the table and gone to meet the returning soldier. He was not there ; had been left somewhere on the road—it was all they could learn—sick. My letter conveyed to them the first and only definite news. And when, in due time, letters came in return, they did not fail in gratitude for Mr. Seymour's kindness. From the Connecticut Twenty-Eighth regiment, also, a young man named Bunton was taken and at once sent to Fuller's hotel, near by—an extreme case, since he was already in a state of collapse. Dr. Churchill supposed he would hardly survive the night. But Mr. Seymour took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and hour after hour rubbed and nursed him. Nor would he let me help him. That young man owed his life to Dr. Churchill's skill and Mr. Seymour's unflagging care ; and was the only one saved of nine soldiers thus left behind in different towns of the State. It was an old Latin saying, that "the true goddess is known by her walk" ; and in Mr. Seymour's case, his face, what he said and did, showed clearly and constantly the true, Christian gentleman. Modesty could not disguise it, it betrayed itself unconsciously, at every step. One little modest attempt of his at concealment I have only just dis-

covered, after all these years. On turning to his "State agent's report," published in 1864, I found that in a letter of Miss Chandler to me, wherein she had expressed the obligations of the family to Mr. Seymour by name, he had, in the printed copy, stricken out his own name and replaced it with the words "some unknown friend". No, not "unknown"; nor has the concealing earth, under which he would have buried his kindly act, prevented its resurrection, to his credit and honor.

These that I have mentioned I knew best of the older, but now departed members. A little Utica girl, whose bump of language had early developed, said to a family visitor, who did not admire Utica: "you have not uttered one enthusiastic epitaph since you came." Whatever one may now say or write of the city or people of that day, must be an epitaph, but composed of pleasant and appreciative epithets. It was a pleasant city to live in, with a most pleasant and intelligent society; and to this, those I have mentioned, and many others, contributed a full quota of ability and influence and refined character. But others are replacing them, the city of that day has already changed, has already outgrown its earlier clothes. As Shakespeare says:

"Since I saw you last
There is a change upon you."

It seems, therefore, the duty of the "Historical Society" to perpetuate what it can of a period which will soon be only history. And as to the "Literary Club"—we are told that Rome apotheosized but two of her eminent men under the Republic, Romulus, who founded, and Cæsar, who destroyed it. In the same way, let its founder or founders be assigned to honor; but should any Cæsar arise, in degenerate times, to move the destruction or perversion to unworthy uses of this venerable Utica institution, let the "Historical Society" be his Brutus, and forbid the perpetuation of his name in and through its annals. Why should it not rival, in years, Dr. Johnson's famous London "Literary Club."

The Indians of New York.

BY HON. ELLIOT DANFORTH.

Delivered before the Society, May 8, 1894.

When the learned men of Europe were told that the newly discovered continent of America was peopled by a race of men, "some of whom had very good features, whose bodies and limbs were well-proportioned, who had black hair and eyes, but whose skin was yellow," the question arose, whether the ten lost tribes of Israel had not been rediscovered, and much ink was spilled in the attempt to prove or disprove the descent of the American Indians from the children of Israel. What I shall tell you to-night, may help you to decide this vexed question, which you will be able to do when told, that the Indian tribes, east of the Mississippi, must be divided into twenty-nine linguistic families, subdivided into sixty-four dialects. The Reverend Mr. Megapolensis, the first minister of the gospel at Albany, and a missionary to the Mohawk Indians, whose language he studied, says of this branch of Indian language: "When I first observed that they pronounced their words so differently, words meaning the same thing, I asked the Commissary of the West India Company here, what it meant. He answered that he did not know, but imagined they changed their language every two or three years."

I must ask you to bear in mind, that in speaking to-night of the Indians of New York I shall divide them into two great families, distinguished from each other by their language, the Algonquins, living formerly in the country east and west of the Hudson River, south of Albany, and the Iroquois, occupying the country north, east and west of Albany. The first of these families had many subdivis-

ions, designated by the names of their localities, they will be called local tribes of Algonquin race. The Iroquois of New York were divided into five tribes, each of which was again divided into local tribes.

I have just now mentioned the Mohawk Indians as living near Albany. They were, when this State was first settled by Europeans, a preëminently New York Indian tribe, but belonged to a confederation, which might be called the prototype of our great republic, the United States. The first map of the territory, now called the State of New York, was made in Holland in 1614, not from an actual survey, but from information given to the mapmaker by three Dutchmen, who had been prisoners of the Indians for about three years, and of course had been obliged to accompany their captors on every hunting expedition. This map of which a fac-simile is deposited in the State Library, at Albany, calls Lake Champlain the Lake of the Iroquois, that is the confederation, to which the Mohawks belonged. The land east of Lake Champlain is called Irocoisia, but the Mohawks sit on the north side of the Mohawk River, not far from its mouth, while the Senecas, another tribe of the Iroquois Confederation, sit near the heads of the Susquehannah. According to the same map, the country on both sides of the Hudson River between Albany and New York, was occupied by the Mahicans, the Manhates lived on the island, which is now New York City, and the Mahicans on Long Island.

The Iroquois Confederation, consisting of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, were on all sides hedged in by the great Indian family, which the French called Algonquin, and are now often called the Lenape. A tribe of the Iroquois, which later joined the Confederation on New York soil, the Tuscaroras, lived, also surrounded by Algonquins, in North Carolina. As the Algonquins were numerically superior to the Iroquois, it is perhaps proper, that I should first speak of the New York members of this great family.

Beginning with the Manhates, the predecessors of the inhabitants of New York, we learn from their traditions the following account of the first arrival of Europeans on New York Island. They tell: "A long time ago, when there was no such thing known to the Indians as people with a *white skin*, some of our men who had been out fishing where the sea widens, saw at a great distance something remarkably large swimming or floating upon the water. Hastily returning ashore, they informed their people what had been seen. A great commotion arose, some taking the apparition for a large fish or animal, others declaring it to be a house. As the thing moved towards the land, the Indians prepared for the reception of what they had concluded must be a large canoe, carrying the great Manitto, or God, who was coming to visit them. The floating house or canoe stops, a smaller one comes ashore with a man, dressed in red, and some others. He of the red coat must be the great Manitto, for the coat shone with something the red men could not account for, namely, the gold lace, but why has he a white skin? A large hockhack (bottle) is brought forwardby one of the Manitto's servants, and from this something liquid is poured into a small cup, the Manitto drinks, has the glass filled again, and offers it to the chief. The chief receives the glass, but only smells at it, and then passes it to the next chief, who does the same. The glass thus makes the round among all assembled, without any one having tasted its contents, and it is about to be returned to the Manitto, when one of the chiefs, a spirited man and great warrior, jumps up, addresses the assembly on the impropriety of returning the glass without doing with the contents what Manitto has shown to do with them, and declares that, since he believed it for the good of the nation, that the contents offered them, should be drank, and as no one was willing to drink, he would, no matter what the consequences might be. It was better in his opinion, for one man to die, than a whole nation to be destroyed.

He then took the glass, and bidding farewell to the assembly, emptied it into his mouth. Every eye was fixed on their resolute companion, to see what effect this would have on him, and he soon beginning to stagger about, and at last dropping to the ground, they bemoan him. He falls into a sleep, and they look upon him as expiring. He awakes again, jumps up, and declares that he never felt himself so happy as after he had drank the cup. He asks for more, his wish is granted ; the assembly soon joins him, and all become intoxicated." Rev. John Heckwelder, for many years a missionary to the Pennsylvania Indians during colonial times, to whom this tradition was told by aged members of his Indian flock, adds, that the Delawares called New York Island Mannahattaninch, or the place of general intoxication. Although the story, as told, seems to refer to the first landing of Hendrik Hudson, it looks very much as if two stories had been merged into one, for in colloquial Spanish we find the word monhado, meaning a drunken fellow, hence probably the name of the Manhates, and an indication of a previous Spanish visit.

The Indians of Manhattan and Long Island at first caused very little trouble to the first settlers of the State of New York, even though the measures of the local government towards their savage neighbors cannot be said to have been those of conciliation or prudence. At first the Indians had been treated fairly and kindly by the traders, but when these began to exercise fraud and treachery, confidence in the whites became impaired. Liquor, also, was frequently sold to them, although both their chiefs and the Director-General of the Province, made efforts to stop this dangerous traffic. Murders on Staten Island, perpetrated by a New Jersey branch of the Algonquins, called by the local name of Raritans, in September 1641, precipitated the hostile feeling between the Dutch and the Indians, already kindled by the wanton murder of a white man living at what is now the foot of East Forty-Fifth Street in New York. The tribal family of the murderer, the Wichquaes-

gecks of Westchester County, had been asked to surrender the criminal and had refused. A punitive expedition was sent out against them, but returned without having seen the enemy. Other murders, committed by Orange County and Manhattan Island Indians, led to new hostile expeditions against them, which resulted in the killing of many members of these tribes. When the two detachments returned to New Amsterdam, now New York, with prisoners and trophies, there was much exultation among the settlers, not seeing the Nemesis standing in the dark future, who was to smite the land with desolation and blood for deeds as barbarous and unjust as they were impolitic. To add to the enmity of the Indians, now spreading widely throughout the land, a foray was made, by inhabitants of a Long Island settlement against the Marechkawiecks, a peaceable tribe of the Algonquin family, living near the present Brooklyn, several of whom were killed in the defence of their property. By these various atrocities all the red men in the southern part of New York were aroused to a feeling of revenge, and became united against their common foe. Upwards of eleven local Algonquin tribes were soon in combination for the destruction of the whites, both on Manhattan Island and its vicinity. . Settlements were attacked and devastated, cattle and crops destroyed, houses burned, and the families on the farms killed or carried into captivity. Roger Williams, who was then at New Amsterdam, now New York, intending to sail for Europe, says of this desolation and havoc : "Before we weighed anchor mine eyes saw the flames of their towns and the flights and hurries of men, women and children, and the present removal of all that could for Holland!" With some difficulty a peace was made, according to which all injuries mutually received were to be forgiven, and the Indians were to give notice of any plots by other savages not represented in the treaty. A few months after the peace, an Indian chief, friendly to the Dutch, gave such warning, telling of the intentions of the Tankiteke (now Sullivan County) and Wap-

pinger (now Dutchess County) tribes to make under the lead of Pacham an attack on New Amsterdam. Before the preparations to resist this assault could be made, some boats laden with beaverskins and manned by Indians appeared in August, 1643; bent on trade, the Dutchmen were suddenly attacked and twelve of them killed. Long Island and Westchester County tribes disregarded the stipulations of the lately made treaty of peace, and joined the enemy Indians. But all were finally subdued and severely punished, so that when the time for planting their crops in the spring of 1644 came, some of the hostile tribes, the Weckquaesgecks and Crotons of Westchester County, the Wappingers of Dutchess County, and the Mattinecocks of Long Island made overtures for peace. The negotiations, often endangered by Indian forays coming to the wall, from which Wall Street in New York now has its name, continued until August 25th, 1645, when Sachems of the Hackingsacks, of the Tapaans, of the Mahicans, delegates of the Weckquaesgecks, Sint Sings, Kicktawanks, Wappinecks, Nayacks, all local Algonquin tribes, met the officers of the Colony in the open square of the fort, which stood facing the present Bowling Green in New York. There too were Mohawk ambassadors with their own interpreter, giving assent for the Great Iroquois Confederacy.

Ten years passed, during which this treaty, so solemnly made, was kept. No one of the inhabitants feared an invasion by the natives, even though one or the other settler might by ill treatment, have given reason for reprisal. At last even Indian patience gave way. An Indian squaw, gathering peaches in an orchard, was wantonly killed. This roused the ire of all neighboring tribes and they united to avenge her death. Stuyvesant, the Director-General, or Governor of the whole Colony, was absent on the lower Delaware with all his available forces to drive out the intruding Swedes, when he was recalled in all haste by the following letter from the members of his council, left behind at New Amsterdam: "In the morning of

the 15th, (of September, 1655) many armed savages came, forcibly entered the houses and killed some people. We opened fire upon them and they retreated to their canoes, of which there were sixty-four. Soon we saw the houses at Hoboken and Pavonia (now Jersey City) in flames. God has delivered us from a general massacre last night, for the savages are too hasty and rely too much on their superior numbers." The Indians, elated by their success on Manhattan Island and thirsting for still more blood, crossed over to Staten Island, where they killed and took prisoners twenty-three out of a population of ninety. This storm of Indian warfare raged for three days, during which one hundred of the Dutch were killed, one hundred and fifty were taken prisoners, and over three hundred lost all their property in buildings, clothing and food.

After this unexpected onslaught, New Amsterdam and the surrounding country on Long Island, Staten Island, in Westchester and New Jersey, were not again troubled by Indians swinging their tomahawks and war clubs, or filling the air with swift-flying arrows and hideous warwhoops, except of late years by the Indian actors in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

The farmers among the Dutch population had discovered good farming lands in the country on both sides of what is now called the Rondout Creek, and had begun to settle there shortly before the last attack on New Amsterdam. They had acquired the land in consonance with the rules of the West India Company, which said: "Whosever shall settle upon any land, shall first be obliged to satisfy the Indians for it," that is to say, they had paid for it. The first of these settlers came from the older settlement of Fort Orange, now Albany, in the neighborhood of which they had lived scattered in perfect security on their farms among what a cotemporary Jesuit missionary calls the most warlike, ferocious and irascible of all the Indian tribes, the Mohawks. Relying on a like security, they built their farm houses here and there in the midst of the acres,

honestly purchased, but they had not Mohawks as neighbors ; the surrounding woods were peopled by Mincis or Mahicans, a sub-tribe of the Algonquin race, who soon saw opportunities for plunder and scalps, to be gained by falling upon the isolated farms. Two such breaks of more than ordinary extensions had been made, when in 1661, Stuyvesant compelled these scattered farmers, for their own safety, to form a more compact settlement, which we now know as the flourishing city of Kingston in Ulster County. The new village was guarded by a stockade and a small garrison, but had to submit to an Indian surprise with accompanying loss of life and property in 1663. This led to a war against the Esopus Indians, the local Algonquin tribe, which resulted in their defeat by the Dutch, the destruction of their fort in the fastnesses of the Shawangunk Mountains, and their complete subjection forever. The New York tribes of the Algonquin race disappeared with this Esopus war from history, showing themselves henceforth only as grantors in deeds for land, and as the subjects of the numerically smaller, but more powerful Iroquois.

I have told you that the map of 1614 puts the Iroquois east of Lake Champlain. The first European traveler, however, who has left us a cartographic account of them, the Chevalier Champlain, places the eastern division of them on New York soil along the south shore of Lake Ontario as far west as the western boundary line of Pennsylvania. This division became known as the Five, later, Six Nations, and we shall have to do only with them to-night, mentioning the western division, composed of Wyandots or Hurons, of Neutrals, of Erigas or Eries, and of Andastes only, to tell of their extinction by the Five Nations.

When Champlain arrived in Canada, the Five Nations were engaged in a deadly war with all the Algonquin tribes within their reach, and it is remarkable, that an Iroquois nation, the Wyandots or Hurons, were the head and principal support of the Algonquin Confederacy. This fratri-

cidal war continued with intermissions during the first three-quarters of the seventeenth century, and resulted in the extinction of the Eries or Cat Nation and of the Andastes, while of the Neutrals only a remnant survived at a village called Gandougarac, under the control of the Senecas, and the Wyandots or Hurons were pushed northward into what is now Canada.

Already before the arrival of the Europeans the Five Nations had acquired a decided superiority over their Algonquin neighbors, and several causes may be assigned for this ascendency. Their geographical position was fortunate and they had the wisdom to remain concentrated in their primitive seats, instead of extending and spreading themselves, even at the time of their greatest successes. Wide ranges of mountains on the south side of Lake Ontario on the north protected them against any sudden or dangerous attack ; swift-flowing streams, the Mohawk running east, the Allegany west, gave them means to make rapid descents on their enemies in either direction. What was of still greater importance, particularly in savage warfare, they were without doubt more brave and more ferocious than any of the other nations.

Their five tribes were, from east and west, the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. Domine Megapolensis, pastor of the Reformed Church at Albany from 1642 to 1649, gives this account of the most eastern tribe, the Mohawks :

"They are divided into three families, which are called Ochkari, Anaware and Oknaho, that is the Bear, the Tortoise and the Wolf. Of these the Tortoise is the greatest and most eminent ; they boast that they are the eldest children of their mother, who fell down from heaven and landed upon a tortoise, swimming in the water, which then covered the whole earth. This woman sitting on the turtle grabbed with her hands in the water and scratched up some earth, whence it finally happened that the earth became elevated above the water. This Turtle family have made a fort of palisades, which they call Asserué, near the present village of Fort Hunter in Montgomery County.

The Bear family are the next to the west and their castle is called Banagoid, near Indian Castle, in Herkimer County. The Wolf family are a progeny of the Bears and have a castle called Thenondiogo, near Canajoharie.

"They are entire strangers to religion," continues the Domine, "but they have a being, upon whom they look as upon their God ; but they do not serve or present offerings to him. They worship and present offerings to the devil, whom they call Otskon. If they are unlucky in war, they catch a bear, cut it in pieces, which they roast and then offer to Otskon with the words : Oh, great and mighty Otskon, we know that we have offended against thee, inasmuch as we have not captured, killed and eaten any of our enemies, forgive us this. We promise that we will kill and eat all the prisoners whom we shall take hereafter as certainly as we have killed and now shall eat this bear."

"These Indians are very slovenly and dirty ; they wash neither their face nor their hands, but let all dirt remain upon their yellow skin, and look as dirty as hogs. The government among them consists of the oldest, the most sensible, the best speaking, and most warlike men. These commonly resolve what the younger men have to execute. But if the common people do not approve of the resolution, it is left entirely to the determination of the crowd. The chiefs are generally the poorest among them, for instead of their receiving from the common people, as among Christians, they are obliged to give to the mob. There is no legal punishment here for murder and other villainies, but every one takes the law into his own hand. But although they are so cruel and live without laws, or any punishment for evil doers, yet there are not half so many villainies or murders committed among them as among Christians. They do not, or at least very seldom, kill people, unless it may be in a great passion or in a hand to hand fight. Wherefore we go wholly unconcerned along with the Indians and meet each other an hour's walk off in the woods, without doing any harm to one another."

This description of the Mohawks applied to the other four of the Five Nations, and the immunity with which a Dutchman could go among them dates from the first meeting of Mohawks with Hendrik Hudson in September, 1609, a meeting of greater importance to the United States, than

it is usually thought. Hudson introduced the Indians to fire-water, which has become to them a more deadly enemy, although more insinuating, than the firearms, with whose messengers of death they had become acquainted a few months before, when they had met Champlain at the head of an Algonquin war party near the lake, now bearing his name, and had by him been fired at with a most disastrous result, for the war-chief of the Mohawks had been killed. The Mohawks and their brother tribes never forgot these two introductions ; the former, to powder and ball, had made them most bitter and irreconcilable enemies of the French, the latter, to fire-water, had as strongly attached them to the Dutch, and when the French found that Hudson's River was more convenient for trade and other reasons, than the St. Lawrence, and therefore wanted to drive the handful of Dutch settlers from the valley of the Hudson, the Mohawks said : "No, you French cannot come there, for there our friends, the Dutch, live." If the Hudson valley had become an annex to French Canada, the so-called Old French Indian wars from 1755 to 1760, would not have resulted in the overthrow of French rule north of us.

From Champlain to Montcalm, one hundred and fifty years, the French, by diplomacy and religion, by threats and by flatteries, and by all the resources of Gallic wit, address and force, had endeavored to gain over the Iroquois to their king and cause ; but ever loyal to the covenant made in early colonial days with the Dutch settlers of Albany, and confirmed by the surrender of New Netherland to the English, they adhered to the Teutonic race. They stood as a stone wall, a breakwater, keeping off the storm and tide of French aggression, and assisted the English colonies, who fed the Indian's strength, to win from the Gaul and from Latin ideas of civilization, what are now some of the most important States of the Union.

We first meet them in the description of Virginia by Captain John Smith, who encountered a band of Iroquois

in several canoes on Chesapeake Bay in 1607, going to war against Powhattan"s tribe of Virginia Indians. At the time of Hudson's visit, in 1609, they were in possession of the territory between the Connecticut and Genesee Rivers, upon which they afterwards continued to reside until near the close of the last century, and within the boundaries of which some of them still have their reservations under treaties with the United States and with the State of New York. At that time the Five Nations, into which they had become subdivided, were united in a league, called the League of the Iroquois or the Ho-De-No-Sau-Nee. The project of this organization was first suggested by the Onondagas as a means to enable them more effectually to resist the pressure of contiguous nations. After the formation of the league, the Iroquois rapidly rose in power and influence. It gave them additional strength by concentration of effort ; a constant increase of numbers by the unity of the race, and a firmer establishment through their more ample means for self-protection and foreign conquest. One of the first results of their federal system was a universal spirit of aggression, a thirst for military glory and political aggrandizement, which made the old forests of America, from New England to the Mississippi, from the northern confines of the Great Lakes to the mountains of Tennesse and the Carolinas, resound with the dreaded warwhoops of the Iroquois. The name even of the Iroquois had become a terror among their neighbors of the Algonquin race. Cadwallader Colden, Royal Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New York, says in his history of the Five Nations, published in the middle of the last century : "I have been told by old men in New England, who remembered the time, when the Mohawks or Iroquois made war on their Indians, that as soon as a single Mohawk was discovered in their country, their Indians raised a cry from hill to hill, 'a Mohawk,' 'a Mohawk,' upon which they fled like sheep before wolves, without attempting to make the least resistance."

Since this Iroquois race must ever figure upon the opening pages of the history of our State, it becomes our duty to inquire into their mode of government, in which we shall discover that the territory occupied by them, was ruled by a retinue of officials, according to a defined system of laws, each member of the league having its own organized government, shaped and directed by the will of the majority, and the Five Nations confederated together in a barbarian republic upon the unique plan afterwards adopted by our States and our National Republic.

Tradition has preserved the name of Da-ga-no-we-da, a wise man of the Onondagas, as the founder of the League, and points to the north shore of Onondaga Lake as the place where the first council-fire was kindled, around which the chiefs and wise men of the several nations were gathered, and where, after a debate of many days, its establishment was effected.

The central government was organized and administered upon the same principles which regulated that of each nation in its separate capacity; the individual nations sustaining nearly the same relation to the League, that our States now bear to the Union, This organization was externally so obscure, that many people believed the relations between ruler and people were simply those of chief and followers,—the earliest and lowest political relation between man and man,—but in reality the Iroquois had a well organized systematic government.

At the institution of the League fifty prominent sachemships were created, with a special name for each, which descended to the successors, and in the sachems, who held these titles were vested the supreme powers of the confederacy. The names translated into English are peculiarly Indian, but do not give us any idea of what the first bearer of it had to do, with the exception of four. These four were "Tangled," of the Bear family in the Onondaga tribe, which was considered the most dignified title of the fifty, "A Long String," and "On the Watch," of the same family

and tribe, were the hereditary counsellors of "Tangled," and "Ho-no-we-na-to," of the Wolf family in the Onondaga tribe, who was the keeper of the wampum or records. I must leave the translation of his name to my hearers. Other names of these Indian Senators were "Small Speech," "Man Covered with Cat-tail Down," "Man Swallowing Himself," "Large Mouth," "Hair Burned Off."

These titles were hereditary in the totem families of which each nation was composed, that is to say, in the families of the Turtle, the Bear, the Wolf, the Beaver, the Deer, the Heron, the Snipe, and the Hawk, and they have been borne by the sachems of the Iroquois from the formation of the League to the present time. Of these totem families the Senecas had eight, the Cayugas eight, the Onondagas eight, the Oneidas three, and the Mohawks three, but the sachemships were not distributed altogether on the lines of the totem, for while the Senecas, the most powerful of the Five Nations, had eight titles, the Cayugas, with the same number of totems, had ten sachemships, the Onondagas had fourteen, and the Oneidas and Mohawks, each with only three totem families, the Turtle, the Bear and the Wolf, had each nine sachemships. We would suppose that a larger body of sachems of one tribe would exercise a greater influence in general council, but we shall see that as each nation or tribe had only one voice, this disparity gave no increase of power.

Another apparent inequality between the nations of the League is observable in the award of the two highest military chieftainships to the Senecas, of whom the eighth sachem, "Open Door," was charged with the duty of watching the door of the Long House, the emblem of the political capitol of the League, and to whom a sub-sachem, or assistant, was given, to act as runner, attendant, and counsellor. This feature is explained by the circumstance, that when the Iroquois constructed their political edifice, the Long House, with its door opening to the west, they

admitted the supposition, that all their enemies were to be expected from that direction, and on placing the Senecas as a permanent shield before its western entrance, these war-captains were chosen from that tribe, as among the means needful for its protection.

The Mohawks, living in the extreme east of the Iroquois territory, were appointed receivers of tribute from subjugated nations, of whom most lived eastward of this tribe.

The Onondaga Nation, being situated in a central position, were made the keepers both of the Council Brand and of the Wampum, in which the structure and principles of their government and their laws and treaties were recorded. At stated periods, usually in the autumn of each year, the sachems of the League assembled at Onondaga, which was in effect the seat of government, to legislate for the common welfare. Exigencies of a public or domestic character often led to the summoning of this council at extraordinary seasons at other places than Onondaga.

The several sachems in whom, when sitting in the Long House, were vested the supreme powers of the League, formed when at home in their tribal territory, the ruling bodies of their respective nations. As the sachems of each nation stood upon a perfect equality, in authority and privileges, the measure of influence was determined entirely by individual talents and address. In the councils of the nation, which were of frequent occurrence, all business of tribal concern was transacted, and although the questions moved on such occasions would be finally settled by the opinions of the sachems, yet such was the spirit of the Iroquois system of government, that the influence of the inferior chiefs, of the warriors, and even of the women, would make itself felt, whenever the subject itself aroused a general public interest. Indian treaties and deeds for land, preserved among the archives of the State, seem to indicate that whenever the question before the tribal council related to the sale of land, certain women, called the "Governesses," were consulted and had a vote. This was

no more than right, for upon the women of the tribe devolved the duty of tilling the land and raising the corn and beans, the Indian's staple of consumption.

The councils of the League were of three distinct kinds, and they may be designated under the heads of civil, religious and ceremonial. Their civil councils, or the "advising together," (Ho-de-os-seh,) were such as convened to transact business with foreign nations, like a Committee of the Whole on Foreign Relations of our United States Senate, and to regulate the internal administration of the confederacy. The religious councils were, as the name imports, devoted to religious observances. The ceremonial or mourning councils (Hen-nun-do-nuh-seh) were summoned to "raise up" sachems to fill such vacancies as had been occasioned by death or deposition, and also to ratify the investiture of such chiefs as the nation had raised up in reward of public services. This latter act was similar to the mustering into the United States service of volunteer officers, commissioned by the governor of a state.

The mode of voting in civil council was peculiarly Indian. All the sachems of the League, fifty in number, were required to be of "one mind," to give efficacy to their legislation. Unanimity was the fundamental law. The idea of majorities and minorities was entirely unknown. To arrive at unanimity required much time, as you can well imagine from this picture of the proceedings. The founders of the confederacy, wishing to obviate as far as possible altercation in council and to facilitate their progress to unanimity, divided the sachems of each nation into three to five classes, the Mohawks, Oneidas and Cayugas had three, the Onondagas five and the Senecas four classes of sachems. No sachem was permitted to express his individual opinion in council until he had consulted with the others of his class upon the opinion to be expressed, and had been commissioned to act as their speaker. Then the speakers of each class would come together to agree upon the decision of their nation, likewise appointing a speaker. The seve-

ral nations having by this ingenuous method become of one mind separately, it only remained to compare their several opinions, as expressed by the five tribal speakers, and to arrive at the final sentiment of the League by a conference between them. This very rule of unanimity led to the disruption of the League. If any sachem was obdurate or unreasonable, and could not see the question under consideration in the light in which his collegues wished him to see it, and when consequently all efforts to produce unanimity failed of success, the whole matter was laid aside. All the great wars, in which the whole League has taken part, were the result of a unanimous decision. But at the beginning of the great struggle for independence, the throes with which the United States were born, the Iroquois could not agree in council, which side to take as a unit. A number of the Oneida sachems firmly resisted the assumption of hostilities, (probably saying in their own language, "It is none of our funeral,") and thus defeated the measure as an act of the League, for the want of unanimity. Some of the nations, however, notably the Mohawks, were so closely connected with the British, (I remind you of Molly Brant,) that neutrality was impossible. Under this pressure of circumstances, it was resolved in council to suspend the rule of unanimity, and leave each nation to engage in the war on whichever side they thought proper. The League has never acted as a unit since that day.

Next to the sachems, in position, stood the Chiefs, an inferior class of rulers, the very existence of whose office was contrary to the spirit of the Iroquois oligarchy.

When the power of the Long House began to develop under the system of oligarchies within an oligarchy, there sprang up around the sachems a class of warriors, distinguished for bravery and enterprise upon the war-path, and eloquence in convention, who demanded some share in the administration of public affairs. As this would have required a radical change in the frame-work of the govern

ment, the sachems, for a long period, objected to the creation of a new order, but they were finally compelled to yield, when this class became too powerful and overbearing, and they admitted all, thought worthy of the honor, to the subaltern station of Chiefs. The necessity for creating this class arose subsequent to the commencement of intercourse with the white people. The office of Chief, or "Elevated Name," was made elective, and the reward of merit, but not hereditary like sachems. No limit to the number of chiefs in any nation was established. After their election, they were raised up, that is commissioned, by a council of their nation, but they had to be confirmed by a general council of the League. At first their powers were extremely limited, and confined to a participation in the local affairs of their own nation, in the management of which they acted as the counsellors and assistants of the sachems, rather than as rulers.

In the years 1714–15 the confederacy of the Five Nations received a great accession of strength. Southwards about the head-waters of the Neuse and Tar Rivers in North Carolina, and separated from their kindred tribes by the intervening Algonquin communities, dwelt the Tuscaroras, a warlike people, belonging to the generic stock of the Iroquois. The wrongs inflicted by white settlers and their own undistinguishing vengeance, involved them in a war with the colonists, which resulted in their defeat and expulsion. They emigrated northward to the Five Nations, whose allies they had been in former wars with southern tribes, and were now gladly received, being admitted as a sixth nation into their confederacy, but they were never allowed to have a sachem, who could sit as an equal in the council of sachems. He was in the same position as to-day a delegate from a territory in the House of Representatives at Washington. He had a seat on the floor of the Long House, but no vote. Part of the Oneida territory was assigned to them as their home, and at a subsequent period the Senecas gave them a tract on Niag-

ara River, where their descendants still occupy a reservation near Lewistown. After their admission the Iroquois, who had so far been called by the English the "Five Nations" were known by them under the name of the "Six Nations."

The government sat lightly upon the people, who in effect were governed but little. It secured to each that individual independence which the Iroquois knew how to prize as well as our forefathers, who threw off the yoke of Great Britain.

The powers and duties of the sachems and chiefs were entirely of a civil character and confined, by the organic laws of the League, to the affairs of peace. No sachem could go upon the warpath in his official capacity as a civil ruler. If moved by his belligerent spirit to make an expedition for plunder or scalps against a nation outside of the League, he laid aside his civil office for the time being and became a common warrior. It was lawful for any warrior to organize a war party, and he enlisted all who were impelled by the same desire for plunder or gore, by first giving a war-dance. In such ways many expeditions originated, for a favorite leader, who had acquired the confidence of his people by previous warlike achievements, had not to pay any enlisting bounties, but was soon surrounded by willing followers. Many of the bellicose transactions of the Iroquois were probably nothing but such private expeditions and personal adventures. A war, in which the whole League took part, was officered differently. There was no distinct class of war-chiefs, raised up and appointed to command the army, nor do the sachems appear to have had the power of creating such general officers. But to obviate the dangerous consequences of disagreement, when the several nations were prosecuting a common war and their forces united into one body, the founders of the League had established two supreme war-chieftainships, and given them to the Senecas, as the doorkeepers of the League, who would first take the warpath

to drive back an invader. The officers as well as the names were hereditary, like the sachemships with their names, but the names of these war captains did not carry with them a martial sound. They were "Needle Breaker," and "Great Oyster Shell."

When, after the establishment of friendly relations with the Dutch settlers of Albany, the Iroquois came into the possession of firearms, in the use of which they rapidly became experts, they soon began to make rapid strides towards the supremacy over other Indian nations. In 1643 they expelled the Neuter Nation from the Niagara peninsula, now Niagara County, and established a permanent settlement at the mouth of that river. They nearly extinguished the Eries, who like the Neuters apparently belonged to the same linguistic family as the Iroquois. The Jesuit Relations for 1654 inform us, that in May of that year some Onondagas came to Montreal to return some French prisoners in their hands. They told Onontio, the "Big Mountain," as they called the Governor of Canada: "Our young men will no longer fight against you French; but as they are too great warriors to do anything else than fight, we let you know that we shall carry our arms against the Eries, alias the Cat Nation. The earth shall tremble on that side while everything is quiet here." This war, thus announced, settled the fate of the Eries as an independent tribe, and another war, begun two years later, in 1656, but lasting sixteen years, until 1672, nearly wiped out another tribe in our sister State, Pennsylvania, the Andastes or Guyandots, whose chief town is supposed to have been near the present Pittsburgh.

In the same year, 1672, the Five Nations subdued and made tributary the Shawnees, who, according to the English geographer, Mitchell, of the last century, were the original proprietors of the country west of the Alleghanies. The efforts, successfully made by the Five Nations to push westward, did not please the French, for these Indians, still faithful to New York, still keeping the Covenant Chain,

made at Albany, bright and unbroken, brought the English to the western lakes, and after exterminating the Eries, made war upon the Twightwees or Miamis of Ohio, and other nations, who yielded the most profitable trade to the French. At a conference between the French and the Five Nations, held at Kayahoge, supposed to be Salmon River, the latter gave as one reason for their war against the Miamis, that these had brought the Satanas or Shawnees into their country to assist them in their struggle. The war was disastrous to the western nations and others in the French interest, for the Five Nations of New York added to the population of their villages many prisoners taken in the West.

In August, 1692, the Commander-in-Chief of New York was informed that Satanas Indians, lately at war with the Five Nations, had come, numbering one hundred warriors, as far as the Delaware river, to negotiate a peace with the New York Indians. It was considered that such a peace would vastly contribute to their Majesties' interest, as then the Five Nations could more forcibly wage war on the French, while a war against the more distant Shawnees "much diverted and hindered them in their efforts against Canada." The Shawnees were invited to come to New York for deliberation of their project, and came, led by a Seneca chief, Malisit, who was returning with them from an expedition he had made as far west as the present Chicago. He, for his part, favored a peace with the Shawnees, but he had not considered what his tribal brethren would say to this plan of opening a direct intercourse between their enemies, the Shawnees, and their friends, the English. As soon as the news of these intentions reached the villages of the Five Nations, the Long House informed the Governor and Council of New York, that a treaty as proposed, could not be made without their consent, and only in their presence. Their jealousy was cleverly appeased by a message from Governor Fletcher, and when they met him in conference in July, 1693, they said: "We are glad

that the Shawnees, have made their application for protection to you last of all, and that you sent them hither to Albany to make peace with us." They were now admitted to the Covenant Chain and reported that three hundred of their tribe were to follow them east in a short time. Their adherence to the English interest lasted for some years, for during Queen Ann's war, they sent war parties to assist the Senecas against the French, but in 1736 they refused to follow the evil advices given by their old allies, the Iroquois, and would not take up the hatchet against the French.

The readiness of the Governor of New York to enter into a treaty of peace with the far western tribes, and to have the Five Nations live in peace with them, was part of the colonial Indian policy of the government. The Five Nations had already, in 1687, admitted that to make peace with the far nations, which name includes all living west of New York, was well-meant advice, but in 1699 they had not yet made up their minds to follow it.

To give you a complete picture of the position which these New York Indians held in the history, not only of our State but also of the United States, I must continue telling of their wars against other Indian nations, and I shall, later on, speak of their wars against the white people, both of French and of English nationality.

Notwithstanding the efforts made by New York to induce the Five Nations to make peace with the Miamis, efforts which the Board of Trade in London and Governor Spottswood of Virginia urged on, and notwithstanding the wishes of the Miamis to the same effect, the first half of the eighteenth century had nearly run its course before these Ohio Valley Indians were admitted to the New York Covenant Chain. At an Indian treaty, held at Lancaster, Penn., in 1748, the Iroqouis presented some deputies from their former enemies, with the request to have them considered as bound by the Covenant.

Negotiations to allow another nation, the Waganhaes of

Michigan, to come into the Covenant, were of a similar tedious character. Onondagas informed the Governor of New York in 1701, that the Waganhaes wanted to make peace with the Five Nations. and had appointed the "huntting place, called Tinghsagheonde," now Detroit, for the meeting. They wanted an agent of New York to be present. If none was sent, then Dekanisore, the great sachem of the Onondagas, declared he would never concern himself again in public affairs. A messenger, who had been sent to look into the matter, reported that a treaty with the Waganhaes was really meant to be negotiated, and then the Commissioners for Indian Affairs sent deputies to represent Corlaer, the Indians' name for England, at the treaty, and to tell the Five Nations, that they must be on their guard at Detroit, for Onondaga, where the Long House of the confederacy stood, should have been selected as the place of meeting. The negotiations at Detroit were apparently not quite satisfactory, or resulted only in a truce between the warring tribes, for in April, 1709, a message reached the Governor of New York from the Five Nations, that four tribes of the Waganhaes wanted to make peace, and had again named the place for a conference. The Five Nations remembered the reminder given them on the former occasion, refused to go to the place appointed by the western Indians, and named a place in their own territory. A New York agent was again sent to be present at the meeting, in order to secure for the Province free trade with the West. But Indian peace treaties seem to have had very little binding force, and required always additional pow-wows. In 1710 the far nations, including the Waganhaes, wanted to come into the Covenant Chain, but a year later the Five Nations of New York asked the Governor for powder and lead to go to war against the Waganhaes. There were, however, refused. We do not know when the peace between these hostile tribes became final, but may presume it was perfected in the following decade, as Captain Peter Schuyler, sent as agent to live among the

Five Nations for a year, received the following instructions in September, 1721: "You are to inform all the far nations, that the road through the Five Nations for trade with this Province shall be kept open and clean." His brother Abraham, who relieved him the next year, was told to promise to the far nations a free passage through the country of the Iroquois, and to inform them, that he was settled in the Seneca country for their ease and encouragement.

In 1680 we learn of a war party of six hundred Senecas in the country of the Illinois nation upon the banks of the Mississippi River, while La Salle was there, preparing to descend that river to the sea. So great was the dread and consternation of the Illinois, that they were inclined to abandon their villages and retire from the country to escape the fury of the all—conquering Iroquois. At various times, both before and after this period, the Iroquois turned their warfare against the Cherokees along the Tennessee River, and the Catawbas in South Carolina, frequently returning from their distant expeditions with numerous captives, to prove the fish stories told of their invasions. All the intermediate country between the Alleghany Mountains and the Tennessee acknowledged their authority, and the latter river became the southern boundary. I have already told you what terror the appearance of a single Mohawk would cause among the Indians of New England. No distant solitude or rugged fastness was too obscure or too difficult of access to escape their visitation; no enterprise was too perilous, no fatigue too great, for their courage and endurance. The fame of their achievements resounded over the continent. Up to the year 1700 the Iroquois were involved in an almost uninterrupted warfare, and at the end of this period they had subdued and held in nominal subjection all the principal Indian nations occupying the territory now embraced in the Northern States, east of the Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and West Virginia, Maryland, a portion of the New England

States, and the largest part of Upper Canada, or as it is now called, the Province of Ontario. Over these nations the haughty and imperious Indians of New York exercised a constant supervision. If any of them became involved in domestic difficulties, a delegation of Iroquois chiefs went among them and restored tranquility, prescribing at the same time their future conduct or punishing the whole tribe for their misbehavior. In this way the Delawares on the lower Delaware and Susquehannah Rivers were forbidden by the New York Indians to go out on the warpath, and, according to Indian notions, were given the petticoat with the title of women, who henceforth had to confine themselves to pursuits appropriate to the Indian female, that is caring for the pappoose, hauling wood on the toboggan, having always a meal ready, when the lord and master of the wigwam came home, and tilling the few yards of corn and bean plantation. A treaty which Sir William Johnson, the great Indian Commissioner of New York in colonial times, held with the Indians of his department in 1756, and which the Delawares attended, was concluded by Sir William with the ceremony of taking off from these humbled Algonquin followers of the Iroquois, the petticoat and that, to a warrior, invidious name of woman. This was done in the name of their "father, the great King of England," with the promise to induce the Iroquois to do the same. As soon after the Delawares acted independently from their former masters, it is most likely that Sir William's well-meant and good natured, but impolitic example was followed, for they soon joined the French and later, in Pontiac's conspiracy.

When we see these redmen of New York going as far afield as the Mississippi for the sake of glory and plunder, we need not wonder that their immediate neighbors on the St. Lawrence, the French, had constant visits from them, in which they gratified their feelings of hate and revenge, and which continued with more or less frequency from 1640 to 1700, interrupted occasionally by negotiations and

brief intervals of peace. As the Iroquois possessed both banks of the upper St. Lawrence and the shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, they intercepted the fur trade, which the French were anxious to maintain with the nations living farther West, for upon this trade much of the prosperity of the new colony depended, furnishing the chief article of export and yielding most profitable returns, while it also gave to the Jesuit missionaries the welcome chance of spreading Christianity among the western nations. But the war parties of the League ranged through these territories so constantly, that it was impossible for the French to pass in safety through the lakes or even up the St. Lawrence above Montreal. Their traders were captured and the rich furs of the West not only became the spoils of the victors, but the traders themselves were often led into captivity and perhaps to the stake. So great was the fear of these unexpected attacks, that both the traders and the missionaries were obliged to ascend the Ottawa river from Montreal up to near its source, and then cross over to the Sault St. Marie and the shores of Lake Superior. One of these Jesuit missionaries became the first priest of his church, who officiated in the city or State of New York, and he did so unintentionally, for when brought into the present State, he was a prisoner of the Iroquois. His history, while a prisoner, is such a monument of piety, religious enthusiasm, personal bravery, and heroic firmness, and at the same time an example of how far the Iroquois could go in their ferocious cruelty to their prisoners, that I give you here a brief outline of it culled from his own writings.

Father Isaac Jogues was stationed with others of his order on the shores of Lake Superior, when necessities arose, which required one of the party to return to Quebec and procure what was needed. Father Jogues was sent, and having transacted the business which had brought him down, he and a party of forty, of whom a few were Frenchmen, the rest French Indians of the Algonquin race, started back in August, 1642, on their long journey to the mission

in the wilderness. On the second day after leaving Three Rivers they were attacked by seventy Mohawks, who took most of Jogue's party prisoners. One of the Frenchmen had killed during the fight one of the bravest of the enemy, and in order to revenge this loss on the spot, Father Jogues says: "he was first stripped naked, all his nails torn out, his very fingers gnawed, and a broad sword driven through his right hand. Then they fell upon me, and with their fists, thongs and clubs beat me till I fell senseless. Scarcely had I begun to breathe again, when some others attacking me, tore out by biting almost all my fingernails, and crunched my two forefingers with their teeth." The same was done to another Frenchman of the party, but the Huron captives were left untouched. In this condition the Jesuit Father had to march barefooted from the St. Lawrence to the village of his captors on the Mohawk. He remained a prisoner of the tribe for about a year, when, through the instrumentality of the Dutch Reformed Minister at Fort Orange, he found a chance to escape to New Amsterdam, and thence return to France. The efforts of the Dutch authorities at Fort Orange to ransom him had always met with this answer from the Mohawks: "We shall show you, the Dutch, every kindness in our power, but on this subject you must be silent. Besides, you know well, how they, the French, treat our people, when they fall into their hands." Not frightened by the treatment which he had received on the occasion of his first rather unwilling visit to New York State, Father Jogues, after recovering his health, came back to Canada and thinking the Mohawk villages a good field for missionary work, he requested to be sent to them. His request was granted. He left Three Rivers in September, 1646, had passed Lake George, and was within two day's march of his destination, when he came upon a war party of the Mohawks, who again treated him with unmerciful beatings. "You shall not be burned," the captors told the brave priest, "you shall die beneath our hatchets, and your head shall be

fixed on our palisades, to show your brethren whom we take." This threat was carried out shortly after, and the Catholic church may well be proud of their first priest in the State of New York, while they should not forget what their ecclesiastical enemies, the Dutch colonists, did and tried to do for their hero.

The French of Canada were extremely anxious, either to detach the Iroquois from the English and gain their alliance, or to reduce them to subjection by conquest. They tried each successively and in both were equally defeated. The untractable and politic Iroquois were averse to the former and too powerful for the latter. On many occasions the ambassadors of the League appeared at Montreal and Quebec to negotiate with the French Governor for an adjustment of the difficulties and the exchange of prisoners. Some of these negotiations would lead to peace, or at least an armistice, but these respites from warfare were only of short duration. Such a covenant of peace between the New York Indians and the French in Canada was made in 1666; but a few weeks after signing the treaty the Governor of Canada writes to the magistrates of Albany: "The Iroquois have always broken their word, (they never did it to the Dutch or English) and made use of so many cruelties that it would not be prudent to lose the opportunity of destroying them. . . . They never fail, notwithstanding the obligations they owe us, to commit many acts of hostility towards the people under our government." The ravages committed upon the French settlements were so frequent and disastrous, as to place the colony in imminent peril. To retaliate for these frequent inroads, and if possible to prevent their recurrence, the country of the Iroquois was in turn often invaded by the French, but after the most toilsome expeditions, prepared at great expense, into the heart of the wilderness of New York, now so highly cultivated and prosperous farmland, they returned without having accomplished sufficient to reward them for the fatigues and perils of the enterprise. In 1665

Governor de Courcelles, of Canada, led a strong party into the country of the Mohawks, but the hardships they encountered rendered it necessary for them to return without having accomplished their purpose. The next year a detachment of twelve hundred French and six hundred of their Indian allies, renewed the invasion with better success. They captured Te-a-ton-ta-lo-ga (now one of the principal villages of the Mohawks, at the mouth of Schoharie Creek, but after destroying the town and the stores of corn found in the caches, they were obliged to retire without meeting an opposing force, for it was the policy of the Iroquois never to enter into a fight with an enemy whom they knew to be superior in numbers, and armed with more effective weapons than the tomahawks and bows and arrows.

Again in 1684, Governor de la Barre, of Canada, entered the country of the Onondagas with about eighteen hundred men. He reached Hungry Bay, of Lake Ontario, met a delegation of Indian chiefs, and after exchanging recriminations and mutual defiance, a species of armistice was made without a blow having been struck.

This is the Indian's account of de la Barre's expedition, and the cause for re-opening hostilities a few years later.

"Governor de la Barre," is their tale, "came with an army to Cayuhaga, a day's journey from Onondaga. Peace was made there and then, which we observed, but the Ottawawas (French Indians) included in this peace murdered the Seneca chief Aanhaak, who had gone to the Ottawawa Castle for trade, even though the Black Gown there (meaning the missionary priest) endeavoured to save him. Young Seneca warriors, in retaliation, captured an Ottawawa chief, to give him to Aanhaax' family, but while trying to run away he was killed. This is all the evil we have done to the French and their Indians, except that with Corlaer's, that the Governors of New York, permission we have plundered all Frenchmen coming to our side of the lake without a pass from the Governor of Canada."

The next expedition was made in 1687 by a force of 2000 Frenchmen and 600 Indians, who started from Kingston, Canada, and landed in Irondequoit Bay in the territory of the Senecas. I shall again let the sachems of the Senecas tell the story, which is a continuation of the preceding, a report of "How the French invaded their country," made to Governor Dongan, at Albany, in August, 1687. They begin this report with the statement, that four or five years before the Governor of Canada had requested them to plunder all such of his people as came trading without his pass, "which we did, taking however only their brandy and leaving them their furs. Three years ago we met a party of Frenchmen near the castle of the Kichtagoes (Illinois), our enemies, to whom they were bringing powder, lead and guns, which we did not like and we took away these goods, throwing them into the water. Besides thirty years ago a French priest was killed, when we took a castle of our enemies, which business the French always rip up. A short time ago Onontio, the Indian's name for France, or the French Governor of Canada, sent us word to come and speak with him at Cadarachqui, (Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, Canada,) but we refused, being English subjects. Then we were told that he meant war on us, and upon learning that he had been seen with many canoes halfway between Cadarachqui and Onondaga, we sent one hundred men to reconnoiter. A French bark was seen off Irondequoit, a canoe with four men went out to hail them and inquire what they wanted, but the messengers were told, "Enustogan horrio Squa," (the Devil take you.) A warparty of Indians came as friends of the French overland from the setting sun, and as the forces against us were overwhelming, we resolved to carry our wives, children and old men to Cayuga, and to a lake south of the Seneca castle, near Victor in Ontario County. The men who had escorted the women to a place of safety, coming back joined the 350 young men living in this neighborhood on Canandaigua Lake and in the village, situated

at the bend of Honeoye outlet, west of Mendon, Monroe County. They were all young men, say the sachems in their report, so eager to fall on the enemy, that the officers could not put them in the proper position for an engagement ; they went about half a league from the castle to a small hill, and there waited for the French army, but the officers could not persuade them to be in order, all being so fiery to engage and having scouts out, they were informed that the enemy was approaching and how they marched, namely the right and left wings being Indians, and the centre French. When they came in sight of our men, whom they did not see, they sat down to rest and the Indians, their allies, likewise. Our men seeing this advanced upon the left wing, the Indians, which the French perceiving, they stood by their arms and gave the first volley. They were immediately followed therein by the Indians on their left, whereupon the Senecas answered also with a volley. This occasioned so much smoke that they could hardly see one another, wherefore they immediately run in and came to handy blows ; they put the left wing to the flight and when that wing was broken they charged and fired upon the French, who retired about 150 paces and then stood still. Our men continued the fight with their hatchets, but perceiving at last that the French were too numerous and would not give way, some of the Senecas began to retreat which made the French Indians call out "The Senecas Run," and the rest hearing that followed the first party which had given way. In their retreat they were pursued about half a mile, and if the enemy had followed farther, the Senecas would have lost abundance of people, because they carried off their wounded and were resolved to stick to them and not leave them. The Seneca army numbered 100 men and 350 boys and among them five women, who fought as well as the men, and were bound not to leave their husbands, but intended to live and die with them." In reply to Governor Dongan's advice, that they had better make peace with the Indian na-

tions, living west of them, as that would weaken the French, they said : "We intend to wage war with the French as long as we have a man left."

The advantages derived by Governor de Nonville in this campaign of 1687, must be considered small, even though the losses of the Senecas in buildings and crops were considerable. The village in the neighborhood of which the just described fight took place, was destroyed, so was Da-yo-de-hok-to on the Honeoye outlet, where the French Governor took formal possession of the Seneca country in the name of France, a ceremony of equal value as that of Nine Tailors in Tooley Street, London, who declared themselves the government of England. Four other villages with their extensive corn fields, then growing, were devastated and then the French army retired.

To retaliate for this invasion, a formidable party of Iroquois made a few months later a sudden descent on Fort Chambly, near Montreal. Unable to capture the fort, which was well defended by the garrison, they ravaged the adjacent settlements and returned with a number of captives. About the same time a party of 800 attacked Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, Canada, and laid waste the farms surrounding it. In July of the next year, 1688, the French were made to feel still more sensibly the wrath and revenge of the New York Indians. About 1,200 of them made a descent upon Montreal Island with so much secrecy and alacrity that the inhabitants had no time to prepare for defense. The loss of the French is figured at about 1,000 lives and nearly all the farms and buildings on the Island. When the work of destruction was completed, the Iroquois retired, bearing with them the plunder and about 200 prisoners.

Overwhelmed by this sudden disaster, the French destroyed their own forts at Niagara and Frontenac, thus yielding the whole country west of Montreal to their enemies, the Iroquois. Count Frontenac now returned to Canada as Viceroy, and immediately set to work to punish

these fierce enemies, who could reckon upon the active support of the English, as war had been declared between England and France. After the more or less successful campaign of the winter of 1689 to 1690, during which Schenectady was burned, he sent in the winter of 1692, a detachment of 900 French and Indians, who after traveling upon snow-shoes through the dense forests, finally reached the neighborhood of the Mohawk villages, which they surprised, and where they took 300 prisoners with a loss of thirty of their own men. I shall let the Indians again tell you what they did during the summer of 1695. They report that a party of Onondagas went to Canada, where they killed several French officers and Indians, and took some prisoners. Another party went below Montreal, killed a French captain and took several scalps. One hundred and fifty Onondagas came upon a party of Waganhaes, Western Indians, on Lake Cadarachqui (Ontario) took ten prisoners and burnt nine of them on their return home. Praying Indians, that is converts of the Mohawks, had a fight in which they killed fifteen Frenchmen and three Indians and captured ten Frenchmen and fourteen Indians. The Governor of New York did not think that these, his Indian allies, had done their share of the work sufficiently well, and at the annual meeting at Albany, in September, 1695, he told them: "I find you have been asleep and have allowed the French to take again possession of the Fort at Cadarachqui (Kingston.) All your misfortunes have been caused by your own drunken, negligent, supine and careless humors. It is now late in the year and little prospect of bringing any considerable force of men over ice and snow, sufficient to drive the French from a regular fortification, built of stone and lime, when there is no possibility, by your own acknowledgment, to carry cannon and wagons and to march horses and dragoons, so that I can only advise, direct and command you, to pursue your former methods posting yourselves upon the carrying places, by which you will prevent any relief, either

of provisions or men, reaching the fort. This course will have the former effect of forcing the French to desert that post. For the better performance of this duty, I present you in the King's name, 1,000 pounds of powder, 2,000 pounds of lead, 100 hatchets, 350 knives, 2,000 flints, and some frieze-coats, and I renew the ancient Covenant Chain in behalf of all the English colonies." The Five Nations accepted this bribe for their loyalty to England, with profuse thanks, and promised to do better, But Count Frontenac knew how to circumvent his wary foes. He led in person, a large force of French and Indians against the Onondagas and Oneidas in 1696. Having escaped the vigilance of the enemy's outposts along the St. Lawrence, he reached Fort Frontenac (Kingston) and thence coasted the eastern shore of Lake Ontario to the mouth of the Oswego River. From here the army marched to the saltsprings, near the present City of Syracuse, and up the Onondaga valley to the principal village of the Onondagas. He found it, as usual, deserted, and destroyed it with all the stores of corn. A detachment was then sent against the Oneidas, and after laying waste their fields also, the French army returned to Canada.

This was the last French invasion of the territory of the Iroquois, and although a general peace soon followed, the grievous damage inflicted upon the members of the League was not forgotten. At the annual meeting between the Governor of New York and the Five Nations, at Albany, in the fall of 1696, they said, thanking for the presents, which this year amounted to nearly $1,700: "We desire that since the great King of England, our father, has canoes of seventy guns apiece, and many soldiers, you may acquaint him that it is a great pity we should be so plagued by so small an enemy as the French and Indians of Canada. We are not able ourselves to destroy them, for we are become a small people and much lessened by the war. If the people of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, and New England, who

have all put their hands to the Covenant Chain, will join with the inhabitants of this place, we are ready to go and root the French and all our enemies out of Canada." The next year they met the reproach of having entered into negotiations for peace with the French by not quite so fierce an expression of hatred, they only said, they would never make peace with the French, unless with the consent of New York. But the peace made in 1696 continued without interruption until the war of 1755, which, as the final result, gave Canada to the English in 1760.

Let us now look at the purely geographical and political relations held by the Iroquois to the colonists of New York. The villages of the Mohawks were chiefly located in the valley of and upon the south side of the Mohawk River. Around and near Oneida Lake sat the Oneidas. The Onondagas were established in the valley of the river called after them, and upon the adjacent hills. On the east shore of Cayuga Lake and thence stretching eastward were the settlements of the Cayugas. In the counties of Ontario and Monroe were found the principal villages of the Senecas. This location of the League upon the head-waters of the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Ohio and the St. Lawrence, rivers flowing to the sea in every direction, placed them in command of the country, which, as told above, they finally conquered. At the same time Lake Ontario and the Adirondack mountains on the north, the range of the Alleghanies on the south, made it difficult for their enemies to successfully attack them.

To this race came the English navigator, Henry Hudson, sailing under a Dutch flag, and the tradition, current among the descendants of the Indians, whom he first met at or near the site of our present State Capital, Albany, tells that upon the landing of Hudson the Indians immediately joined hands with the white people, and becoming friends, said, "Here we will give you a place to make you a town." The friendly relations between the aboriginal red owners

of the land and the settlers of Europeran race continued during the whole time of Dutch rule in the valley of the Hudson, that is, up to 1664. Some historical writers have stated that the Dutch were never disturbed by their fierce neighbors, the Mohawks, because, being afraid of them, they yielded to all their demands and had never roused their wrath. But I think differently, and after hearing what I have to tell you, I believe you will agree with me. The rule made by the West India Company, under whose auspices the State of New York was first settled, required that all land upon which a white emigrant wished to settle, should be fairly bought from the Indians. This rule was obeyed in the settlement of Albany, as in all other cases, and as the Mohawks had made their first treaty with the Dutch, near the present site of Albany, also purchased from them, it continued to be one for which they always cherished friendly feelings. We may safely assume that the social and political system prevailing among these Dutch settlers, attracted the Indians because of its similarity to its own. James Fennimore Cooper says: "In all the tribes of this part of North America something very like a principle of democracy was the predominating feature of their politics." History informs us how truly democratic the Dutch people, like all others of the same race, had been from the earliest days of their political existence, and though the League of the Iroquois was a trifle more aristocratic, the similarity of their political ideas proved a bond of union between the red and the white race.

The men who settled at Albany had not come from their homes in the Netherlands for political or religious reasons; they wanted to improve their fortunes and amass wealth. This led them to trade with the Indians in goods, which by their nature injured the moral and bodily condition of the redmen, or which might have been turned against the white settlers with disastrous results. It was the trade in firearms and firewater, and experience soon told the authorities that an indiscriminate distribution of these articles

among the Indians might end in the complete destruction of the colony. Various laws were therefore made, limiting such sales, and the Indians themselves were in favor of entirely prohibiting the trade in liquor. They were the ancestors of our present Prohibition party. At a conference held at Albany in September, 1659, they said: "It is very disagreeable to us that our and other Indians drink so much liquor. We have to watch our enemies, the French, but if we become drunk we cannot fight. Therefore do not sell liquor to us, hut stop up your barrels. When we go away from here now, we shall take along plenty of liquor, and after that no more, for we will burn all our kegs." The liquor question was then, as it is now, an important factor in the politics of this State. It was never settled in colonial times, when Indians would be found drunk in the streets of Albany, for the records tell of one being taken to the Fort on a brewer's dray, being too drunk to walk. (October, 1656.)

Having been cruelly persecuted for religion's sake by Spain, the Dutch had learned to treat with tolerance all those who had a belief different from their own, and therefore their intercourse with the Indians was one of fairness, probity and charity, of the same character as they met in their own countrymen. To show the red man that he was entitled to the same protection, suggested by law and fairness, as the white, an ordinance was passed commanding all settlers, whose land was contiguous to Indian plantations to take care that their cattle be well fenced in and prevented from damaging their Indian neighbor's crops. This ordinance, like all others relating to intercourse with the Indians, was duly communicated to them, and we can well understand that the red men, though uncivilized, could appreciate to its fullest extent a measure intended for the protection of their rights, and that in consequence their friendship for these white neighbors increased. Even occasional and individual harsh treatment did not diminish this bond. In the interview of September, 1659, quoted

above, the speaker says: "The Dutch must stop their wickedness and not beat the Indians so much as they have done."

The New Englanders had, during the whole period of the 17th century, to suffer from the nightmare and actual presence of "French and Indians," with the accompanying midnight slaughter and conflagration, but the handful of Dutch, who unwittingly had taken possession of the key of this great continent, were protected against such horrors by the Iroquois, who always fondly remembered one of the great men of the colony, Arent van Corlear. In September, 1688, they said to Sir Edmund Andros, then Governor of New York: "Corlear, for you were pleased to accept the name of a man who was of good dispositions and esteemed dear among us, to-wit, the Old Corlear." Corlear represented to the Iroquois power and strength, tempered by justice, and remained the Indian name of the Governors of New York, implying England, until it was displaced by that of another Dutchman, Peter Schuyler, pronounced by the Indians, "Veedor."

When the New Netherland became New York, in 1664, the English authorities comprehended that to follow the Indian policy of the Dutch was a necessity for them, if they wished to retain the colony on the Hudson. Hence they endeavored by all means to preserve the friendship of the Five Nations during the whole colonial period. Soon after the English flag was hoisted over the fort at Albany, the commander made a treaty with representative sachems of the League, which stipulated that the Indians should receive from the English "all such wares and commodities as heretofore they had from the Dutch; that wrongdoers of either side should be tried and punished by their own people, and that these rules should extend to all English colonies on the continent."

The friendly relations between the English and their Indian neighbors in the Province of New York, were only once seriously disturbed, for having seen how wise a policy it

was, the English adopted from the Dutch, in never settling upon Indian land, unless they had by treaty or deed first bought it. But the very rules adopted by the government for the protection of the Indians led to trouble. These rules were, that the white man, who had looked upon the red man's land with covetous eyes, should first obtain from the Governor and Council, a license allowing him to purchase certain Indian lands. The purchase had to be made, and a deed given by the grantors, in presence of some magistrate. Then the purchaser petitioned for a survey by one of the regular official surveyors, upon whose return to the Governor finally, a patent was granted. It is impossible to tell at this date, whether the surveyors then employed, were incapable of making correct measurements or dishonest, but the most critical period in the struggle for supremacy on this continent between England and France, in the summer of 1753, the Mohawks had good reason to say to the Governor of New York, Admiral George Clinton: "When our brethren, the English, first came among us, we gave and sold them lands, and we have continued to do so ever since, but it seems now as if we had no land left for ourselves, for when we sell 1,000 acres the surveyors measure off 1,500, telling us it is 1,000. It is with great concern we tell you, that the ancient alliance and friendship made between you and us, seems for sometime past to be forgotten. It is by your means that we stand every hour in danger, for at your request we fought the French, and if you don't endeavor to redress our wrongs, the rest of our brethern shall know of it, and all paths will be stopped."

The Turtle family of the Mohawks, that is to say the most exalted among them, living at Canajoharie, were already so incensed against the English that they did not attend this meeting. Governor Clinton, in his high position as Admiral of the British Navy, and as a member of the family of the Earls of Lincoln, bore himself too coldly and haughtily to reconcile the proud chiefs of the League, and thought-

ful men in the English colonies began to look with anxiety upon the growing defection of the Iroquois, and dreaded that in the coming war with France, the ancient friends of England might be found among her enemies. But in this ominous conjuncture, one strong influence was at work to bind the confederate Indians of New York to their old alliance, and this influence was wielded by a man, whose name will always be recalled when the Iroquois are spoken of. He was Sir William Johnson, a young Irishman, who had come to America in 1734, to take charge of an extensive tract of wild land in the valley of the Mohawk, purchased from the Indians by his uncle, Sir Peter Warren.

Now, when the blindest could see, that between the rival claimants to the soil of America nothing was left but the arbitration of the sword, no man friendly to the cause of England could fail to observe, how important the friendship of the Iroquois was to either side. It is true they had not quite gone over to the French, but they were wavering and lukewarm, and it was to be feared that they might allow the numerous tribes from the great lakes and the Mississippi to grind their tomahawks and turn loose their ravenous war parties upon the British colonies.

General Johnson, afterwards Sir William Johnson, who had been charged with an expedition against Crown Point on Lake Champlain, induced his neighbors, the Mohawks, to join his little army, and when a council of war was called in the English camp, which resolved to send a detachment of one thousand men on a reconnoiter, old Hendrick, the Mohawk chief remonstrated, saying: "If they are to be killed, they are too many; if they are to fight, they are too few." The battle fought the next day went against the English, and the first campaign in this war had brought in its train many disasters on the same side. Braddock had been defeated in Pennsylvania, then followed the fall of Oswego, and the retreat of General Webb. All these defeats had given to the Indians a contemptible idea of British prowess, and some of the confederates actually took up

the hatchet on the side of France, and there was danger that the rest might follow their example, which they probably would have done, if their sachems had not been swayed by cooler judgment ; for they could see that in the colonies of France lay the only barrier against the growing power and ambition of the English provinces, whom they now aided, to destroy Canada.

The country was scarcely transferred to the English, when smothered murmurs of discontent began to be audible among the Indian tribes, from the head of the Potomac to Lake Superior, from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. Under these circumstances it behooved the English to use the utmost care in their conduct towards the redmen, but the ignorant arrogance, habitual to the English people when brought in contact with other nations, soon increased the ill feeling and finally led to a dangerous outbreak. Said a Seneca chief to the Wyandots and Ottawas of Detroit, in July, 1761 : "The English treat us with much disrespect, and we have the greatest reason to believe, by their behaviour, they intend to cut us off entirely ; they have possessed themselves of our country, it is now in our power to dispossess them and recover it, if we will but embrace the opportunity before they have time to assemble together and fortify themselves ; there is no time to be lost, let us strike immediately." This was the first note in the opening chorus of the great historical tragedy, called the Conspiracy of Pontiac. The second came also from an Iroquois sachem, who at a conference in Philadelphia, in August, 1761, said : "We are penned up like hogs. There are forts all around us and therefore we are apprehensive that death is coming upon us."

The discontent of the Indians gave great satisfaction to the French, who saw in it an assurance of safe and bloody vengeance on their conquerors. Canada, it is true, was gone beyond hope of recovery, but they still might hope to revenge its loss. French traders and bush rangers could be found in every Indian village, holding councils and urg-

ing the Indians to take up arms against the English. Of the New York Indians, the Senecas were more especially incensed at English intrusion, since from their position they were farthest removed from the soothing influence of Sir William Johnson, and most exposed to the seductions of the French. They were the only members of the League of the Iroquois, who joined the tribes ready to rise up against the English,—the rest being kept quiet by the influence of Sir William, whose utmost exertions, however, were barely sufficient to allay their irritation.

As the New York Indians interest us chiefly to-night, I shall tell only what they did during this Indian copyrighted tragedy. A large body of Senecas marched upon Fort Venango, on the Alleghany river, not far from the City of Erie, in Pennsylvania. They gained entrance under pretence of friendship, then closed the gates, fell upon the garrison and butchered them all, except the commanding officer, Lieutenant Gordon, whom they forced to write, from their dictation, a statement of the grievances which had driven them to arms, and then they broiled him over a slow fire, for several successive nights, till he expired. This done, they burned the fort to the ground, and departed for Fort Niagara, which they blockaded for a few days, with no other effect than that of confining the garrison within the walls. Despairing of success they abandoned the siege.

While Colonel Bouquet was fighting the rebellious Indians, near Pittsburgh, Penn., and Captain Dalzell attempted to surprise Pontiac, the leader, in his camp near Detroit, Mich., Sir William Johnson was engaged in the more pacific, and more important task, of securing the friendship and alliance of the Six Nations. By a dexterous mingling of arguments, threats and promises, he drove out of their minds all thoughts of war, and almost induced them to take up the hatchet against the hostile Indians. He presented to them a black war-belt of wampum and a hatchet, which they did not refuse to accept, but only small parties actually took the field.

In spite of the friendly disposition to which five of the Six Nations had been brought, the Province of New York suffered not a little from the attacks of hostile tribes, who ravaged the borders of Ulster, Orange and Albany counties, and a singular incident occurred in this border warfare, near the town of Goshen, in Orange County. Four or five men went out to shoot partridges, and chancing to raise a large covey of birds, fired at them almost simultaneously. The inhabitants of the village, already alarmed by reports, hearing this firing, supposed to come from an Indian war party, and instantly fled in dismay, spreading terror as they went. The neighboring country was soon in a panic. The farmers cut the harness off their horses, and, leaving their carts and plows behind, galloped off for their lives. Others, snatching up their children and their most valuable property, made with all speed for New England, not daring to pause until they had crossed the Hudson. About five hundred families, says a newspaper of the day, left their habitations and fled. Not long after this absurd affair, an event of a widely different character occurred in the northwestern corner of the state, near Fort Niagara, in which again Senecas played the roll of "leading men." On the 14th day of September, 1763, a numerous train of wagons, guarded by twenty-four soldiers, was on its way from Fort Schlosser, above the rapids, to Fort Niagara, at the mouth of Niagara River. They had reached the place, three miles below the cataract, which is called the Devil's Hole, when they were greeted by the discharge of about one hundred rifles. At the next instant, a host of Indians broke screeching from the woods, to finish with rifle-butt and tomahawk, the lives not ended by leaden balls. Tradition relates, that the drmmer-boy of the detachment was caught in his fall over the precipice among the branches of a tree, where hanging suspended by his drum-strap, he escaped the murderous savages, and finally could run into safety. The distant sound of the Indian rifles had been heard by a party of soldiers, camping near the mouth of

the river. Forming in haste, they eagerly rushed to the rescue, but only to meet with the same fate as their comrades of the wagon escort. A small remnant only escaped to report the disaster at Fort Niagara. Major Wilkins, the commander, marched out with nearly his whole garrison, to the place of the slaughter, but the Indians had disappeared, leaving behind seventy dead, naked and scalpless bodies, so horribly mangled that many of them could not be recognized. This ambuscade of the Devil's Hole has gained a traditionary immortality, adding fearful interest to the history of the Indians of New York and their fierceness in war. Several weeks after this affair, Major Wilkins was marching to the relief of Detroit, but again Senecas interfered by attacking the boats, slowly forcing their way past Goat's Island, and driving them back to Fort Schlosser.

The winter following these disasters to English troops, had much to do with the pacification of the Senecas. In common with the tribes west and south of them, they began to suffer through the execution of Pontiac's plan, to snatch the European colonies from the English grasp and return them to the French. The suspension of the fur trade deprived them of the chances of obtaining ammunition, clothing and other articles of necessity; the promised assistance of the French was not forthcoming, and above all, the knowledge that some of their own people of the Iroquois, had taken up arms for the English, quenched their thirst for war, but they were still in doubt about making peace. They made a preliminary treaty with Sir William Johnson early during the summer of 1764, and pledged themselves to appear at Niagara in July to ratify and complete it. But they broke this promise, and it soon became known that they had leagued themselves with a large band of hostile Delawares, who had visited the Seneca country. A message sent to them, that unless they came to Niagara an English army would pay them a visit and burn their villages, had the effect of bringing them to

terms, and the peace was concluded with them at Niagara on the 18th of July, 1764.

For quite a number of years, the Indians of New York had no occasion to dig up the hatchet and go on the war-path, for after the peace of 1764 the word of Sir William Johnson became absolute law to them. He was peculiarly fitted for the office entrusted to him by the government. Broad shouldered and athletic, fond of wild sports, inflexibly honest and truthful to a proverb, the Indians had come to love him as a brother. In 1764 he founded the village of Johnstown, erected there a baronial mansion and gathered about him a colony of Catholic Scotch Highlanders. He married in early life a daughter of one of the German settlers in the Mohawk Valley, and his relations with these people were always those of intimate friendship. The whole population looked up to him as a leader, consulted him on all important affairs, and never found their confidence misplaced. No man in America equaled him in influence, and had he lived, the history of Central New York during the War of the Revolution would have been very different, for it is questionable whether he would have unloosed the savage hordes about him upon the friends of his youth and manhood. But in July, 1774, just as the conflict opened, this great man died. His title and estates descended upon his son, Sir John Johnson, his office as Superintendent of Indian Affairs fell to his nephew and son-in-law, Guy Johnson. Sir William had been the benefactor of the Mohawk Valley, his successors became its scourges. With the exception of the Catholic Scotch in and around Johnstown, the settlers of the valley were in sympathy with the friends of liberty, and early in the spring of 1775 a committee of them wrote from Palatine to the committee of Albany: "It is our fixed resolution to be free or die." Meantime the Johnsons were fortifying their homes along the Mohawk. Still no act of violence was committed by their partisans. The Indians had not risen, and Colonel Guy Johnson, the new superintendent, declared

his purpose to maintain their neutrality, if possible. Indignantly he disclaimed the idea that he could be capable of setting the savages on his peaceful neighbors, and yet while the words were on his lips, he had received secret instructions from the crown to induce the Six Nations to take up the hatchet against the King's rebellious subjects. At first, Colonel Johnson made little headway in following out his orders. He called an Indian council at his residence, but felt himself so hampered by the suspicious men about him, that he removed to Ontario with his whole family and retinue. With him went two persons of great influence among the Indians; the one was Molly Brant with her eight children by Sir William Johnson, the other was her brother, the famous Joseph Brant, Thayendanegea. Brant had been educated at an English school in Connecticut, and had there acquired the self-control of the white race without losing the endurance and the cunning of his own. By the force of his character he obtained a great influence over his people, the Mohawks, but neither his intellectual power nor his influence could gain for him the office of sachem, which was also denied later to Red Jacket, Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, the most gifted and intellectual of the race of the Iroquois, if not of the whole Indian family, to whom, as the great Indian orator and patriot, the Historical Society of Buffalo erected a monument in 1891.

When Brant went to Canada with Colonel Johnson, he acted as his secretary, but in 1776, he was made the principal war chief of the League, and when another Indian council was held at Ontario, he and his sister Molly induced all the Six Nations, except a few Tuscaroras, and about half of the Oneida family, to pledge themselves to the support of the English cause. However, they made no immediate move, even though rumors of Indian invasions were heard on every side. But in 1777, the storm, so long threatening, broke over Central New York. History has told you of the plan of campaign, thought out with great

elaboration in England, which sent Sir Henry Clinton up the Hudson, Burgoyne from the north to Saratoga, and St. Leger from Oswego into the Mohawk Valley. We have here to accompany only the last one, with whom marched the Six Nations under Brant. When the news went down through the Mohawk Valley, that St. Leger, with his force of British troops, Tories and Indian allies were on the march, offering a reward of $20 for every American scalp, the whole people were aroused.

On August 6th, 1777, the battle of Oriskany was fought and had a bad effect on the Indian allies of St. Leger, for when they joined the English army, it was solely upon the promise of Sir John Johnson, that there should be no fighting, simply scalping and plunder without danger to themselves. But this battle had changed the arrangement. In that engagement and in the sortie from Fort Schuyler (Utica), the Indians lost nearly one hundred of their bravest warriors, and now they swore this loss should be avenged. They kept their oath most fearfully. In June, 1778, Brant and his savages burned the settlement of Springfield, in Otsego County. In the following month a force of one hundred and fifty Indians invaded the valley of the Cobleskill and laid it waste. A little later McDonald, one of the Johnson royalists, with three hundred Indians and Tories, ravaged the Schoharie Valley, and early in September, the settlement of the German Flats had been destroyed by Brant. The approaching winter led the people to believe that for a few months they would be able to breathe more freely, for they knew that in the winter the Indians were rarely to be found on the warpath. But on the 11th of November the village of Cherry Valley met the same fate as its sister settlement. Forty-eight people fell to be scalped, and with the exception of the fort, everything was laid waste. The atrocities committed here were so dreadful that they moved even the heart of an Oneida Indian on the American side to vengeance. A few months after the engagement near Sharon, where the Americans

were commanded by Colonel Willett, by the Indians called "The Devil," occurred a battle near Johnstown, in which the same Colonel Willett, with about five hundred men, defeated a force of Tories outnumbering his own, exclusive of about one hundred and thirty Indians. In the flight of the English, Walter Butler, the author of the Cherry Valley massacre, lost his life by the tomahawk of an Oneida Indian, who, when Butler begged for mercy, replied in broken English: "Sherry Valley, remember Sherry Valley," and then parted the Tory's hair and skull in the middle.

The border wars of the Revolution, in which the Iroquois participated, and the devastation which they committed in the valleys of the Mohawk and Susquehannah, form the most tragical chapters of our history. Not less tragical is their punishment and subsequent fate.

The irruptions into the border settlements were so frequent, and the track of their invasions was marked with such desolation, that the American authorities were finally obliged to send against them a powerful detachment with orders to lay waste the Indian villages, and overawe the warring tribes with the fear of complete annihilation. General Sullivan, in 1779, led an army of four thousand men, mostly regulars, into the country of the Senecas, the most populous of the Six Nations, where he penetrated as far as the Genesee River, at that time the center of their population. After destroying their principal towns, their fruit orchards and their stores of grain, he returned to Pennsylvania, having first sent a smaller detachment into the territory of the Cayugas, to ravage their settlements in the same manner.

The treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, made in 1783, took no cognizance of the Iroquois, who, abandoned in adversity by their allies, were left to make the best possible terms with the successful republic. The jurisdiction of the United States was extended over their ancient territories, the political trans-

actions of the League were substantially closed, and they became individual, dependent nations.

The Mohawks had left their country, or rather, what the landsharks among the English had allowed them to retain of it, and live now partly on the Grand River in Canada, or near Kingston, upon two reservations secured to them by the British government.

Notwithstanding their friendly attitude during the war, the Oneidas fared in the end little better than their Mohawk brethren and neighbors. The tide of immigrants set in their direction soon after the establishment of peace, and rendered their lands useless to them for hunting. Negotiations commenced by the State for the purchase of the land, narrowed their original possessions to one small reservation. A portion of the tribe emigrated to a reservation on the Thames River in Canada, another and larger band removed to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where they still make their homes. A small remnant of scarcely two hundred heads have remained around the seat of their ancient council fire near Oneida Castle, in Oneida county, and are now more or less prosperous farmers.

Although enemies to the Americans during the war the Onondagas have been the most fortunate nation of the League, for they still retain their beautiful valley of Onondaga, with sufficient territory for their maintenance. After the Revolution they granted their lands to the State by treaty, reserving for themselves the tract, which they now occupy, the proceeds, as in other cases, being invested by the government for their benefit, and their interests are looked after by agents appointed yearly by the Governor of this State, who have to report annually to the Comptroller a correct enumeration of such of the Onondaga Indians as are entitled to receive annuity moneys from the State, stipulated by the grant of their lands. About two hundred and fifty Onondagas live with the Senecas on their reservation, a small party joined their Iroquois brethren on the Grand River in Canada, and a few have

removed to the west, but the main body are still at Onondaga.

The fate of the Cayugas awakens a feeling of regret and sympathy, for they have been the least fortunate of their unfortunate race. The tide of immigration, which became so inconvenient to the Oneidas, drove this tribe completely out of their old domain. In the brief space of twelve years after the first house of a white man was erected in Cayuga County, in 1789, the whole nation was uprooted and gone. In 1795 they ceded by treaty all their lands to the State, excepting a reservation, which they also finally abandoned to the State about the year 1800. A portion of them removed to Green Bay, another to Grand River, and still another and much larger band settled at Sandusky, Ohio, from whence the United States government removed them about the middle of this century into the Indian Territory west of the Mississippi. Some of them, loth to leave their old hunting grounds and the burial places of their ancestors, went to live with the Senecas, where they share with their tribal kindred in the west the State annuity of $2,300 secured to them upon the sale of their former possessions, to a share of which the descendants of the Canadian Grand River Cayugas have begun to make a claim during late years.

The Senecas reside now on the reservation called the Cornplanters, the Alleghany, the Cattaraugus and the Tonawanda, and are legally known as the Seneca nation, residing on the first three named, and as the Tonawanda nation. They have passed through the same ordeal, to which the other nations have been subjected, by means of which they were speedily induced to grant away their lands, not by townships or counties, but from river to river, reserving here and there a small oasis, sufficient to rescue a favorite village with its burial place. They who formerly roved without let or hindrance, over the present counties of Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Erie, Genesee, Wyoming, Alleghany, Livingston, Monroe, Orleans, Niagara, Wayne,

Ontario, Yates, Steuben and Chemung, are now shut up within the small reservations, which united would not cover the area of one of the smaller counties in the State. A small band of them joined, after the Revolution, the emigrants of the other nations in Canada, where we now find a miniature representation of the Old League, as every member of it has its branch there.

The Tuscaroras, after removing from the Oneida territory in consequence of the sale to the State, finally located near the Niagara River in the neighborhood of Lewiston on a tract given them by the Senecas.

The last census fixes the number of Indians upon their reservations in this State at about 5,000, in which number only such of the Oneidas and Cayugas are included as live among the Senecas, Onondagas and Tuscaroras, for they no longer occupy reservations or maintain tribal relations within the State, having either sold their lands and removed from the State, or partitioned their lands and become citizens. The Senecas residing on the Alleghany and Cattaraugus reservations abolished in 1842 their government by chiefs, and adopted a constitution providing for an elective council. They hold annual elections at the council house, either on the Cattaraugus reservation or on the Alleghany, according to the directions of the preceding annual election, and vote for a President, eight Councillors, three Peacemakers, a Treasurer, and a Marshal. The Senecas on the Tonawanda reservation are governed by a Marshal and three Peacemakers, while the chiefs, in council assembled, act as a legislative body. Only the first two named officers are made elective. Every male Seneca Indian of full age, and living on one of the reservations, who has not been convicted of a felony, is a qualified voter, and eligible to office, except that the Marshal, Peacemakers, and Councillors of the Alleghany and Cattaraugus reservations must be residents of the respective reservations, and that the Peacemakers of the Tonawanda Senecas must be chosen from among the chiefs.

The chief ruler of the Onondagas is practically the agent, appointed by the Governor. No Onondaga Indian can make a contract with a white person, for, or concerning any stone or wood on the tribal lands of the nation, without the written consent of the agent, but no individual Onondaga has the right to lease any land allotted to him, to be used as a stone-quarry. Such a contract requires not only the consent of the agent, but also of the majority of the chiefs of the nation. These chiefs form the internal government of the reservation.

The Tuscaroras are still governed by chiefs or headmen, who assembled in council, allot land to the members of the tribe, and have a clerk appointed by them, to keep a record of these allotments.

The policy of our State towards the Indians within its boundaries has always been enlightened, humane and just, the government seizing upon every opportunity to promote their welfare, to protect their interests, and to extend to them facilities for education.

It is a pleasing and a proud reflection that there is a universal spirit of kindness, sympathy and benevolence towards these original owners of the largest part of the State, among the people of New York, who as a whole do not agree with the New England sentiment, that the "only good Indian is a dead Indian." They would shield them in their defenceless condition, stimulate their efforts for social improvement, encourage their aspirations for a higher life, and finally, when they have become sufficiently advanced in agricultural life, raise them to the condition of citizens of this great State.

Amendment to the Constitution.

ADOPTED FEBRUARY 14, 1893.

Article IV.

Resident male members shall pay an admission fee of two dollars, which shall be full payment for the first year, ending the second Tuesday in January following, and thereafter an annual fee of two dollars. Any member in arrears for annual dues on the second Tuesday in January in each year, and who shall have received notice thereof from the Treasurer as early as the preceding first day of October, shall no longer be considered a member of the society.

Amendment to the By-Laws.

ADOPTED JANUARY 9, 1894.

1. The regular meetings of this Society shall be held at four o'clock P. M., unless a different hour shall be designated by the previous meeting.

Consequent upon the amended Article IV, of the Constitution as above, the members of two historical associations in the city of Utica, the first of which had been in existence nearly, if not quite as many years as this Society, and the other for a dozen or more years, both systematically pursuing the study of history, were both elected, in a body, members of the Oneida Historical Society, namely: The Friday Morning Club, and The Wednesday Morning Club, and the names of the members appear in the catalogue of Resident Members hereinafter. Female membership having thus been established, and followed with equal appropriateness, has proved a most useful and attractive feature of the Society.

Resident Members of the Society.

By Article 4 of the Constitution, Resident Membership expires if the Annual Dues, $2.00, are unpaid on the Second Tuesday of January in each year. By Article 8, $25.00, paid at one time, makes a Life Member, who is exempt from annual dues.

Abbott, Henry G., Utica.
Agne, Jacob, Jr., Utica.
Armstrong, Jonas W., Rome.
Bagg, Egbert, Utica.
Bailey, E. Prentiss, Utica.
Baker, Smith, Utica.
Baker, Thomas F., Utica.
Ballou, Daniel, Utica.
Bannister. Thos. L. New Hartford.
*Barber, A. Dutton, Utica.
(June 28, 1892.)
Barrows, Samuel J., Utica.
*Batchelor, Daniel, Utica.
(Dec. 14, 1893.)
*Beach, Bloomfield J., Rome.
(March 21, 1894.)
Beare, Henry C., Utica.
Beckwith, Henry, Utica.
Benham, Thomas L., Utica.
Benton, James, Utica.
Benton, James, Jr, Utica.
Bierdemann, Gustavus A., Utica.
Bigelow, Dana W., Utica.
Bigelow, Horace P., Waterville.
Bissell. John G. Rome.
Blumer, G. Alder, Utica.
Borst, Charles A., Baltimore, Md.
Bradford, George L., Utica,
Brandegee, John E., Utica.
Brower, Abram G., Utica.
Brown, John G., Utica.
Browning, George W., Clinton.
Bulger, Patrick F., Utica.
*Butler, Morgan, New Hartford.
(August 3, 1894.)
Campbell, Samuel R., N. Y. Mills.
Canfield, Mortimer T., Utica.
Capron, John S., Utica.
*Chamberlayne, John K., Utica.
(October 5, 1893.)
Chapin, Charles W. E., Utica.
Child, Elias, Utica.
Childs, Lucius C., Utica.
Churchill, G. Clarence, Utica.
Clark, Edward P., Utica.
Clark, Frank H., Utica.
Clark, George A., Utica.
Coggeshall, Henry J., Waterville.
Comstock, Edward, Rome.
Constable, James, Jr., Utica.
Cooper, G. Edward, Utica.
Cooper, Henry H., Utica.
Coventry, George, Utica
Crumb, Everett F., Utica.
*Curran, Edward, Utica.
(June 3, 1894.)
Curran, George L., Utica.
*Davies, Peter, Utica.
(Oct. 7, 1893.)
DeAngelis, Pascal C. J., Utica.
Deecke, Theodore, Utica.
Dennison George E., Utica.
Dering, Sylvester, Utica.
Devereux, Nicholas E., Utica.
Dimon, George D., Utica.
Dodge, Melvin G., Clinton.
Dorrance, Daniel G., Oneida Castle.
Doux, Jules, Utica.
Dunham, Moses E. Whitesboro.
Dunmore, Watson T., Utica.
Earll, John L., Utica.
Edgerton, Everett E., Clayville.
Fincke, Frederick G., Utica.
Fish, Winslow P., Utica.
Fisher, Caleb E., Utica.

*Died since last catalogue published, 1892.

Ford, Willis E. Utica.
Foster, David, Utica.
Frank, George D., Utica.
Fuller, Earl D., Utica.
Gardner, Abner B., Utica.
Gibson, John G., Utica.
Glass, James H., Utica.
Goodale, John A., Utica.
Goodwin, Alexander T., Utica.
Griffiths, Thomas J., Utica.
Haberer, Joseph V., Utica.
Hieber, John C., Utica.
Hopper, Thomas, Utica.
Hopson, Henry, Utica.
Horton, George C., Utica.
Hoyt, John C., Utica.
Hunt, James G., Utica.
Hurd, DeWitt C., Utica.
Hurlburt, Frazier W., Chicago, Ill.
Hurlburt, Henry, Utica.
Hutchinson, James M., Utica.
Judson, Henry R., Utica.
Kelley, John E. H., Utica.
*Kernan, Francis, Utica.
(Sept 7, 1892.)
Kernan, William, Utica.
Kernan, Nicholas E., Utica.
Kinney, Thomas E., Utica.
Kimball, C. Cotton, Utica.
Lewis, Benjamln F., Utica.
Lewis, David R.. Utica.
Locke, Francis C., Utica.
Lynch, J. DePeyster, Utica.
*McMillan, Andrew, Utica.
(July 27, 1893.)
McQuade, Thomas R., Utica.
Maynard, Isaac N., Utica.
Maxfield, Rouse B., Utica.
Merwin, Milton H., Utica.
Miller, Addison C., Utica.
Millar, Henry W., Utica.
Mooney, Thomas N., Utica.
Moore, Horatio S., Utica.
Morrill, Albro D., Clinton.
Munson, Edmund L., Utica.
North, Edward, Clinton.
Olmsted, Charles T., Utica.
Osborn, William, Waterville.
Owen, John, Utica.
Owen, Philip, Utica.
Palmer, Henry C., Utica.
Peattie, John, Utica.
*Peckham, Merritt, Utica.
(April 13, 1893.)
Perkins, David W., Utica.
Pixley, Henry D., Utica.
Powell, Edward P., Clinton.
Prescott, Cyrus D., Rome.
Proctor, Thomas R., Utica.
Putnam, Frederick W., Waterville.
Ray, Franklin T. tica.
Risley, Edwin H., Utica.
Roberts, Elllis H., Utica.
Roberts, John C., Utica.
Roberts, John E. San Diego, Cal.
Rockwell, James, Utica.
Rogers, Publius V., Utica.
Rogers, Charles B., Utica.
Root, Oren, Clinton.
Rowland, Eugene A., Rome.
Rowley, Warren C., Utica.
Russell, Charles P., Utica.
Sawyer, George C., Utica.
Sayre, Theodore S., Utica.
*Sayre, Charles H., Utica.
(April 27, 1894.)
Schiller, Charles H., Utica.
Schreiber, John C., Utica.
Schuyler, William J., Utica.
Scranton, William C., Utica.
Shaver, Charles C., Utica.
Sheehan, John H., Utica.
Sherman, Richard U., New Hartford.
Sherwood, Joseph B., Utica.
Simmons, Arthur R., Utica.
Smith, William B., Utica.
Smith, William T., Utica.
Smyth, Chas. H., Jr., Clinton.
Spencer, Thomas W., Utica.
Storrs, William M., Utica.
Symonds, Charles S., Utica.
Swan, Joseph R., Utica.
Tallman, Edward A., Utica.
Terrett, William R., Clinton.
Terry, Israel N., Utica.
Thomas, Thomas R., Utica.
Thorn, John, Utica.
Tompkins, Henry H., Utica.

Ulrich, Joseph, Maynard.
*Van Embergh, Thomas, Utica.
(June 11, 1892.)
Vose, Riley A., Utica.
Wager, Daniel E., Rome.
Wager, Edmund J., Utica.
Walcott, W. Stuart, New York Mills.
Warnick, Leslie A., Utica.
Watson, James T., Clinton.
Watson, William H., Utica.
Weaver, Abram B., Deerfield.
Weaver, George M., Utica.
Webster, William P., Utica.
Wells, Edward L., Utica.
Wells, Edward H., Utica.
Wheeler, Russel, Utica.
White, William M. Utica.
White, N. Curtis, Utica.
White, Hugh, Utica.
White, W. Pierrepont, Utica.
Williams, James H., Utica.
Williams, Rees G., Utica.
Winston, Dwight D., Utica.
Wood, Henry J., Utica.
Woodward, George E., Utica.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Armour, Philip D., Chicago, Ill.
Armour, Herbert O., New York.
Bachman, Robert L., Utica.
Bagg, Moses M., Utica.
Crouse, Daniel N., Utica.
Darling, Charles W., Utica.
Everts, Daniel T., Utica.
Gibson, William T., Utica.
Guiteau, Frederick W., Irvington.
Hartley, Isaac S., Great Barrington, Mass.
Handy, Truman P., Cleveland, O.
Hutchinson, Charles W., Utica.
Jenkins, Thomas C. Pittsburgh, Pa.
McIntyre, Donald, Utica.
Osborn, Amos O., Waterville.
Sanger, William Cary, Sangerfield.
Seward, Alexander, Utica.
Shurtleff, George K., Denver, Col.
*Thomson, Milton H., Utica.
(March 5, 1893.)
Williams, Robert S., Utica.
Wright, Ebenezer K., New York.

Lady Members.

Bagg, Sophia Miss, Utica.
Bartlett, Charles L. Mrs., Utica.
Beardsley, Arthur M. Mrs., Utica.
Buell, Harriet Miss, Utica.
Butler, Charles A. Mrs., Utica.
Carmalt, James E. Mrs. Clinton.
Churchill, G. Clarence Mrs., Utica.
Churchill, Emma D. Miss, Utica.
Clarke, Wallace Mrs., Utica.
Coxe, Gertrude H. Miss, Utica.
Crittenden, S. W. Mrs., Utica.
Crouse, Daniel N. Mrs., Utica.
*Crouse, John M. Mrs., Utica.
(June 29, 1893.)
Dimon, George D. Mrs., Utica.
Ford, Willis E. Mrs., Utica.
Gilbert, Sarah E. Miss, Utica.
Goodale, John A. Mrs., Utica.
Gray, John P. Mrs., Utica.
Jackson, William B. Mrs., Utica.
Lynch, Louisa A. Miss, Utica.
Maynard, J. F. Mrs., Utica.
Miller, Blandina D. Miss, Whitesboro.
Proctor, Thomas R. Mrs., Utica.
Rogers, Publius V. Mrs., Utica.
Seward, Alexander Mrs., Utica.
Schantz, Louisa G. Mrs., Utica.
Sheffield, F. W. H. Mrs., Utica.
Sheffield, A. H. Miss, Utica.
Swan, Joseph R. Mrs. Utica.
Walcott, W. Stuart Mrs., New York Mills.
Wardwell, Frederick E. Mrs., Utica.
Watson, William H. Mrs., Utica.
Watson, Lucy C. Miss, Utica.
*Wetmore, Cornelia L. Miss, Utica.
(May 21, 1893.)
Wheeler, Frank E. Mrs., Utica.
Williams, Robert S. Mrs., Utica.
Williams, Rachel M. Miss, Utica.
Wood, Francis G. Mrs., Utica.
Wright, Erastus Z. Mrs., Utica.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Hunt, Ward, Manitou, Colorado.
Seymour, Horatio, Marquette, Mich.
Trumbull, J. Hammond, Hartford, Conn.

To the Friends of the Oneida Historical Society:

The following forms are suggested to any friend of the Society who may have in mind the generous thought of increasing its very limited endowment by gift or bequest:

No. 1. FORM OF A SPECIAL BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Oneida Historical Society, a corporation, located at the City of Utica, N. Y., the sum of..... dollars towards the running expenses of the Society.

No. 2. FORM OF A SPECIAL BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to "The Oneida Historical Society," a corporation, located at the city of Utica, New York, the sum of.....dollars, which sum I desire that the said Society shall preserve by proper investment as a perpetual fund, to be known as The.....Fund, the yearly income thereof, and no more, to be expended annually in the publication of its papers, purchase of books, periodicals, prints, maps, or other works to increase or improve its library.

No. 3. FORM OF A GENERAL BEQUEST.

I do hereby give and bequeath to "The Oneida Historical Society," a corporation of the State of New York, and located at the City of Utica, in the State of New York, the sum of..... dollars.

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